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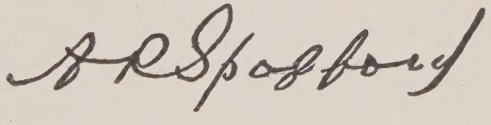

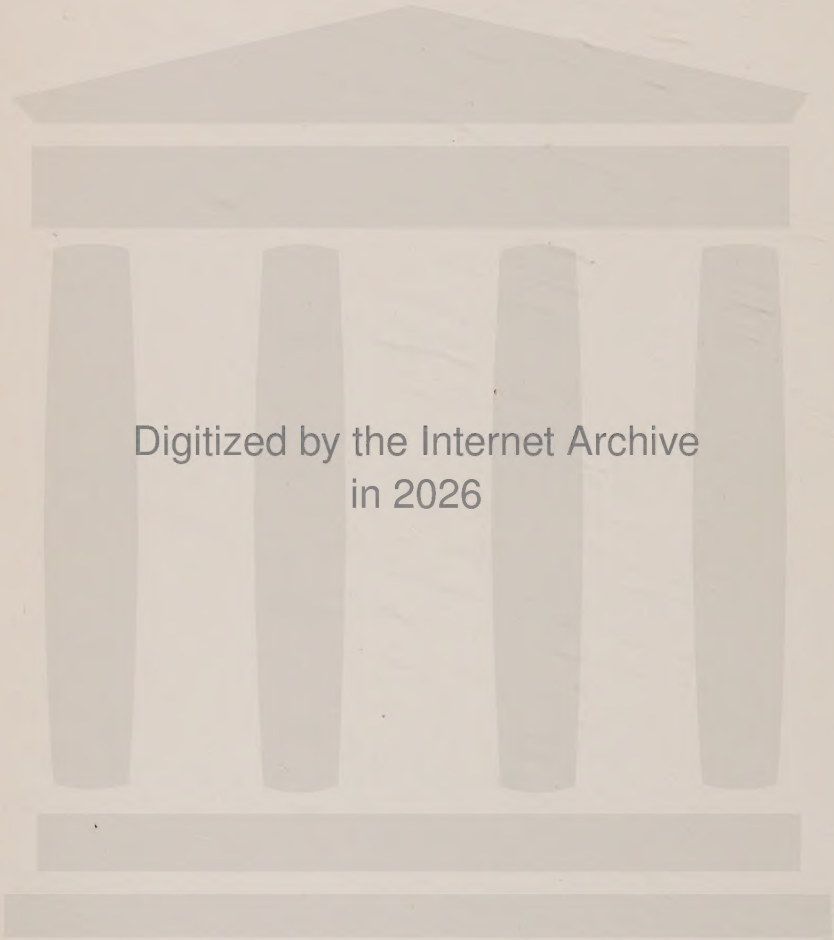
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THE CORONATION OF CHARLEMAGNE.

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COMPLETE IN TEN VOLUMES

VOLUME V

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CHARLEMAGNE.

CHARLEMAGNE, or Charles the Great, the "most illustrious monarch of the Middle Ages," King of the Franks and Roman Emperor, was born April 2, 742. Aix-la-Chapelle is usually, but not certainly, regarded as his birthplace. His grandfather was Charles Martel (mayor of the palace under the enervated Merovingians), and his father Pepin the Short (the first Carlovingian King of the Franks), whom, on his death in 768, Charlemagne and his brother Carloman jointly succeeded, the Frankish Kingdom having been divided between them. But Carloman dying in 771, and his sons being both excluded from the throne, Charlemagne was proclaimed sole ruler.

His monarchy was a very extensive one; the Frankish territory stretched from the Loire to the Rhine; besides, there were Burgundy and Allemania, while Aquitaine, Brittany, Frisia, Thuringia and Bavaria were more or less closely subjected to him. The young king, who had spent his early life in warfare, and had already won distinction by his talents, handsome bearing and physical strength, soon began to bend all his energies towards the accomplishment of the object which was to form the characteristic feature of his reign; the extension of his dominions, which formed the bulwark of western Christianity. He became the champion of the Church

against the Pagan, maintaining and extending the influence of Christian culture with unexampled success. His battle against barbarism and heathenism found its chief manifestation in an almost life-long struggle with the Saxons, which, beginning in 772, cost him thirty-two years of fierce warfare. In these Saxons was embodied the last remaining Germanic resistance to the military supremacy of the Franks and the progress of Christianity. Though ferocious and valorous, and having brave and noble leaders such as Wittekind, they were divided by unhappy feuds, so that the difficulty lay less in overcoming their poorly organized forces than in holding so loose a confederation to its agreements. Thus the conflict had to be incessantly renewed.

First, however, Charlemagne was called upon to chastise the Lombards, who were invading the Pope's territory. This invasion was an act of revenge, originating in the following circumstances: Charlemagne had married the daughter of the Lombard King Desiderius, but after a year had disowned her and sent her back to her father and married Hildegarde, daughter of the Swabian Duke Godfrey. Desiderius, failing to turn the newly-elected Pope Hadrian against Charles, sought revenge by invading the papal domain. Charlemagne, after a visit to Rome (774), where he was enthusiastically received, overthrew Desiderius, and himself became "King of the Franks and Lombards."

In 776 Charles quelled a revolt in Italy, aiming at the restoration of the Lombards, and next year, following up advantages gained over the Saxons, he held a diet at Paderborn, in the heart of the enemy's country, and there received the homage of the Saxon chiefs, many of whose warriors were then and there baptized. Meanwhile, an appeal to him had come from another quarter; he was asked to interpose in the wars of the Saracens in Spain, and, hastening across the Pyrenees, he invaded that country as far as the Ebro (778). On his return, the rear-guard was cut off and overthrown by an attack of the Basque mountaineers in the pass of Roncesvalles; this defeat, and the death of the leader Roland, embellished and transformed in all manner of ways, became a famous theme of romance and song.

Charlemagne was inclined to be lenient with his conquered foes, allowing them to retain their chiefs, their laws, and various customs. But with the Saxons he was obliged to adopt harsh measures, and has even been accused of cruelties. An act which was characteristic of Charlemagne, was the forced conversion of the Saxons, who were baptized in their rivers whether they would or not. As already indicated, it took over three decades of fighting to reduce these honest, brave Saxons to complete submission. The Saxon conquest later on formed a barrier against the inroads of the Normans, over whose entry into a port in Gaul for plunder Charlemagne is said to have wept, foreseeing the evils they would do when he was dead. These same Normans, however, came to form the flower of chivalry.

Though the Saxons engaged so much of his attention, he carried on vigorous warfare also in various other fields. His campaigns against the Lombards and in Spain have already been referred to; in 787 he subjected and ruined Duke Tassilo, of Bavaria, which duchy became absorbed by the Frankish empire. Then came the wars (791-805) against the Avars, troublesome neighbors, who had for years been the terror of Europe. Charlemagne devastated their country at the head of a large army, and in course of time entirely conquered them, so that the superiority and power of the Franks were more firmly established than ever. In 786 Charlemagne warred against the Bretons; in 799 he was again appealed to to punish the Saracens, this time on the Balearic Islands; and in 805 he made war upon Bohemia, devastating the country.

In 798 Pope Leo III. succeeded Hadrian, and in the same year a sedition broke out in Rome; the Pope was attacked by conspirators, and with difficulty escaped, meeting Charlemagne at Paderborn. Peace having been restored in Saxony, the Frankish King, in the autumn of 799, once again descended from the Alps. The Franks entered Rome, the cause of the Pope was heard and his innocence proclaimed. Charlemagne remained in the city for some time.

The year 800 was in its outward results the most momentous one of his reign. In that year the King of the Franks

was crowned Emperor of the Romans by Pope Leo III., and from this time the beginning of the "Holy Roman Empire" practically dates. The idea of a Roman Empire as a necessary institution and element in the world's order was still present, and the temporal interests of the Church of Rome made it expedient to encourage the popular regard for the memory of departed glories. This traditional sentiment was revived by a decisive action of the Pope. On Christmas Day, A.D. 800, when Charlemagne was hearing Mass in the basilica of St. Peter, the pontiff approached him as he was kneeling at the high altar, placed upon the brow of the Roman Patrician (his official title) the crown of the Cæsars, and bowed before him, while the church resounded with the shout of the assemblage: "Long life and victory to Charles, the most pious Augustus, by God crowned the Great and Pacific Emperor of the Romans." "In that shout, echoed by the Franks without," says Bryce, "was pronounced the union, so long in preparation, so mighty in its consequences, of the Roman and the Teuton, of the memories and the civilization of the South with the fresh energy of the North, and from that moment modern history begins."

The Roman Empire, in the West, had existed simply in the minds of men as a weakened, ruined power, with no central authority; in the East, however, the Greek emperors reigned at Constantinople. So that now there were two rival imperial lines in Europe, each claiming to be the true and lawful head of Christianity.

It was clear that this unprecedented coronation brought about by Leo, would result in a confusion of the pontiff's secular and spiritual functions, and thus tend to increase greatly the temporal power of the Papacy, at which the policy of the popes had for some time been aiming.

Charlemagne was what in the political language of our country we should call the "logical candidate" for the imperial crown. The lord of Western Europe, uniting many races under one sceptre, working with the purest zeal for the spiritual welfare of the world, he was looked upon by Pope and people as the natural leader, the "vicegerent of God," the champion of Christianity, and the head of the Christian

State. For him the coronation meant rather a legitimation of his authority than an increase of it. That this fervent and active genius was not free from personal ambition seems but natural: the very extent of his authority, and of his dominions,—which latter, when he was crowned Emperor of the West, included France, Germany, the Netherlands, Italy, and Northeastern Spain,—would serve to rouse the spirit of imperialism. Power and conquests such as he enjoyed could not fail to affect him, and would have completely intoxicated a man of weaker moral fibre.

Charlemagne's reign is conspicuous and remarkable for his own vigorous personal action. Though not a despot, his efforts lay in the direction of a strong central government, and his purposes were pursued with all the intensity of his indomitable, invincible energy and will. His rule over the already organized and centralized ecclesiastical body, and the memory of imperial prerogative formed the backbone of the power which his extraordinary genius wielded so effectively. However, the very power which he furthered as a civilizing agency,—the sacerdotal authority,—and the discordance of the component parts of his empire, prevented a lasting success of his policy, for which, in fact, the people were not yet ripe. It was impossible to maintain the connection between the various nations with their differences of language and customs, scattered over an extensive and thinly-peopled territory. But the great results of his conception—the infusion of a Teutonic spirit into Roman forms—were not lost. Although after his death, when, as Bryce says, the "spell of the great mind was withdrawn," the "mass dissolved into that chaos out of which it had been formed," yet the influence exerted by this creative genius continued to act throughout the anarchical period that followed. It formed a foundation on which to build throughout many succeeding generations, and his reign may thus indeed be regarded as the beginning of a new era.

Charlemagne was four times married. He disowned Himiltrud for Desiderata (770), and the latter for Hildegard (771). Queen Hildegard died April 30, 783, in her twenty-sixth year, and Charlemagne's mother soon after. Charlemagne

then married Fastrada, a daughter of Count Radolf. Her cold, selfish and cruel nature appears to have been the cause, in part, of two noteworthy conspiracies, the "Conspiracy of Thuringian Counts and Nobles" (786), and the "Conspiracy of Pepin the Hunchback" (792), both directed against the King's life, and both discovered in time, so that those implicated met their punishment. Fastrada died in 794, whereupon Charlemagne chose for his partner an Allemanian lady, Liutgard, who died in 800. The ladies who followed this fourth queen of Charlemagne were united to him only by morganatic ties.

He lived to lose two of his sons, and was a hard worker till his death, which occurred January 28, 814. His son, Louis the Pious, left as sole heir to his father's dominions, had for some years previously been associated with his father, who had crowned him with his own hand. He was not the man, however, to stay the returning wave of barbarism that swept up violently, and yet could not totally destroy the results attained by Charlemagne.

Though so much of Charlemagne's reign was taken up with warfare, it is not as a conqueror for the mere glory of conquering that he is known to us. He was a wise and enlightened administrator; he proved his ability as a legislator by collecting and modifying the laws of the various Germanic nations; commerce and trade, and especially agriculture, were furthered by him; canals, bridges, and other public works were undertaken; libraries and schools were established, convents and monasteries were built. Himself a many-sided man intellectually, he encouraged learning in all forms, and noted scholars of all countries could depend on his protection and patronage; he rewarded merit irrespective of persons; and he sympathized with the clergy. Alcuin was especially active in the establishment of scholastic institutions for Charles, and cordial and confidential relations existed between the monarch and the noted *savant*.

The personality and character of Charlemagne were such as naturally gave rise to wonderful legends, and made credible any exploit attributed to him in the gorgeous mist of romance that spread about his name. By canonization as a saint, Pope

Paschal III. conferred upon him the highest glory that the church could offer. Of great strength and size, an unexcelled hunter and swimmer, a fierce warrior, and an able strategist, he was gentle to his friends and relatively kind to his subdued enemies. He was simple in dress and temperate, loved music and all the arts, and we are told also that he was eloquent. Humanity and religious faith were his most prominent characteristics. In the words of John Lord, "he was a type of chivalry, before chivalry arose." Naturally, in studying his character, we must to some extent adopt the point of view of the times in which he lived: to us at the present day many of his actions would seem barbarous, which hardly excited comment from his contemporaries. Ethical standards have shifted.

A Teuton with sympathy for his race, a Roman in culture, he was "claimed," says Sismondi, "by the Church as a saint, by the French as the greatest of their kings, by the Germans as their countryman, and by the Italians as their emperor." "The appellation of Great," says Gibbon, "has often been bestowed, and sometimes deserved; but Charlemagne is the only prince in whose favor the title has been indissolubly blended with the name."

The English historian, Hallam, says of Charlemagne: "He stands alone like a rock in the ocean, like a beacon on a waste. His sceptre was the bow of Ulysses, not to be bent by a weaker hand. In the dark ages of European history, his reign affords a solitary resting-place between two dark periods of turbulence and ignominy, deriving the advantage of contrast both from that of the preceding dynasty and of a posterity for whom he had founded an empire which they were unworthy and unequal to maintain." Upon the collapse of imperialism, feudalism formed the transition-stage to the constitutional government of to-day. The historical importance of the life-work of Charlemagne has been summarized by an American writer in the words: "He left a great legacy to civilization."

The Boy Charlemagne and Pope Stephen.

The first public act of Charlemagne's life—a task which combined both dignity and beneficence—was to meet, as

deputy for his father, the suppliant chief of the Roman church, and to conduct him with honor to the monarch's presence. The event in which he thus took part, and which afterwards affected the current of his whole existence, originated in the unhappy state of Rome, and in the continual and increasing pressure of the Lombards upon that unstable republic which had arisen in Italy, after its separation from the Empire of the East. The second and third Gregory had in vain implored the personal succor of Charles Martel to defend the Roman territory from the hostile designs of their encroaching neighbours; and Zacharias, who had succeeded to the authority and difficulties of those two pontiffs, had equally petitioned Pepin for some more effectual aid than remonstrances addressed to the dull ear of ambition, and menaces which began to be despised.

Under Stephen, who followed Zacharias, and ascended the papal chair soon after the elevation of Pepin to the sovereign power, the danger of Rome became still more imminent; for Astolphus, the Lombard King, contemning alike the threats of an avenger who did not appear, and the exhortations of a priest who had no means of resistance, imposed an immense tribute on the citizens of Rome, and prepared to enforce the payment by arms. But by this time the Popes or bishops of Rome had established a stronger claim upon the rulers of France than that which they had formerly possessed. The instability of Pepin's title to the crown had made him eager to add a fictitious authority to the mutable right of popular election; and, having joined to the voice of the people the sanction of the Pope, he divided between two, a debt which might have been dangerous or burdensome while in the hands of one.

In the moment of immediate danger, when Rome was threatened by hostile armies, and her fields swept by invading barbarians, the prelate, with a worthy boldness, set out from the ancient queen of empires, as a suppliant, determined to apply, first for justice and immunity at the court of Astolphus, the King of the Lombards, and, in case of rejection, then for protection and vengeance, at the hands of the new monarch of the Francs.

Astolphus was deaf to all petitions, and despised all threats. Ravenna had fallen, and Rome he had determined to subdue. But the Pope pursued his way in haste; and, traversing the Alps, set his foot with joy on the territories of a friend and an ally. The French monarch was then returning from one of his victorious expeditions against the Saxons; and the messengers from Stephen met him on the banks of the Moselle.

The most common of all accusations against the human heart, and, I might add, against the human mind, is ingratitude. But in an uncivilized state of society, where rights are less protected, and mankind depend more on the voluntary reciprocation of individual benefits and assistance, than on fixed rules and a uniform government, the possession of such emotions as gratitude and generosity would seem to be more necessarily considered as a virtue, and the want of them more decidedly as a crime, than in periods or in countries where the exertions of each man are sufficient for his own support, and the law is competent to the protection of all.

Besides a feeling of obligation towards the Roman pontiffs, which the new sovereign did not hesitate a moment to acknowledge and obey, the call of the Pope was perfectly consonant to Pepin's views and disposition, as a man, a king, and a warrior. To welcome the Bishop of Rome, therefore, the monarch instantly dispatched his eldest son Charles, then scarcely twelve years of age, and every honor was paid to the head of the Catholic church that reverence or gratitude could inspire.

This is the first occasion on which we find Charlemagne mentioned in history; but the children of the Francs were trained in their very early years to robust and warlike exercises; and there is every reason to believe that great precocity, both of bodily and mental powers, fitted the prince for the office which was entrusted to him by his father.

From the distinction with which Pepin received the prelate, and from the bold and candid character of that monarch, little doubt can exist that he at once determined to protect the Roman state from the exacting monarch of the Lombards, by the effectual and conclusive interposition of arms. The King of the Francs, however, had still something to demand at the

hands of the Pope; and the remonstrance of Astolphus, who pleaded hard by his envoys against the proposed interference, raised Pepin to the character of umpire and judge, enhanced the value of his mediation, and gave him a claim, not likely to be rejected, for some return on the part of Stephen.

With those anxious fears for the stability of his authority which must always attend usurpation, Pepin eagerly sought every means of strengthening his title to the throne of France; and, not content with the pontifical sanction already given, determined on obtaining from the Pope, during his visit of supplication, some new act of recognition and consecration. On a positive promise of aid from the monarch of the Francs, Stephen formally absolved him for the breach of his oath of allegiance to Childeric, and repeated the ceremony of his coronation in the church of St. Denis. Nor were precautions wanting to guard against any future exercise of the same popular power, which had snatched the crown from one monarch, and bestowed it on another. The Pope launched his anathema at all those who should attempt to deprive the Carlovingian line of the throne they had assumed; and Charles and Carloman, the two sons of Pepin, were crowned together with their parents, by the hands of the Roman pontiff.

As he had chosen by the papal sanction to prop his authority, originally raised upon the sandy foundation of popular election, the French monarch was, of course, moved by every principle of prudence, as well as by the remembrance of his promise, to strengthen and support the Roman church. Almost immediately on the arrival of the Pope, Pepin dispatched messengers to Astolphus, requiring him to abandon his demands upon the city of Rome, and to cease his aggressions on the Roman territory. Astolphus refused to comply; but, as he well knew the power of the Frankish nation, he sought to avert the storm which threatened him before he prepared to encounter it. Carloman, the brother of Pepin, who had resigned his inheritance in France, abandoned the world, and sought the best desire of human nature, peace, in the shade of the cloister, was at that time dwelling in a monastery, within the limits of the Lombard dominions. The eye of Astolphus immediately fell upon him, as a fit mes-

senger to his brother; and he was compelled by the orders of his abbot to journey into France, and to oppose, at the court of the French monarch, the wishes and designs of the pontiff.

A custom existed amongst the Francs, of determining upon war or peace, at the great assembly of the nation, in what was called a *Champ de Mars;* and though the Maires of the Palace had frequently violated this ancient institution, Pepin, who courted popularity, called upon his people, in almost all instances, to sanction any warfare he was about to undertake.

In the present case, where greater and more important interests were involved, he did not fail to add the consent of the nation to his own determination; and, at the Champ de Mars, held after his coronation, he announced to the nobles of the land his resolution of defending Rome from her enemies by force of arms. In the same assembly, his brother Carloman is said to have remonstrated publicly against this purpose. The nobles of France concurred completely in the views of the king, and Pepin marched with an immense army towards the frontiers of Italy; leaving Bertha, his wife, and Carloman, his brother, at Vienne, in Dauphiny, where Carloman died before the monarch's return from his Italian expedition.

The Lombards, warned of the approaching invasion, immediately occupied the passes of the mountain barrier, which nature has placed for the defence of the Italian peninsula. A battle was fought among the hills; the Lombards were defeated; and the Francs poured down into the ancient territories of the Romans. Pepin marched forward with that bold celerity, which distinguished all his race; and at once laid siege to Pavia, within the walls of which Astolphus had taken refuge. The war was carried on by the Francs with all the unsparing activity of a barbarous nation: and, while the Lombard capital was invested on all sides, bands of plunderers were spread over the country to ravage, pillage, and destroy.

Astolphus at length submitted to the power he was in no condition to resist; and, opening a negotiation with Pepin, he agreed to yield the exarchate, and the Pentapolis, which the

monarch of the Francs had pledged himself to reannex to the territories of Rome. Forty distinguished hostages were given to ensure the performance of the treaty; and Pepin retired from Italy, satisfied that he had compelled the restitution of possessions which had been unjustly withheld.

—G. P. R. JAMES.

THE CORONATION OF CHARLEMAGNE.

The coronation of Charles is not only the central event of the Middle Ages, it is also one of those very few events of which, taking them singly, it may be said that if they had not happened, the history of the world would have been different. In one sense indeed it has scarcely a parallel. The assassins of Julius Cæsar thought that they had saved Rome from monarchy; but monarchy became inevitable in the next generation. The conversion of Constantine changed the face of the world; but Christianity was spreading fast, and its ultimate triumph was only a question of time. Had Columbus never spread his sails, the secret of the western sea would yet have been pierced by some later voyager; had Charles V. broken his safe-conduct to Luther, the voice silenced at Wittenberg would have been taken up by echoes elsewhere. But if the Roman Empire had not been restored in the West in the person of Charles, it would never have been restored at all, and the inexhaustible train of consequences for good and for evil that followed could not have been. Why this was so may be seen by examining the history of the next two centuries.

In that day, as through all the Dark and Middle Ages, two forces were striving for the mastery. The one was the instinct of separation, disorder, anarchy, caused by the ungoverned impulses and barbarous ignorance of the great bulk of mankind; the other was that passionate longing of the better minds for a formal unity of government, which had its historical basis in the memories of the old Roman Empire, and its most constant expression in the devotion to a visible and catholic Church. The former tendency, as everything shows, was, in politics at least, the stronger; but the latter, used and stimulated by an extraordinary genius like Charles,

achieved in the year 800 a victory whose results were never to be lost. When the hero was gone, the returning wave of anarchy and barbarism swept up violent as ever, yet it could not wholly obliterate the past: the Empire, maimed and shattered though it was, had struck its roots too deep to be overthrown by force, and when it perished at last, perished from inner decay. It was just because men felt that no one less than Charles could have won such a triumph over the evils of the time, by framing and establishing a gigantic scheme of government, that the excitement and hope and joy which the coronation evoked were so intense. Their best evidence is perhaps to be found, not in the records of that time itself, but in the cries of lamentation that broke forth when the Empire began to dissolve toward the close of the ninth century, in the marvellous legends which attached themselves to the name of Charles the Emperor, a hero of whom any exploit was credible, in the devout admiration wherewith his German successors looked back to, and strove in all things to imitate, their all but superhuman prototype.

As the event of A.D. 800 made an unparalleled impression on those who lived at the time, so has it engaged the attention of men in succeeding ages, has been viewed in the most opposite lights, and become the theme of interminable controversies. It is better to look at it simply as it appeared to the men who witnessed it. Here, as in so many other cases, may be seen the errors into which jurists have been led by the want of historical feeling. In rude and unsettled states of society men respect forms and obey facts, while careless of rules and principles. In England, for example, in the eleventh and twelfth centuries, it signified very little whether an aspirant to the throne was next lawful heir, but it signified a great deal whether he had been duly crowned and was supported by a strong party. Regarding the matter thus, it is not hard to see why those who judged the actors of A.D. 800 as they would have judged their contemporaries should have misunderstood the nature of that which then came to pass. Baronius and Bellarmine, Spanheim and Conring, are advocates bound to prove a thesis, and therefore believing it; nor does either party find any lack of plausible arguments. But civilian and

canonist alike proceed upon strict legal principles, and no such principles can be found in the case, or applied to it. Neither the instances cited by the Cardinal from the Old Testament of the power of priests to set up and pull down princes, nor those which show the earlier emperors controlling the bishops of Rome, really meet the question.

Leo acted not as having alone the right to transfer the crown; the practice of hereditary succession and the theory of popular election would have equally excluded such a claim; he was the spokesman of the popular will, which, identifying itself with the sacerdotal power, hated the Easterns and was grateful to the Franks. Yet he was also something more. The act, as it specially affected his interests, was mainly his work, and without him would never have been brought about at all. It was natural that a confusion of his secular functions as leader, and his spiritual as consecrating priest, should lay the foundation of the right claimed afterward of raising and deposing monarchs at the will of Christ's vicar. The Emperor was passive throughout; he did not, as in Lombardy, appear as a conqueror, but was received by the Pope and the people as a friend and ally. Rome no doubt became his capital, but it had already obeyed him as Patrician, and the greatest fact that stood out to posterity from the whole transaction was that the crown was bestowed, was at least imposed, by the hands of the pontiff. He seemed the trustee and depositary of the imperial authority.

The best way of showing the thoughts and motives of those concerned in the transaction is to transcribe the narratives of three contemporary or almost contemporary annalists, two of them German and one Italian. The Annals of Laureshein say: "And because the name of emperor had now ceased among the Greeks, and their empire was possessed by a woman, it then seemed both to Leo the Pope himself and to all the holy fathers who were present in the self-same council, as well as to the rest of the Christian people, that they ought to take to be emperor Charles, King of the Franks, who held Rome herself, where the Cæsars had always been wont to sit, and all the other regions which he ruled through Italy and Gaul and Germany; and inasmuch as God had given all these

lands into his hand, it seemed right that with the help of God and at the prayer of the whole Christian people he should have the name of emperor also; whose petition King Charles willed not to refuse, but submitting himself with all humility to God, and at the prayer of the priests and of the whole Christian people, on the day of the nativity of our Lord Jesus Christ he took on himself the name of emperor, being consecrated by the lord Pope Leo."

Very similar in substance is the account of the Chronicle of Moissac (ad ann. 801): "Now when the king, upon the most holy day of the Lord's birth, was rising to the mass, after praying before the confession of the blessed Peter the Apostle, Leo the Pope, with the consent of all the bishops and priests, and of the Senate of the Franks, and likewise of the Romans, set a golden crown upon his head, the Roman people also shouting aloud. And when the people had made an end of chanting the Laudes, he was adored by the Pope after the manner of the emperors of old. For this also was done by the will of God. For while the said Emperor abode at Rome, certain men were brought unto him, who said that the name of emperor had ceased among the Greeks, and that among them the Empire was held by a woman called Irene, who had by guile laid hold on her son the Emperor, and put out his eyes, and taken the Empire to herself, as it is written of Athaliah in the Book of the Kings; which, when Leo the Pope and all the assembly of the bishops and priests and abbots heard, and the Senate of the Franks and all the elders of the Romans, they took counsel with the rest of the Christian people that they should name Charles, King of the Franks, to be Emperor, seeing that he held Rome, the mother of empire, where the Cæsars and emperors were always used to sit; and that the heathen might not mock the Christians if the name of emperor should have ceased among the Christians."

These two accounts are both from a German source; that which follows is Roman, written probably within some fifty or sixty years of the event. It is taken from the life of Leo III. in the *Vitæ Pontificum Romanorum*, compiled by Anastasius, the papal librarian.

"After these things came the day of the birth of our Lord

Jesus Christ, and all men were again gathered together in the aforesaid basilica of the blessed Peter the Apostle: and then the gracious and venerable pontiff did with his own hands crown Charles with a very precious crown. Then all the faithful people of Rome, seeing the defence that he gave and the love that he bare to the holy Roman Church and her vicar, did, by the will of God and of the blessed Peter, the keeper of the keys of the kingdom of heaven, cry with one accord with a loud voice, 'To Charles, the most pious Augustus, crowned of God, the great and peace-giving Emperor, be life and victory.' While he, before the holy confession of the blessed Peter the Apostle, was invoking divers saints, it was proclaimed thrice, and he was chosen by all to be Emperor of the Romans. Thereon the most holy pontiff anointed Charles with holy oil, and likewise his most excellent son to be king, upon the very day of the birth of our Lord Jesus Christ; and when the mass was finished, then after the mass the most serene Lord Emperor offered gifts."

In these three accounts there is no serious discrepancy as to the facts, although the Italian priest, as is natural, heightens the importance of the part played by the Pope, while the Germans are too anxious to rationalize the event, talking of a synod of the clergy, a consultation of the people, and a formal request to Charles, which the silence of Eginhard, as well as the other circumstances of the case, forbid us to accept as literally true. Similarly, Anastasius passes over the adoration rendered by the Pope to the Emperor, upon which most of the Frankish records insist in a way which puts it beyond doubt.

But the impression which the three narratives leave is essentially the same. They all show how little the transaction can be made to wear a strictly legal character. The Frankish king does not of his own might seize the crown, but rather receives it as coming naturally to him, as the legitimate consequence of the authority he already enjoyed. The Pope bestows the crown, not in virtue of any right of his own as head of the Church: he is merely the instrument of God's providence, which has unmistakably pointed out Charles as the proper person to defend and lead the Christian commonwealth. The Roman people do not formally elect and appoint,

but by their applause accept the chief who is presented to them. The act is conceived of as directly ordered by the Divine Providence which has brought about a state of things that admits of but one issue, an issue which king, priest and people have only to recognize and obey ; their personal ambitions, passions, intrigues, sinking and vanishing in reverential awe at what seems the immediate interposition of Heaven. And as the result is desired by all parties alike, they do not think of inquiring into one another's rights, but take their momentary harmony to be natural and necessary, never dreaming of the difficulties and conflicts which were to arise out of what seemed then so simple.

It was just because everything was thus left undetermined, resting not on express stipulation, but rather on a sort of mutual understanding, a sympathy of beliefs and wishes which augured no evil, that the event admitted of being afterward represented in so many different lights. Four centuries later, when Papacy and Empire had been forced into the mortal struggle by which the fate of both was decided, three distinct theories regarding the coronation of Charles will be found advocated by three different parties, all of them plausible, all of them to some extent misleading. The Swabian emperors held the crown to have been won by their great predecessor as the prize of conquest, and drew the conclusion that the citizens and bishop of Rome had no rights as against themselves. The patriotic part among the Romans, appealing to the early history of the Empire, declared that by nothing but the voice of their Senate and people could an emperor be lawfully created, he being only their chief magistrate, the temporary depositary of their authority. The popes pointed to the indisputable fact that Leo imposed the crown, and argued that as God's earthly vicar it was then his, and must always continue to be their right to give to whomsoever they would an office which was created to be the handmaid of their own. Of these three it was the last view that eventually prevailed, yet to an impartial eye it cannot claim, any more than do the two others, to contain the whole truth. Charles did not conquer, nor the Pope give, nor the people elect. As the act was unprecedented, so was it illegal ; it was a revolt of the ancient

Western capital against a daughter who had become a mistress ; an exercise of the sacred right of insurrection, justified by the weakness and wickedness of the Byzantine princes, hallowed to the eyes of the world by the sanction of Christ's representative, but founded upon no law, nor competent to create any for the future.

It is an interesting and somewhat perplexing question how far the coronation scene, an act as imposing in its circumstances as it was momentous in its results, was prearranged among the parties. Eginhard tells us that Charles was accustomed to declare that he would not, even on so high a festival, have entered the church, had he known of the Pope's intention. Even if the monarch had uttered, the secretary would hardly have recorded a falsehood long after the motive that might have prompted it had disappeared. The Pope, whatever his confidence in the sympathy of the people, would never have ventured on so momentous a step until previous conferences had assured him of the feelings of the king, nor could an act for which the assembly were evidently prepared have been kept a secret. It is reasonable to suppose that Leo, having satisfied himself of the wishes of the Roman clergy and people, as well as of the Frankish magnates, resolved to seek an occasion and place so eminently favorable to his long-cherished plan, while Charles, carried away by the enthusiasm of the moment, and seeing in the pontiff the prophet and instrument of the divine will, accepted a dignity which he might have wished to receive at some later time or in some other way.

Although a deed which changed the history of the world was in any case no accident, it may well have worn to the Frankish and Roman spectators the air of a surprise ; for there were no preparations apparent in the church ; the king was not, like his Teutonic successors in the aftertime, led in procession to the pontifical throne. Suddenly, at the very moment when he rose from the sacred hollow where he had knelt among the ever-burning lamps before the holiest of Christian relics—the body of the prince of the Apostles—the hands of that Apostle's representative placed upon his head the crown of glory and poured upon him the oil of sanctification.

There was something in this to thrill the beholders with the awe of a divine presence, and make them hail him whom that presence seemed almost visibly to consecrate, the "pious and peace-giving Emperor, crowned of God."

The maintenance of an imperial line among the Easterns was a continuing protest against the validity of Charles' title. But from their enmity he had little to fear, and in the eyes of the world he seemed to step into their place, adding the traditional dignity which had been theirs to the power that he already enjoyed. North Italy and Rome ceased forever to own the supremacy of Byzantium; and while the Eastern princes paid a shameful tribute to the Mussulman, the Frankish Emperor—as the recognized head of Christendom—received from the patriarch of Jerusalem the keys of the Holy Sepulchre and the banner of Calvary; the gift of the Sepulchre itself, says Eginhard, from Aaron, King of the Persians. Out of this peaceful intercourse with the great Khalif the romancers created a crusade. Within his own dominions his sway assumed a more sacred character. Already had his unwearied and comprehensive activity made him throughout his reign an ecclesiastical no less than a civil ruler, summoning and sitting in councils, examining and appointing bishops, settling by capitularies the smallest points of church discipline and polity. A synod held at Frankfort in A.D. 794 condemned the decrees of the second council of Nicæa, which had been approved by Pope Hadrian, censured in violent terms the conduct of the Byzantine rulers in suggesting them, and without excluding images from churches, altogether forbade them to be worshiped or even venerated. Not only did Charles preside in and direct the deliberations of this synod, although legates from the Pope were present—he also caused a treatise to be drawn up stating and urging its conclusions; he pressed Hadrian to declare Constantine VI. a heretic for enouncing doctrines to which Hadrian had himself consented. There are letters of his extant in which he lectures Pope Leo in a tone of easy superiority, admonishes him to obey the holy canons, and bids him pray earnestly for the success of the efforts which it is the monarch's duty to make for the subjugation of pagans and the establishment of sound doctrine

throughout the Church. Nay, subsequent popes themselves admitted and applauded the despotic superintendence of matters spiritual which he was wont to exercise, and which led some one to give him playfully a title that had once been applied to the Pope himself, "Episcopus episcoporum."

Acting and speaking thus when merely king, it may be thought that Charles needed no further title to justify his power. The inference is in truth rather the converse of this. Upon what he had done already the imperial title must necessarily follow; the attitude of protection and control which he held toward the Church and the Holy See belonged, according to the ideas of the time, especially and only to an emperor. Therefore his coronation was the fitting completion and legitimation of his authority, sanctifying rather than increasing it. We have, however, one remarkable witness to the importance that was attached to the imperial name, and the enhancement which he conceived his office to have received from it. In a great assembly held at Aachen (Aix-la-Chapelle), A.D. 802, the Emperor revised the laws of all the races that obeyed him, endeavoring to harmonize and correct them, and issued a capitulary singular in subject and tone. All persons within his dominions, as well ecclesiastical as civil, who have already sworn allegiance to him as king, are thereby commanded to swear to him afresh as Cæsar; and all who have never yet sworn, down to the age of twelve, shall now take the same oath. "At the same time it shall be publicly explained to all what is the force and meaning of this oath, and how much more it includes than a mere promise of fidelity to the monarch's person. Firstly, it binds those who swear it to live, each and every one of them, according to his strength and knowledge, in the holy service of God, since the lord Emperor cannot extend over all his care and discipline. Secondly, it binds them neither by force nor fraud to seize or molest any of the goods or servants of his crown. Thirdly, to do no violence nor treason toward the holy Church, or to widows, or orphans, or strangers, seeing that the lord Emperor has been appointed, after the Lord and his saints, the protector and defender of all such." Then in similar fashion purity of life is prescribed to the monks; homicide, the neglect of hospi-

tality, and other offences are denounced, the notions of sin and crime being intermingled and almost identified in a way to which no parallel can be found, unless it be in the Mosaic code. There God, the invisible object of worship, is also, though almost incidentally, the judge and political ruler of Israel; here the whole cycle of social and moral duty is deduced from the obligation of obedience to the visible autocratic head of the Christian state.

In most of Charles' words and deeds may be discerned the working of the same theocratic ideas. Among his intimate friends he chose to be called by the name of David, exercising in reality all the powers of the Jewish king; presiding over this kingdom of God upon earth rather as a second Constantine or Theodosius than in the spirit and traditions of the Julii or the Flavii. Among his measures there are two which in particular recall the first Christian Emperor. As Constantine founds, so Charles erects on a firmer basis, the connection of Church and State. Bishops and abbots are as essential a part of rising feudalism as counts and dukes. Their benefices are held under the same conditions of fealty and the service in war of their vassal tenants, not of the spiritual person himself; they have similar rights of jurisdiction, and are subject alike to the imperial *missi*. The monarch tries often to restrict the clergy, as persons, to spiritual duties; quells the insubordination of the monasteries; endeavors to bring the seculars into a monastic life by instituting and regulating chapters. Again, it was by him first that the payment of tithes, for which the priesthood had long been pleading, was made compulsory in Western Europe, and the support of the ministers of religion intrusted to the laws of the State.—J. BRYCE.

ALCUIN.

ALCUIN, whose full Latin name was Flaccus Albinus Alcuinus, was one of those learned and modest ecclesiastics whose great influence on the events of their time is concealed behind the person of the sovereign they serve. It was the good fortune of Charlemagne to detect and appreciate the ability and merit of the English monk, and to secure his services in the great work of education which he saw to be necessary for the welfare of his subjects.

Alcuin was born in York, England, in 735, and was educated there under Archbishop Egbert, for whom he ever retained the warmest affection and gratitude. In his works he refers with admiration to the "Venerable Bede," who had at Jarrow conducted another famous school, and set an example of untiring literary industry, truly astonishing in those unsettled times; but Alcuin was not a pupil of Bede, as some have affirmed. His intellectual ability caused him to be early made director of the seminary, and keeper of the Cathedral library, though it is said he was never advanced beyond deacon's orders. This library was one of the most famous in Christendom, and in his poem on the "Saints of the Church of York," Alcuin has left a metrical catalogue of its treasures.

There are records of three visits of Alcuin to the Continent before he took up his abode there. In 781 Alcuin was sent by Archbishop Eanbald to Rome to procure the pallium, and on his return met Charlemagne at Parma. The king had already been aware of Alcuin's reputation, and now em-

braced the opportunity of persuading him to join his court and become his preceptor. For this purpose he went to Aachen or Aix-la-Chapelle in 782, with three assistants. The subjects of study comprised rhetoric, logic, mathematics and divinity, in which he taught the King, his family, and his attendant clergy. Alcuin was also employed in diplomatic errands, especially to his native England. But his greatest work was the establishment of institutions of learning in various parts of France. In 787 Charles issued a capitulary, addressed to the heads of the monasteries, enjoining upon them attention to the study of literature. A second capitulary followed in 789, enforcing the directions already given. Zealous prelates carried out these instructions. Though the revival of letters thus effected with the powerful aid of the Emperor was not more permanent than his kingdom, yet such learning as was found in the following century was due to the fostering care of Charles and the example of Alcuin.

Alcuin was also active in resisting heresies that threatened the peace of Christendom. He wrote treatises against the view of some Spanish bishops that Christ in his human nature was the Son of God by adoption, and procured the condemnation of this Adoptionism by the Council of Frankfort in 794. But he never asked the King to employ the civil power to suppress this heresy.

At the age of sixty-one, after having lived in the closest intimacy with the great Emperor for ten years, Alcuin was promoted to the direction of the famous and well-endowed Abbey of St. Martin at Tours. Here the venerable Abbot devoted himself partly to the restoration of discipline, which had been relaxed, partly to his work of instruction, partly to authorship, yet still kept up correspondence with his patron, whom he encouraged and assisted in his many projects for the advancement of his subjects.

When Charles was preparing to go to Rome on that memorable journey in which he was crowned Emperor, Alcuin was invited to accompany him, but declined on account of the infirmities of age then creeping upon him. When the Emperor returned, Alcuin sent him by a special messenger a superbly-written copy of the Gospels, made in

the monastery of Tours, as his most appropriate acknowledgment of "the splendor of the imperial power." Alcuin had long desired to revisit his native land, and hoped to be buried there; but his desire was not to be gratified. He died at Tours on the 19th of May, 804. His works comprise treatises on the Scriptures, on church doctrine and discipline, historical narratives, and even poems. He greatly excelled the other writers of his time in elegance and classical style.

The Abbot of Tours.

The year 794 may be looked upon as marking the time when Alcuin's reputation was at its highest. His fame was "in all the Churches;" and few could have been found to call in question his signal services to both religion and learning or his just claim to distinguished reward. As yet, however, no adequate recompense had been vouchsafed him. His own avowal, indeed, is that no hope of worldly advantage, but a simple sense of duty to the Church, had originally brought him to Frankland and detained him there. On the other hand, it is almost certain that, in resigning his office as *scholasticus* at York, he had sacrificed his succession to the archbishopric. It is not improbable, therefore, that Charles had already intimated that on the next vacancy in the abbacy of St. Martin of Tours the post would be offered to Alcuin. The latter, writing to the brethren of that venerable society in 795, openly confesses that he would gladly be of their number; and the opportunity arrived sooner perhaps than he anticipated, for in the following year the Abbot Itherius died, and Alcuin was forthwith nominated his successor.

The transfer of Alcuin from the Palace School to the abbacy at Tours was attended by results of no slight importance. On the one hand, it enabled him to give full and practical expression to his theory of monastic discipline and education; on the other, it opened up the way for the introduction of other teachers at the royal court, some of whom held doctrines little in harmony with those of their predecessor.

Of his real sense of relief and satisfaction with his new

sphere of duty there can be no doubt. He had received what was, perhaps, the most marked recognition of his services that it was in Charles' power to bestow. Already the abbey was the wealthiest in Frankland, and the adjacent cathedral the most splendid of all her shrines. In days gone by, Tours and Poitiers had contended fiercely for the relics of St. Martin; the coveted prize had fallen to the former city, and its possession thenceforth appealed with singular force to the superstition of the time. Neither St. Remy nor St. Denys, as yet, could vie in saintly fame with the venerated founder of monasticism in Gaul. Tours rivalled Rome itself as a centre of religious pilgrimage; both monastery and cathedral were lavishly enriched by the devout munificence of the Carolingian princes; and long after, when Hugh Capet sat on the throne of Charles the Great, he wore the ecclesiastical cope which bespoke him the Abbot of St. Martin of Tours. The landed possessions of the monastery were immense, fully equalling in extent an average modern department; the Archbishop of Toledo made it a reproach to Alcuin, that he was the master of 20,000 slaves.

With resources like these, it might well seem that the guardian of the interests and traditions of the faith might find full scope for every purpose. Here learning, treading ever in the safe and narrow path marked out by Gregory and Bede, might marshal illustrious recruits destined to bear her banners throughout the length and breadth of Charles' vast domains. Here, on the banks of the rushing Loire, the life of which St. Benedict drew the outlines might be lived again in all its purity and power. Here, on the boundary line 'twixt docile Neustria and half-tamed Aquitaine, religion might win new converts and achieve a conquest with which those of Charles Martel or his greater grandson might not compare!

Such, as there is sufficient evidence to show, were the aims of Alcuin's ambition, as he looked forward to the crowning work of his career. His theory of education had not expanded with enlarged experience. No visions of science, spreading and developing in the coming years, gilded the sunset of his days. Something rather of self-reproach is discernible in his correspondence for so much time and labor

already wasted on secular knowledge. Virgil, whom he had studied with loving ardor as a boy, now seemed to him only a collection of "lying fables," unfit to be read by those devoted to the religious life. "The sacred poets are enough for you," he said to the young monks at Tours; "you have no need to sully your minds with the rank luxuriance of Virgil's verse." He rebuked even his friend Rigbodus for knowing the twelve books of the Æneid better than the four Evangelists. When Charles wrote to ply him with questions upon some new difficulties, he could not forbear, in his reply, from mildly expressing his surprise that his "dearest David" should wish to involve him again in "those old questions of the Palace School, and to summon back to the contending camps, and to the task of quieting the minds of the mutinous soldiery, the veteran who had served his time;" "especially," he adds, "as you have by you the tomes both of secular learning and of the Church's wisdom, wherein the true answers may be found to all your queries."

Something of the enthusiasm of his early days came back to the weary old man as he welcomed at St. Martin the youthful neophytes who, attracted by his fame, came seeking admission within the abbey walls. His first aim was to provide them with a good library, such a library as he had himself watched over at York; and we accordingly find him writing to Charles, soon after his installation, to beg that he may be allowed to send some of the young monks to England, who might "bring back to France the flowers of Britain," "so that these may diffuse their fragrance and display their colors at Tours as well as at York." "In the morning of my life," he says, in the same letter, "I sowed in Britain; and now, in the evening of that life, when my blood begins to chill, I cease not to sow in France, earnestly praying that, by God's grace, the seed may spring up in both lands. As for my own frail frame, I solace myself with the thought to which St. Jerome, when writing to Nepotianus, gives expression; and reflect that *all* the powers might well decline with old age, but that, although the rest wane, wisdom augments in strength." What books his deputies brought back from York we have no evidence to show.

The reputation of the monastery of St. Martin in former times harmonized well with Alcuin's design of making it a model for the religious life and discipline throughout Frankland. It had once been famous for both its learning and its austere rule. Sulpicius Severus, in his life of the founder, tells us that even the greatest cities preferred that their superior clergy should be recruited from those who had been educated at St. Martin; and its aristocratic associations are probably indicated by the fact that its members, in their leisure hours, confined themselves entirely to the scholarly labors of the *scriptorium*. Even this occupation, however, was discarded by the older monks, who devoted themselves solely to prayer.

There is good reason for concluding that, in the interpretation given by Alcuin to the Benedictine rule, the classic authors—whose names occupy so prominent a place in his description of the library at York—were almost entirely forbidden, at least to the younger monks. It is true that, in the letter to Charles above quoted, he says, that, "in compliance with the royal instructions and good pleasure," he shall give to some "the honey of the sacred writings," "shall gladden others with the vintage of the ancient learning," and mete out to others "the apples of grammatical subtlety;" but it appears not improbable that he concealed, to some extent, from his royal patron those severer canons which closed to the junior students at St. Martin the page of pagan fancy and legend.

An incident recorded by Alcuin's unknown biographer clashes somewhat with the foregoing representations. Sigulfus, along with two others of the younger monks—Aldricus and Adalbert, afterwards abbot of Ferrières—endeavored, notwithstanding the formal prohibition, to carry on the study of Virgil unknown to the abbot. They believed that they had effectually guarded against detection; but one day Sigulfus received a summons to Alcuin's presence. "How is this, Virgilian," said the abbot, "that unknown to me, and contrary to my express command, thou hast begun to study Virgil?" The astonished monk threw himself at his superior's feet, and promised from that day forth to study Virgil

no more. He was dismissed with a severe reprimand; and it may be inferred that all three laid the lesson well to heart, for two of the number lived to merit and receive Alcuin's warmest approval and praise.

Over the whole discipline of the monastery Alcuin watched with untiring vigilance. The points on which he especially insisted were a stricter observance of the Benedictine rule and the cultivation of sacred learning. He was unceasing in his exhortations to nightly vigils, to humility, obedience, and chastity. Verses full of wise precepts were suspended in the refectory and the dormitories. He gave careful supervision to the work of the transcribers, whose art would appear to have sadly degenerated. Writing to Charles, in the year 800, he complains that the use of full-points, and, in fact, punctuation generally, had become almost entirely neglected. He hoped, however, to effect a reform in this as in other matters.

The fame of his teaching attracted disciples not only from all Frankland, but even from across the Channel. From England they came in such numbers as to excite the jealousy of the Neustrians. One day an Anglo-Saxon priest knocked at the gate of the monastery, and while he waited without, his appearance and dress were eyed by four of the monks who were standing by. They imagined, says the narrator, that he would not understand their speech, and he overheard one of them say, "Here is another Briton or Irishman come to see the Briton inside. The Lord deliver this monastery from these British, for they swarm hither like bees to their hive!"

It is not improbable that this jealousy was to some extent stimulated by the preference which, either from expediency or inclination, Alcuin evidently entertained for his own countrymen. It was Witzo, one of his companions from York to Aachen, who taught for a time as his approved successor in the Palace School. Fredegis, who had also been educated at York, afterwards succeeded to the same post and was abbot, after Alcuin, at Tours. Liudger, a native indeed of Friesland, but one of Alcuin's scholars in England, was raised by Charles, at his former instructor's suggestion, to preside over

the newly created see of Münster. Sigulfus, the disciple most honored by Alcuin's confidence, was his chosen successor at Ferrières. The impression that we thus derive of a certain amount of national prejudice on Alcuin's part, serves to illustrate the difference between his character and that of Charles. The latter in no way shared the feeling with which the young Neustrians at Tours regarded the new-comers from beyond the seas. To quote the expression of Einhard, "he loved the foreigner,"—exhibiting, in a marked degree, a characteristic rarely absent from administrative genius of the highest order, the passion *for studying the dissimilar.*—J. B. MULLINGER.

HAROUN AL RASHID.

HAROUN AL RASHID is well known to readers in the Western world as a leading figure in the Arabian Nights' Entertainments, and in the literature of the East he is the chief personage of other popular and humorous stories. In authentic history, however, nothing is said of his rambling incognito through the streets of his capital, Bagdad, but he is still a most prominent representative of Moslem despotism.

Haroun al Rashid was the fifth caliph of the dynasty of the Abbassides, that famous line of Saracen emperors which derived its name from Abbas, the uncle and adviser of the prophet Mohammed. He was the second son of the Caliph Mahdi, grandson of Abu Jaffar, and was born in March, 763, A.D., or according to some authorities, three years later. His Moslem biographers declare him the most accomplished, generous and eloquent of all the caliphs; but although his name is a household word, and but few figures are so grandly prominent in the history of their times, we have little real knowledge of his private life and personal history. Like all the Caliphs of Bagdad, he is chargeable with having wrought deeds of blood through jealous policy or unbridled passion.

During the fierce conflicts of the rival lines of Ommiades and Abbassides, the wary Greeks had snatched an opportunity of avenging their wrongs and extending their boundaries. Mahdi, the Commander of the Faithful, sent his second son, Haroun, with an army of 95,000 Persian and Arabian troops

to exact a terrible retribution. The real command was, however, exercised by his tutor, the Barmecide Yahya. He marched triumphantly through Asia Minor, defeating the Greek general Nicetas by the way, and Irene, the Empress of the East, in her palace at Constantinople, needed no other intimation of the defeat of her troops and the loss of her provinces, than Haroun's encampment on the opposite heights of Chrysopolis, or Scutari. Her ministers were forced to subscribe to an ignominious peace, and the payment of 70,000 golden dinars.

Five years after this expedition, rendered glorious through the wise counsels and exertions of Yahya, Haroun, now twenty-two years of age, ascended the throne as successor to his elder brother Hadi, who had vainly attempted to exclude him from the throne, and had even ordered his execution. Hadi's untimely death alone prevented this order from being carried into effect. Haroun, or rather his firm friend Yahya, by his vigorous internal administration, and the fame of his military prowess, raised the caliphate to a high degree of splendor, and made his reign one of the brightest spots in the golden age of the Mohammedan nations. Although his qualities and capacity have been unduly extolled, Haroun himself was still an able and successful ruler, and above the average of Oriental potentates.

Haroun's surname, Al Rashid, "the Just," has reference rather to his public enforcement of justice according to Mohammedan law than to his public character. The chief stain on his reputation is his cruel extirpation of the Barmek family, or Barmecides. Khalid ben Barmek was Haroun's tutor; Yahya had secured for him the throne and was his lieutenant and grand vizier. Yahya, a man of consummate ability and judgment, personally organized and superintended the whole system of government, fortified the frontiers, secured the public safety, filled the treasury, and was the chief factor of Haroun's glory and prosperity. His son Jaffar was the caliph's personal friend and confidant, and was ever near him. Twenty-five other members of the family filled important civil and military offices. By degrees the whole internal administration of the empire had fallen into their hands. They

adorned the court by their luxury ; they were liberal patrons of literature and science ; they gave lavish entertainments, and made a prodigal display of the vast wealth they had amassed. At last Haroun, who had become jealous of their power and popularity, was deeply incensed on account of the birth of a son of his sister, Abbassa, whom he is said to have secretly married to Jaffar, with the understanding that the union was to be merely Platonic. With furious revulsion from his former affection, he caused Jaffar to be beheaded. On the next day Yahya was thrown into prison, where he died in chains, while nearly all their relatives were arrested, stripped of their property and consigned to perpetual imprisonment.

Haroun invaded the territories of the Eastern Empire eight times, and whenever the emperors refused to hand over the tribute demanded, they had the clearest practical demonstration that a month's depredation was far more costly than a year's tribute. This yearly tribute was a badge of servitude to the barbarians, which Nicephorus, the successor of the Empress Irene, determined to obliterate. He sent ambassadors with a letter to the caliph demanding repayment of all that had been exacted from his pusillanimous predecessor. The reply was characteristic of the Eastern despot : "In the name of the most merciful God, Haroun al Rashid, Commander of the Faithful, to Nicephorus, the Roman dog. I have read thy letter, O thou son of an unbelieving mother. Thou shalt not hear, thou shalt behold my reply." That reply was written with characters of blood and fire at Crasus, on the plains of Phrygia. When peace was ratified, on terms to his satisfaction, Haroun hastened back to the luxuries of his palace on the Euphrates. The perfidy of the Greek imposed upon the caliph the necessity of undertaking another expedition, in which 300,000 troops of various races marched under the black banner of the Abbassides. They over-ran Asia Minor, penetrated beyond Tyana and Ancyra, and laid siege to the Pontic Heraclea. The dreadful desolation made on sea and land brought Nicephorus to his senses, and compelled him to withdraw his haughty defiance, and to pay an annual tribute of 30,000 gold dinars.

Haroun al Rashid, himself a poet of no mean pretensions,

was a liberal patron of learning and art, poetry and music. He was an accomplished scholar, according to Moslem standards, well versed in history, tradition and poetry, which he quoted freely on appropriate occasions. His affable manner and imposing dignity commanded the respect of his subjects. In his latter years he corresponded with the Emperor Charlemagne, and sent him a clepsydra and other presents. Under Haroun al Rashid, Bagdad was enlarged and adorned, and became the centre of Eastern civilization.

Al Rashid died in 809 A.D. at Tus, in Persia, having gone thither to suppress an insurrection which had started in Samarcand and assumed wide proportions.

Al Rashid was indeed a warrior and conqueror, but not in the same sense as the early Caliphs were. They fought and conquered kingdoms for Allah and for Allah's prophet, whereas the expeditions of Haroun were more like those of a marauder or slave-hunter, undertaken for purposes of gain, or for the parade of his palace. The greater part of the Eastern world submitted to the laws, and paid tribute into the treasury of Al Rashid. Egypt was only a province under his sway, and its ruler merely an officer appointed by his command.

Haroun is represented as one who executed impartial justice ; and, like other despots, he did so where his own interest was not concerned, but there is no evidence that he allowed justice against himself. Any supposed insult or injury to himself was sure to be avenged, on innocent and guilty alike, with barbarous atrocity. Still he could listen to the complaint of a poor widow who had been pillaged by his soldiers, and who dared, with a passage of the Koran, to threaten him with the judgment of God.

Haroun and Charlemagne.

About this time, which, in the life of Charlemagne, was a period of negotiations, his first communication was opened with the great ruler of Asia. The throne of the Caliphs had, some time before, passed to the family of the Abbassides, and the mightiest of that family now governed the Eastern

continent. Haroun al Raschid, so well known in both real and fabulous history, first signalized his arms against the Empress of Constantinople, while yet she wielded the sceptre in the name of her son. He also, at that period, acted only as deputy for his father Mohadi. But, after having advanced to the shores of the Bosphorus, and having treated with Irene for the security of her territories, he retired on receiving seventy thousand dinars of gold; and assumed, soon afterwards, the sovereign power, on the death of his father and his brother. Custom, with most of the Oriental nations, is very readily fixed into a law, known amongst some of them by the name of *adeth*, or *canoun;* and, once established, is regarded as a kind of covenant, which is as binding as if written. The payment became annual, and the Greek empire found it less expensive to pay than to neglect. Either by the conveyance of this tribute, or by the expeditions to which its occasional cessation gave rise, a constant intercourse of some kind was maintained between Constantinople and Bagdad. Various other means of communication also existed, both in the wanderings of the Jews, who were at this period spread over, and tolerated in, all lands, and in the nascent efforts of commerce on the shores of the Mediterranean.

There were then but two great monarchs in the world; and the ears of the Caliph were filled with the wars and enterprises of the sovereign of the Francs, who was either an open adversary or but a cold ally of the Greeks, on whom he himself trampled, and who was also the continual enemy of the Omaides of Spain, whom the Abbassi contemned as heretics, and hated as rivals. The Caliph beheld in the European king the same bold and daring spirit, the same rapid energy, the same indefatigable zeal, the same magnificent designs, by which he himself was animated, and similarity of mind, free from rivalry of interests, produced admiration, respect and affection. The feelings were the same in the breast of Charlemagne; and reciprocal regard soon produced a more direct communion. At length, in 797, one of those wandering strangers, which are so frequently to be found in the courts of monarchs, undertook to conduct embassadors from the French king to the presence of the Caliph. Three envoys were accordingly sent,

under the conduct of Isaac the Hebrew, as he is called by the annalists; and were charged to offer the presents and the friendship of the French sovereign to the ruler of Asia. The Frankish ambassadors reached the court of the Caliph in safety; and, having acquitted themselves of their mission, and received the gift of an elephant, which they had been instructed to request, prepared to return to Europe. The change of climate, however, proved fatal to the Francs; and Isaac the Jew, leaving the bones of his companions in Asia, returned alone, bringing with him the elephant and other presents from the Oriental sovereign, together with the proud, but flattering assurance, from the mighty follower of Mohammed, that he regarded the friendship of Charlemagne more than that of all the monarchs of the universe.

Such were the feelings of Haroun al Raschid towards the sovereign of the Francs, and such was the state of intercourse between them when the Patriarch of Jerusalem dispatched a monk of Mount Olivet to the Court of France, bearing his benediction, and various relics from the holy places of the East, to the great promoter of Christianity in Europe.

Long prior to that period (about the year 637), Jerusalem had fallen under the yoke of the Saracens, and the Christians of the Hebrew capital had been doomed for long to a general capitation tax of two pieces of gold for each individual of the impoverished population. Three-fourths of the town, also, had been usurped by the infidels; and, whether the Patriarch, in his embassy to Charlemagne, sought to mitigate the sufferings of his flock by securing intercession with the Caliph, or was actuated solely by reverence for the many deeds of charity which the French monarch performed in favor of the pilgrims to the holy shrine, and the poor Christians of the African and Syrian coast, his conduct was, at all events, attended with the most beneficial effects to the faithful inhabitants of the holy city.

The messenger of the Patriarch was received with honor and kindness; and, anxious to spread comfort and consolation to every quarter of the world, Charlemagne suffered him not to depart, without an effort to ameliorate the situation of the Asiatic Christians. Zacharias, one of the ecclesiastics of his

palace, was ordered to accompany the Syrian monk to the presence of the Caliph, and to use all the influence of the name of Charlemagne, in order to procure the favor of the Mohammedan monarch for his Christian subjects. At the same time, the sovereign of the Francs sent innumerable rich offerings to the shrine of the Holy Sepulchre, together with alms for the consolation of pilgrims and travelers.

Charlemagne had not calculated wrongly on the magnanimity or the friendship of Haroun. The monarch of the East not only interposed from that moment the shield of his protection between the Christians of Jerusalem and the oppression of his vicegerents, but he placed it in the power of Charlemagne himself, to provide for their wants, their safety, and their comfort. In reply to the message of the French monarch, the Caliph sent back the priests who had been dispatched to his court, bearing to Charlemagne the keys of the holy places, together with a standard, as the mark of sovereignty in Jerusalem. Nor was this gift unimportant, either in the eyes of him who gave, or of him who received; for it must be remembered that the Mohammedans look upon the Holy City with reverence little, if at all, inferior to that with which it is regarded by the Christians.

From that time forward, during the whole reign of Haroun al Raschid, the inhabitants of Jerusalem, to use the words of William of Tyre, seemed to live more under the domination of Charles, than under that of their original sovereign. But Charlemagne made no vain, no ambitious, and no offensive use of the power with which the Caliph entrusted him. He attempted to establish no claim of permanent domination—to revive no ancient pretensions to the city; he interfered not with the Moslem—he exercised no act of dominion, but for the consolation of the Christians of the place, and for the comfort and protection of the pilgrims to the Holy Shrine. For those objects, indeed, he spared neither care, nor trouble, nor expense; and we find that during his whole life, in the midst of a thousand other labors, and surrounded by anxieties without number, he never forgot or neglected his charitable exertions for the Christians at the East. Alms, assistance, and protection, evinced his kindness and his zeal, during

his life; and long after his death, a monastery, a hospital, and a library, consoled the pilgrim, and perpetuated his bounty.

Haroun al Raschid esteemed the moderation, as much as the talents of the French monarch; and the very temperate use of authority which has caused the gift of the holy city to be doubted by modern historians, secured him the regard of his great contemporary. Other embassies followed, from the Asiatic to the European court. A variety of magnificent presents attested the continued esteem of the Caliph for his Christian friend; and unbroken amity, and undiminished admiration, reigned between the two greatest monarchs of the age, during the whole course of their mutual reign.

—G. P. R. James.

JAFFAR.

[Note.—According to the Moslem history, Yahya was the vizier and principal benefactor; Jaffar was his son. The poet has followed a version somewhat different.]

Jaffar, the Barmekide, the good vizier,
The poor man's hope, the friend without a peer,—
Jaffar was dead, slain by a doom unjust!
And guilty Haroun, sullen with mistrust
Of what the good and e'en the bad might say,
Ordained that no man living, from that day,
Should dare to speak his name, on pain of death:—
All Araby and Persia held their breath.

All but the brave Mondeer. He, proud to show
How far for love a grateful soul could go,
And facing death for very scorn and grief
(For his great heart wanted a great relief),
Stood forth in Bagdad daily in the square,
Where once had stood a happy house; and there
Harangued the tremblers at the scimitar
On all they owed to the divine Jaffar.

"Bring me the man!" the calif cried.—The man
Was brought, was gazed upon. The mutes began
To bind his arms. "Welcome, brave cords!" cried he;
"From bonds far worse Jaffar delivered me;

From wants, from shames, from loveless household fears;
Made a man's eyes friends with delicious tears;
Restored me, loved me, put me on a par
With his great self.—How can I pay Jaffar?"

Haroun, who felt that on a soul like this
The mightiest vengeance could but fall amiss,
Now deigned to smile, as one great lord of fate
Might smile upon another half as great,
And said: "Let worth grow frenzied, if it will;
The calif's judgment shall be master still.
Go; and, since gifts thus move thee, take this gem,
The richest in the Tartar's diadem,
And hold the giver as thou deemest fit."

"Gifts!" cried the friend. He took, and, holding it
High toward the heaven, as though to meet his star,
Exclaimed, "This, too, I owe to thee, Jaffar!"

—LEIGH HUNT.

HANNIBAL.

HANNIBAL.

HANNIBAL, the great Carthaginian general, was a military genius of the first order. He was born about B.C. 247, and was the son of Hamilicar Barcas, the leader of the popular party at Carthage. Hamilicar's prominent position was due not only to his rank, wealth and high family connections at Carthage, but also to his great military genius. At the trying moment when Carthage was obliged to yield to the threats of Rome, and desist from her attempts to recover Sardinia from her revolted mercenaries, Hamilicar, turning to Spain for new conquest, performed a solemn sacrifice for the success of his intended enterprise. At the close of this ceremony he took his son Hannibal, then only nine years of age, and, placing his hand on the sacrificial offering, made him swear eternal enmity to the Romans. Hannibal related this incident to Antiochus the Great, King of Syria. The youth grew up under a keen sense of this obligation, and served his military apprenticeship in Spain. He was present at the battle in which his father was killed in 229 B.C. The chief command was then given to Hasdrubal, Hamilicar's son-in-law, under whom Hannibal discharged his military duties with remarkable energy and self-denial. He lived on plain diet, and often slept in his military cloak in the open air. Ever foremost in the fight, he was always one of the last to leave the field. Hannibal became, as his

father had been, a universal favorite in the army. He served with ever-increasing distinction until Hasdrubal was assassinated by a native Spaniard in 221 B.C.

Hannibal, now at the age of twenty-six, was made commander-in-chief, and, with a heart full of enthusiasm, entered deliberately on the career of conquest which led to the inevitable life-or-death struggle with Rome. He quickly conquered the Spanish tribes that had not been subdued by Hasdrubal, as far as the river Iberus or Ebro. He then commenced to march on Saguntum, and first attacked the neighboring tribes. The Saguntines, being allies of the Romans, appealed to Rome for protection against the designs of Hannibal. The Romans sent at once ambassadors to New Carthage, where Hannibal was in winter quarters, to remind him of the treaty concluded between Carthage and Rome, B.C. 226, whereby the independence of Saguntum was guaranteed; and declared that injury done to that town would be considered a declaration of war against Rome. Hannibal received the ambassadors courteously, but paid no heed to their remonstrance.

Twenty years had elapsed since the termination of the First Punic War, and during that period Carthage had recovered her strength and seized the greater portion of Spain. Hannibal, fully aware that the capture of Saguntum was an indispensable preliminary to his contest with Rome, vigorously attacked the city, while the inhabitants, full of hopes of relief, maintained the defence with great courage. After a siege of eight months Saguntum yielded to the Carthaginian general, in B.C. 219. This was the prelude of the Second Punic War, which became eventually a struggle between the individual genius of Hannibal and the power and resources of the Roman Republic.

The Carthaginian determined to invade Italy by land. Africa and Spain he made secure, by leaving in Africa 16,000 Spanish troops, and in Spain an equal African force, under the command of his brother Hasdrubal. Hannibal had already received proffers of assistance from the Gauls, who were anxious to throw off the yoke of Rome. Early in the spring of B.C. 218, the young general crossed the Ebro with an army of 90,000 foot, 12,000 horse and thirty-seven elephants.

He had before him a march of 800 miles over the Pyrenees and Alps. In his march from the Ebro to the Pyrenees he was constantly harassed by hostile tribes, but they were quickly subdued. At the foot of those mountains he left a detachment of 11,000 men to keep a hold on the country he had crossed, and secure the passes. He sent back the same number of Spanish troops to their own cities, thus reducing his army to 50,000 footmen and 9,000 horse.

Meantime the Romans had levied two consular armies; one, commanded by the Consul, P. Cornelius Scipio, who intended to oppose Hannibal in Spain; the other, under the Consul, T. Sempronius, was designed for the invasion of Africa. The departure of Scipio was delayed by a rising of the Gauls, against whom the army, which was intended for the invasion of Spain, was sent. A prætor commanded this force whilst Scipio remained in Rome till a new army could be got together. When he had collected these forces he sailed with them to the Rhone and landed at the mouth of that river. Hannibal crossed the Rhone without opposition and continued his march up the left bank of the river. It was three days before Scipio reached the point where the Carthaginians had crossed the river, and, despairing of meeting them, he sailed back to Italy with the idea of encountering Hannibal as he descended the Alps. Hannibal continued his march up the Rhone till he came to the Isère, and so to the frowning barrier of the Alps.

The march of Hannibal across the Alps is one of the most remarkable events of ancient history, and there has been much dispute among historians by which road he crossed these mountains. The ablest investigators, including Mommsen and Niebuhr, adopt the view that he marched through the pass of Little St. Bernard and entered Italy by the valley of Aosta. Neither the soldiers nor the elephants of Africa were braced to the endurance required for such toilsome adventure. Men and animals perished in great numbers. The march from New Carthage into Italy was completed in five months. According to a statement engraved, by Hannibal's order, on a column at Lacinium, in Bruttia, which the historian Polybius saw, his army was reduced to 12,000

Africans, 8,000 Spaniards and 6,000 Numidian cavalry, when, after fifteen days occupied in the passage, he arrived in the territories of the Insubrian Gauls. He remained for some time among the Insubrians to recruit his exhausted army.

In October, 218 B.C., Hannibal entered the plains of Piedmont and marched almost to the Ticinus, on the left bank of the river Po, where at last he met the van of the Roman army which was preparing to oppose him. The encounter which followed was but a skirmish, but the advantage clearly rested with the Carthaginians. Two thousand Gauls at once passed over from the Roman camp and joined the army of Hannibal. Scipio retreated along the left bank of the Po, crossed the river before Hannibal could overtake him, and encamped near Placentia. He afterwards retreated in a southerly direction and entrenched himself strongly on the right bank of the Trebia, where he awaited the arrival of the army under his colleague. Sempronius had already crossed over into Sicily with the intention of sailing to Africa, when he was recalled to the north of Italy. As their united armies, amounting to 40,000 men, exceeded that of Hannibal, Sempronius, against the advice of Scipio, determined to risk a battle. The battle of the Trebia (December, 218 B.C.) was of short duration, and was decided by the superior tactics of Hannibal, who posted his brother Mago in ambush, and threw the Romans into confusion by a timely onset on their rear. The Romans were entirely defeated, and the troops which survived took refuge in the fortified cities. In consequence of these victories the whole of Cisalpine Gaul, the northern part of Italy, fell into the hands of Hannibal; and the Gauls, who on his first arrival were prevented from joining him by the presence of Scipio's army in their country, now assisted him with men and supplies.

Early in the year 217 Hannibal marched across the Apennines into the valley of the lower Arno, where his army suffered much from the marshes, and he himself lost an eye from fatigue and sickness. The Romans now made greater preparations to oppose him. Two new armies were levied; one was posted at Arretium, under the command of C. Flaminius, in whom the Roman people placed entire trust,

and the other at Ariminium, under Cn. Servilius, a favored leader of the Senate, but of no great military reputation. Hannibal determined to attack Flaminius first. He left the valley of the Arno and refreshed his troops, for a short time, with a rest near Fæsulæ. Then marching past Arretium, he ravaged the country as he went, with the object of drawing out Flaminius to a battle. Flaminius at last followed Hannibal. In a narrow pass by the lake Thrasymenus he came up with the Carthaginians. In this battle (217 B.C.) the Romans were entrapped in a defile, from which their advanced troops released themselves with severe loss, but the main body was cut to pieces, while thousands perished in the lake. Flaminius died on the field, and the Roman prisoners were massacred, but their auxiliaries were treated with consideration, and sent to their homes to announce the generosity as well as the bravery of the Carthaginians. An earthquake is said to have taken place during the battle, but to have passed unheeded amid the fury of the conflict. Hannibal now marched slowly along the eastern side of the Italian peninsula into Apulia, but he did not meet with the aid he had expected from the inhabitants.

After the defeat and death of Flaminius, Quintus Fabius Maximus, the chief of the party of the nobles, was appointed Dictator, and he named as master of the horse Minucius Rufus, a favorite of the popular party. Fabius adopted a defensive system of warfare, from which he obtained his surname Cunctator, the Delayer. The year passed without a battle, but the Romans plainly grew stronger and their enemies weaker. In 216 B.C. an army of 80,000 foot and 6,000 horse was raised. The Consuls L. Æmilius Paullus and C. Terentius Varro were of opposite character, the former prudent, the latter rash, and the command was to be held on alternate days by each. The armies were encamped near Cannæ, in Apulia. On the day of Varro's command a conflict began. Although the Roman force was double the Carthaginians in number the former were utterly defeated. The carnage was terrible. The Roman annalists declared that 45,000 of the Romans and auxiliaries were lost. The brave consul L. Æmilius, and the two consuls of the former

year, Servilius and Attilius, were also among the slain. Varro, whose rashness brought on the conflict and defeat, was yet magnanimously received by the Senate on his return to Rome "because he had not despaired of the Republic." Hannibal lost only 4,000 Gauls, 1,500 Africans and Spaniards, and 200 horse.

This victory placed the whole of Lower Italy in the power of Hannibal. Capua and most of the cities of Campania espoused his cause, but the majority of the Italian States continued firm to Rome. Hannibal hoped to obtain support from Philip of Macedon and from the Syracusans, with both of whom he formed an alliance; but the Romans found means of keeping Philip employed in Greece, and Syracuse was besieged and taken by M. Claudius Marcellus, B.C. 214–212. Hannibal was, therefore, obliged to depend upon Carthage alone for aid, and the aristocratic party then in power was jealous of the great general. Hasdrubal, who had been ordered into Spain to assist Hannibal, was opposed there by Cnæus Scipio, and later Cornelius Scipio joined Cnæus. This war in Spain was carried on with various success for many years, till at length the Roman army was entirely defeated by Hasdrubal, B.C. 212. Both the Scipios fell in the battle. Hasdrubal was now preparing to join his brother, but was prevented by the arrival of young P. Cornelius Scipio in Spain, B.C. 210, who quickly recovered what the Romans had lost.

It was not till B.C. 207, when the Carthaginians had lost almost all their possessions in Spain, that Hasdrubal set out to join Hannibal in Italy. On the march down the eastern side of that peninsula he was attacked by the Consuls C. Claudius Nero and M. Livius, on the banks of the Metaurus. His army was totally routed, and he himself, disdaining to fly, was slain. Nero now hastened to meet Hannibal, and announced to him the defeat of Hasdrubal by throwing into his camp his brother's head. This disaster obliged Hannibal to act on the defensive, and from this time till his departure from Italy, B.C. 203, he was confined to Bruttia; but by his superior military skill he maintained his army in a hostile country without any assistance from his home government.

Scipio, having conquered Spain, carried the war into Africa. The Numidian prince, Masinissa, joined the invader and helped him to gain two victories over the Carthaginians. Hannibal was recalled from Italy to defend his native State, which had so long refused to render him proper support. The great veteran was defeated by Scipio, B.C. 202, at Zama, only five days' march from Carthage itself. Over 20,000 Carthaginians fell in the battle, and an equal number were taken prisoners. The government was obliged to sue for peace, and thus ended the Second Punic War, B.C. 202. Hannibal, still the favorite of the people, though opposed by the nobility, applied himself vigorously to correct the abuses in the Carthaginian government. His proposed reforms increased the enmity of many very powerful men. A Roman embassy was sent to Carthage to demand the punishment of Hannibal as a disturber of the public peace; and the great leader, aware of the power of his enemies, fled the city and sailed to Tyre, the mother-city of Carthage.

From Tyre he went to Ephesus to join Antiochus, King of Syria, then beginning war with the Romans, B.C. 196. If that king had followed the advice of the great general, the result of the contest might have been different, but Hannibal was only entrusted with a subordinate command. When peace was made, this irreconcilable enemy of the Romans fled to the court of Prusias, King of Bithynia, who basely agreed to deliver his guest up to his pursuers. To avoid falling into the hands of his ungenerous enemies, Hannibal swallowed poison, which he kept concealed about his person. Thus died at Nicomedia, B.C. 183, in the sixty-fifth year of his age, the man who had sworn eternal enmity to the Romans, and had kept his oath.

The military ability of Hannibal, as estimated by the ablest students of the art of war, certainly places him among the greatest generals of the world. Though his army was composed of Africans, Spaniards, Gauls, Carthaginians, Italians and Greeks, yet so dexterous was his management that he forced all of them to yield obedience to one command. But he was not properly supported and reinforced by his home government. He was a hero who contended singly

against a heroic nation. While the leaders of Rome, in spite of mutual jealousy, joined heartily in resisting the common enemy, Hannibal, who was fighting for the glory and power, and really for the life of Carthage, was ungenerously left to shift for himself. This selfish, short-sighted policy eventually recoiled on the commercial aristocracy, and procured their irremediable ruin.

Fabius Maximus the Delayer.

When the news of the disaster of Trasimenus reached Rome, the Senate, which had made light of their losses at the Ticinus and the Trebia, could no longer disguise the crisis which had arrived. One consul was slain, the other was crouching behind the walls of Ariminium, 200 miles away, with a broken and dispirited army, and the victor of Trasimenus was between him and Rome. The prætor Pomponius convened the people and announced the loss of a great battle. The city was deeply agitated, as a sea stirred by the winds, says the historian ; but the Senate deliberated with gravity, and decided to appoint a dictator for the preservation of the State. Their choice fell upon Q. Fabius Maximus, the chief of the party of the nobles, but they allowed him to name as the master of the horse Minucius Rufus, a favorite with the people. Prayers and sacrifices followed ; a sacred spring, or dedication of the animals born during the first month, was declared ; the gods were entertained at a Lectisternium, or solemn banquet laid before their images.

Meanwhile an army of four legions was speedily enrolled, and Fabius led it in quest of Hannibal wherever he might be found. For Hannibal, instead of descending straight upon the city, as the Gauls had done in their day of triumph before him, had marched off into the country of the Samnites, and was to be heard of far away among the Greek cities of Apulia. It appears that he was as much disappointed of aid from the Etruscans as from the Gauls. His new allies were only anxious to be quit of their hungry and rapacious defenders. His sturdy Spanish infantry and his light Numidian horse were utterly powerless to conduct the siege

of a great fortified city such as Rome, and the legions of Servilius, at his back, might at any time recover their courage and fall unexpectedly upon him. Hannibal was actually in no less a strait than the Romans whom he had thrice defeated. He seems to have despaired of more effectual aid from the Samnites and Pelignians. Another resource remained for him, and he now sought to stir up the discontent of the Greek population of Southern Italy. But even among them he found himself an object of fear and hatred. In spite of all his efforts to conciliate them, they were still disposed to regard him, with his Gaulish auxiliaries, as no better than a Gaul himself, as a barbarian who massacred his captives and fed his soldiers on their flesh. Even the Greeks felt that blood, as it is said, is thicker than water, and were more drawn to the Romans, an offshoot of their own Pelasgian stock, than to the alien race of Tyre and Carthage. Accordingly they too made their vows for the defeat of the Carthaginians, and the people of Neapolis and Pæstum stripped the gold from their temples as an offering to the necessities of the Senate. Hiero of Syracuse remained faithful as ever to his alliance, and sent money and stores of all kinds to the utmost of his power. Once more Hannibal had made a terrible miscalculation.

Fabius saw all this, and took his measures accordingly. His policy was delay, and he obtained therefrom his illustrious sobriquet of *Cunctator*. His tactics were to throw garrisons into the strong places, to carry off the supplies of all the country around the enemy's camp wherever he should pitch it, to harass him by constant movement, but to refuse an engagement. The ravages which Hannibal committed were indeed hard to be borne, and it required firmness and prudence on the part of the dictator, such as few men could have maintained, to persist in his course. When at last Hannibal threw himself into the very garden of Campania, the valley of the Vulturnus, Fabius began to close upon him, and seemed to have caught him in a trap. Then it was that Hannibal showed the superiority of his military genius, distracting the enemy's attention by the famous stratagem of the cattle which he drove at night among the hills with blazing

torches on their horns, thus evading his blockade and extricating himself from their toils. The Romans, mortified at this escape, now murmured against the system of delay as after all fruitless, and the spirit of restlessness and rashness was again rife, both among the people and in the army.

The courage of the Romans was, indeed, maintained by news they continued to receive of success in various distant quarters. In Spain many tribes and cities turned to their side. Carthage herself seemed to have forgotten her general in his difficulties, and the few vessels she sent from time to time to communicate with him were generally chased back to their own coasts by the greater number or the greater activity of the Romans. Their allies at a distance bestirred themselves in their behalf. They ventured to direct the prætor Cæcilius to make a descent upon Africa itself. The eyes of Rome were everywhere, and it was only in the heart of Italy that they were greeted with no tokens of success.

The brief dictatorship of the Cunctator expired all too soon. Fabius was to be replaced by two consuls. The one was the nominee of the Senate, Paulus Æmilius, who was himself well-disposed to follow the policy of his predecessor in command, nor did the prudence of his party refuse to sanction it; but Terentius Varro, who represented the blind impatience of the people, soon took advantage of the powers intrusted to him to precipitate a general battle.—C. MERIVALE.

BATTLE OF CANNÆ.

As soon as the season allowed him to leave his winter quarters, Hannibal, determining as usual the course of the war and assuming the offensive, set out from Gerunium in a southerly direction, and marching past Luceria crossed the Aufidus and took the citadel of Cannæ (between Canosa and Barletta) which commanded the plain of Canusium, and had hitherto served the Romans as one of their principal magazines. The Roman army which, since Fabius had, conformably to the constitution, resigned his dictatorship in the middle of autumn, was now commanded by Gnæus Servilius and Marcus Regulus, first as consuls, then as proconsuls, had been unable to avert a loss which they could not but feel. On

military as well as on political grounds, it became more than ever necessary to arrest the progress of Hannibal by a pitched battle. With definite orders to this effect from the senate, accordingly, the two new commanders-in-chief, Paullus and Varro, arrived in Apulia in the beginning of the summer of 538 (B.C. 216). With the four new legions and a corresponding contingent of Italians which they brought up, the Roman army was raised to 80,000 infantry, half burgesses, half allies, and 6,000 cavalry, of whom one-third were burgesses and two-thirds allies; whereas Hannibal's army numbered 10,000 cavalry, but only about 40,000 infantry.

Hannibal wished nothing so much as a battle, not merely for the general reasons which we have explained above, but especially because the wide Apulian plain allowed him to develop the whole superiority of his cavalry, and because the providing supplies for his numerous army would soon, in spite of that excellent cavalry, be rendered very difficult by the immediate vicinity of an enemy twice as strong and resting on a chain of fortresses. The leaders of the Roman forces had also made up their minds on the general question of giving battle, and approached the enemy with that view; but the more sagacious of them saw Hannibal's position, and were disposed accordingly to wait in the first instance and simply to station themselves in the vicinity of the enemy, so as to compel him to retire and accept battle on ground less favorable to him. With this view, confronting the Carthaginian position at Cannæ on the right bank of the Aufidus, Paullus constructed two camps further up the stream, the larger likewise on the right bank, the smaller, at a distance of fully a mile from it and not much more distant from the enemy's camp, on the left, so as to prevent the foraging of the enemy on both banks of the river. But such military pedantry was disapproved by the democratic consul—so much had been said about men taking the field not to set sentinels, but to use their swords—and he gave orders accordingly to attack the enemy, wherever and whenever they found him. According to an old custom foolishly retained, the decisive voice in the council of war alternated between the commanders-in-chief day by day; it was necessary, therefore, to sub-

mit, and to let the hero of the pavement have his way. Only one division of 10,000 men was left in the principal Roman camp, charged to capture the Carthaginian encampment during the conflict, and thus to intercept the retreat of the enemy's army across the river.

The bulk of the Roman army, at early dawn on the 2nd August according to the uncorrected, probably in June according to the correct calendar, crossed the river which at this season was shallow and did not materially hamper the movements of the troops, and took up a position in line near the smaller Roman camp—which lay nearest to the enemy, intermediate between the larger Roman camp and that of the Carthaginians, and which had already been the scene of outpost skirmishes—in the wide plain stretching westward from Cannæ on the left bank of the river. The Carthaginian army followed and likewise crossed the stream, on which rested the right Roman as well as the left Carthaginian wing. The Roman cavalry was stationed on the wings; the weaker portion consisting of burgesses, led by Paullus, on the right by the river; the stronger, consisting of the allies, led by Varro, on the left towards the plain. In the centre was stationed the infantry in unusually deep files, under the command of the proconsul Gnæus Servilius. Opposite to this centre Hannibal arranged his infantry in the form of a crescent, so that the Celtic and Iberian troops in their national armor formed the advanced centre, and the Libyans, armed after the Roman fashion, formed the retreating wings on either side. On the side next the river the whole heavy cavalry under Hasdrubal was stationed; on the side towards the plain the light Numidian horse.

After a short skirmish between the light troops the whole line was soon engaged. Where the light cavalry of the Carthaginians fought against the heavy cavalry of Varro, the conflict continued, amidst constant charges of the Numidians, without decisive result. In the centre, on the other hand, the legions completely overthrew the Spanish and Gallic troops that first encountered them; eagerly the victors pressed on and followed up their advantage. But meanwhile, on the right wing, fortune had turned against the Romans. Han-

nibal had merely sought to occupy the left cavalry wing of the enemy, that he might bring Hasdrubal with the whole regular cavalry to bear against the weaker right and to overthrow it first. After a brave resistance, the Roman horse gave way, and those that were not cut down were chased across the river and scattered in the plain; Paullus, wounded, rode to the centre to avert, or, if not, to share the fate of the legions. These, in order the better to follow up the victory over the advanced infantry of the enemy, had changed their front disposition into a column of attack, which, in the shape of a wedge, penetrated the enemy's centre. In this position they were warmly assailed on both sides by the Libyan infantry wheeling in upon them right and left, and a portion of them were compelled to halt in order to defend themselves against the flank attack; by this means their advance was checked, and the mass of infantry, which was already too closely crowded, now had no longer room to develop itself at all.

Meanwhile Hasdrubal, after having completed the defeat of the wing of Paullus, had collected and arranged his cavalry anew and led them behind the enemy's centre against the wing of Varro. His Italian cavalry, already sufficiently occupied with the Numidians, was rapidly scattered before the double attack, and Hasdrubal, leaving the pursuit of the fugitives to the Numidians, rallied his squadrons for the third time, to lead them against the rear of the Roman infantry. This last charge proved decisive. Flight was impossible, and no quarter was given. Never, perhaps, was an army of such size annihilated on the field of battle so completely, and with so little loss to its antagonist, as was the Roman army at Cannæ. Hannibal had lost not quite 6,000 men, and two-thirds of that loss fell upon the Celts, who sustained the first shock of the legions. On the other hand, of the 76,000 Romans who had taken their places in line of battle 70,000 covered the field, amongst whom were the consul Lucius Paullus, the proconsul Gnæus Servilius, two-thirds of the staff-officers, and eighty men of senatorial rank. The consul Marcus Varro was saved solely by his quick resolution and his good steed, reached Venusia, and was not ashamed to sur-

vive the disaster. The garrison also of the Roman camp, 10,000 strong, were for the most part made prisoners of war; only a few thousand men, partly of these troops, partly of the line, escaped to Canusium. Nay, as if in this year Rome was to be altogether ruined, before its close the legion sent to Gaul fell into an ambush, and was, with its general, Lucius Postumius, who was nominated as consul for the next year, totally destroyed by the Gauls.

This unexampled success appeared at length to mature the great political combination, for the sake of which Hannibal had come to Italy. He had indeed based his plan primarily upon his army; but with accurate knowledge of the power opposed to him he designed that army to be merely the vanguard, in support of which the powers of the west and east were gradually to unite their forces, so as to prepare destruction for the proud city. That support, however, which seemed the most secure, namely, the sending of reinforcements from Spain, had been frustrated by the boldness and firmness of the Roman general sent thither, Gnæus Scipio.

After Hannibal's passage of the Rhone, Scipio had sailed for Emporiæ, and had made himself master first of the coast between the Pyrenees and the Ebro, and then, after conquering Hanno, of the interior also (536). In the following year (537) he had completely defeated the Carthaginian fleet at the mouth of the Ebro; and after his brother Publius, the brave defender of the valley of the Po, had joined him with a reinforcement of 8,000 men, he had even crossed the Ebro, and advanced as far as Saguntum. Hasdrubal had indeed in the succeeding year (538), after obtaining reinforcements from Africa, made an attempt in accordance with his brother's orders to conduct an army over the Pyrenees; but the Scipios opposed his passage of the Ebro, and totally defeated him, nearly at the same time that Hannibal conquered at Cannæ. The powerful tribe of the Celtiberians and numerous other Spanish tribes had joined the Scipios; they commanded the sea, the passes of the Pyrenees, and, by means of the trusty Massiliots, the Gallic coast also. Now, therefore, support to Hannibal was less than ever to be looked for from Spain.

On the part of Carthage, as much had hitherto been done

in support of her general in Italy as could be expected. Phœnician squadrons threatened the coasts of Italy and of the Roman islands, and guarded Africa from a Roman landing, and there the matter ended. More substantial assistance was prevented, not so much by the uncertainty as to where Hannibal was to be found and the want of a port of disembarkation in Italy, as by the fact that for many years the Spanish army had been accustomed to be self-sustaining, and above all by the murmurs of the peace party. Hannibal severely felt the consequences of this unpardonable inaction; in spite of all his saving of his money and of the soldiers he had brought with him, his chests were gradually emptied, the pay fell into arrear, and the ranks of his veterans began to thin. But now the news of the victory of Cannæ reduced even the factious opposition at home to silence. The Carthaginian senate resolved to place at the disposal of the general considerable assistance in money and men, partly from Africa, partly from Spain, including 4,000 Numidian horse and 40 elephants, and to prosecute the war with energy in Spain as well as in Italy.—T. MOMMSEN.

HANNIBAL AND SCIPIO AFRICANUS.

Fabius Maximus is said to have compared Hannibal to a flame that suddenly blazes and is as suddenly extinguished. It was a truer, though not perhaps intended for a more generous, saying than those other reports which appear to have been current among the Romans concerning the barbarity of their long-dreaded invader. If he had great vices, of which, however, there is little or nothing authentically related, they were such as he could not escape, being a Carthaginian; and that he was a Carthaginian is likewise the cause of his having been neglected, instead of being supplied from home with all his needs. The best point in his character is the magnanimity which recognized the virtues of his foes and bore with the jealousies and slanders of his countrymen; but the qualities for which he was and has been most distinguished are those of the great warrior, who knew how to hate and how to wreak his hatred by blood and devastation. His career and his character are both more readily appreciated by connecting

them with the condition and history of Carthage, in which, as a declining state, he might, with his peculiar genius, have made himself a tyrant, with greater success than it was possible for him to obtain in seeking distant conquests, while factions, scanty, but passionate, were left to quarrel and to rule behind him. We cannot know him as he was once known, but if there be any security in the bare indications of defective history, it is to be believed that he who sought the friendship of Spaniards, Gauls and Italians through something more than the command of a conqueror, at the same time that he clung with something more than the fidelity of a fellow-countryman to his own Carthaginians in the hour of defeat, though they had scarcely heeded him in the hour of victory, was not only a hero, but a man of heart.

The thought of what Hannibal would have been had he belonged to Rome instead of Carthage, is not only allowable, but necessary, in order to conceive aright of the contrast between him and his nominal conqueror, Scipio. The one had everything to prepare by his own exertions for his campaigns, except so far as his brother and his father had secured the control of Spain; the other was obliged not to prepare so much as to profit by what had been prepared for victory through years of constancy and suffering. The difference between the labors of the two generals is the difference between the fortunes of their respective countries. Rome was in the bloom of her existence. The blood in her veins was in all its purity; the vigor in her arms was in all its prime; and she needed only to be directed where and when the blow was to be struck in order to see her enemies brought low. Scipio was the champion of a cause in itself so strong, and to which he but devoted the enterprise and the power it inspired. His confidence in himself, his knowledge and command of men, and his consultations with the gods, were all the characteristics of his nation, though of course developed in him to a much more than common degree; and while Hannibal's greatness depended altogether upon his remoteness from the common stamp of men in Carthage, Scipio's consisted in his adaptation to his country. It is the same congeniality between the Roman people and their great hero

that accounts for their enthusiasm in his behalf when he returned from Africa. Not only was his triumph celebrated with unexampled magnificence, but it was proposed to set his statue in the squares and temples, and even to make him consul or dictator for life. These unwonted honors had no charm for him who was then a true Roman, and all that he accepted, besides his triumph, was the surname of Africanus, in memory of his renowned achievements at Zama and at Carthage.—S. ELIOT.

THE LAKE OF THRASIMENE.

There be more things to greet the heart and eyes
In Arno's dome of Art's most princely shrine,
Where sculpture with her rainbow sister vies;
There be more marvels yet—but not for mine;
For I have been accustom'd to entwine
My thoughts with Nature rather in the fields,
Than Art in galleries: though a work divine
Calls for my spirit's homage, yet it yields
Less than it feels, because the weapon which it wields

Is of another temper, and I roam
By Thrasimene's lake, in the defiles
Fatal to Roman rashness, more at home;
For there the Carthaginian's warlike wiles
Come back before me, as his skill beguiles
The host between the mountains and the shore,
Where Courage falls in her despairing files,
And torrents, swoll'n to rivers with their gore,
Reek through the sultry plain, with legions scatter'd o'er,

Like a forest fell'd by mountain winds;
And such the storm of battle on this day,
And such the frenzy, whose convulsion blinds
To all save carnage, that, beneath the fray,
An earthquake reel'd unheededly away!
None felt stern Nature rocking at his feet,
And yawning forth a grave for those who lay
Upon their bucklers for a winding sheet;
Such is the absorbing hate when warring nations meet!

The Earth to them was as a rolling bark
Which bore them to Eternity; they saw
The Ocean round, but had no time to mark
The motions of their vessel; Nature's law,
In them suspended, reck'd not of the awe
Which reigns when mountains tremble, and the birds,
Plunge in the clouds for refuge, and withdraw
From their down-toppling nests; and bellowing herds
Stumble o'er heaving plains, and man's dread hath no words.

Far other scene is Thrasimene now;
Her lakes a sheet of silver, and her plain
Rent by no ravage save the gentle plough;
Her aged trees rise thick as once the slain
Lay where their roots are; but a brook hath ta'en—
A little rill of scanty stream and bed—
A name of blood from that day's sanguine rain;
And Sanguinetto tells ye where the dead
Made the earth wet, and turn'd the unwilling water red.

—Lord Byron.

PHILIP OF MACEDON.

PHILIP OF MACEDON was the first conqueror of Greece, yet is more distinguished as the father of Alexander the Great. He was a younger son of King Amyntas, and was born in 382, B.C. At the age of fifteen he was sent as a hostage to Thebes, where he resided nearly three years, associated with Epaminondas and Pelopidas, and studied their military system, which had prevailed over that of Sparta. He succeeded his brother Perdiccas in 359, B.C., but his title was disputed by several other claimants of the throne.

Philip was by nature well qualified for command and ambitious enterprise, having a strong constitution, a noble and well-formed physique, a ready eloquence, immense energy, fertility of invention, uncommon sagacity and consummate craft. He married Olympias, a daughter of Neoptolemus, King of Epirus, in 357. About 360, B.C., the Illyrians had gained a victory over King Perdiccas and occupied the western part of Macedonia. Philip defeated the Illyrians in a decisive battle in 359, and in the same year defeated and killed Argæus, a pretender to the throne, and made a treaty of peace with the Athenians. Thus in one year he delivered himself from a difficult and dangerous position, and was ready to commence the aggressive wars which changed the little Macedonian monarchy into an empire.

He chose Pella for his capital, and fortified it. He organized his army on the plan of the phalanx, which

had been originated by Epaminondas, and he armed and trained the Macedonians till they were superior to the troops of any Grecian State. The compact phalanx organized by him was invincible until it was opposed to the more flexible Roman legion. Though a master of the art of war, Philip advanced his interest and increased his power more by diplomacy, bribes, cajolery and craft than by force. He appears to have had an infinite fund of artifice; taking advantage of the divided condition of Greece and of the general prevalence of corruption, he played off State against State and politician against politician. In 358 B.C., he captured the important town of Amphipolis. This was followed by the capture of Pydna and Potidæa, which were Athenian colonies. By the conquest of the coast of Thrace Philip became master of Thracian gold mines, from which he derived an annual revenue of 1,000 talents.

Thus far, Philip's conquests had been carried on in countries outside of Greece, yet they steadily approached it. He now (355 B.C.) invaded Thessaly, the most northern Grecian State, and was defeated by Onomarchus in the first campaign; but in 352 he was completely victorious, and annexed all of Thessaly to his kingdom. These conquests and aggressions soon involved him in war with the Athenians, still the leading State of Greece. In 352 B.C., Philip advanced to Thermopylæ, but found that pass occupied by an Athenian army, and did not venture to attack it. His navy, however, damaged the commerce of Athens. The great orator, Demosthenes, now fully aware of the dangerous intentions of the King of Macedon, began to denounce Philip in his famous "Philippics," but the Athenian people were slow to take action against him, especially as the aristocratic party, led by the virtuous Phocion, accepted Philip's excuses.

But his aggressive designs were openly and unmistakably displayed in 350 B.C., when he began a war against Olynthus, which he took after a long siege in 347. The city was then destroyed, and thirty-one other free cities in Chalcidice shared its fate, while the wretched inhabitants were sold into slavery. The dispirited Athenians made overtures of peace and sent Demosthenes, with other orators, to negotiate with Philip a

treaty of peace, which was concluded between Philip and the Athenians in 346.

Philip's ambitious projects were promoted by the civil war, called the Sacred War. The Thebans invited him to conduct this war against the impious Phocians, who had plundered the temple of Delphi, the common sanctuary of the Greeks. In a few weeks he defeated the Phocians, brought the Sacred War to an end, and obtained as his reward a seat in the Amphictyonic Council, the guardians of the religious affairs of the Greeks. At the same time was granted to him possession of Thermopylæ, and he became the recognized leader of the Amphictyonic League. By his operations in the Sacred War his fame and popularity as the defender of religion were established. About 343 he invaded Eastern Thrace, threatening the Athenian possessions in that quarter, and aimed to obtain the command of the Bosphorus. His continued aggressions again involved him in war against the Athenians. War was formally declared on both sides in 340 B.C. He besieged Perinthus and Byzantium in succession, but the Persians combined with Athens to resist him, and he was defeated partly by the Persian army and partly by the Athenian fleet. Waiting till the affairs of Greece should take a more favorable turn, he marched northward to the Danube in 339, and began a victorious campaign against a Scythian prince, who held the country now called Roumania.

Early in 339, B.C., the Amphictyonic Congress issued a decree against the Locrians of Amphissa. Athens and Thebes refused to join in the crusade against Amphissa, and the aid of Philip was invoked. Appointed by the Amphictyons as their leader in the new Sacred War, Philip again passed through Thermopylæ and entered Phocis. By occupying Elatea he betrayed his intention to hold possession of central Greece. The Athenians were struck with astonishment. Demosthenes was sent as ambassador to Thebes, and by his eloquence persuaded the Thebans to join a league against Philip. The combined armies of Athens and Thebes took the field and marched to Chæronea, but Philip gained a decisive victory (338 B.C.), which rendered him master of Greece. He treated the Athenians with clemency, and invited all the States of

Greece to send deputies to a Congress which met at Corinth in 337 B.C. This Congress declared war against Persia and appointed Philip commander-in-chief.

Soon after this event Philip married Cleopatra, a niece of Attalus, one of his generals, and celebrated the marriage by a riotous banquet. In the ensuing revelry his son Alexander threw a goblet at Attalus, who had offended him, and Philip, who was intoxicated, drawing his sword, rushed at his son, but stumbled and fell. Alexander and his mother Olympias then quitted the kingdom; but they were soon induced to return. In the spring of 336, B.C., Philip made preparation for an expedition against Persia; but before he was ready to march he was assassinated in his palace at Pella by Pausanias, one of his body-guards. Olympias, and possibly Alexander, connived at the assassination of Philip, whose removal had become almost necessary to their own safety.

Philip Becomes Master of Greece.

The evil genius of Athens and of Hellas was now to work busily elsewhere. After the battle which destroyed the army of Mardonios at Plataiai, the Athenians had placed in the Delphian temple some gilt shields, bearing an inscription which marked them as spoils taken from the Persians and Thebans when they fought together against the Greeks. Through lapse of time the gold had become tarnished and the inscriptions so faded as to be almost illegible. The Athenians therefore ordered them to be burnished, and the visitors could now read at a glance the words which recorded the ancient treachery of the Thebans. With some fairness and force it might have been urged that this parading of old misdeeds was both injudicious and malignant; but the Lokrians of Amphissa, who stood forth as accusers, chose rather to arraign the Athenians on the ground of impiety for setting up these offerings without going through the usual ceremonies of reconsecration. In the default of the Hieromnemon Diognetos, who was prostrate with fever, it fell to the lot of Æschines to reply to this charge. He might have insisted that from lack of the previous notice, to which all members of the Amphiktyonic brotherhood were entitled, the case could not be heard

in the present session of the council; and there can be no doubt that this plea must have insured its postponement. He might also have argued the matter on its merits, and have urged that the Athenians had a perfect right to regild the letters of a faded inscription.

He chose to do neither. The element of religious animosity, which had been allowed full play during the ten years of the last Sacred War, was not easily to be repressed; and Æschines, as he tells us, felt instinctively that the charge of impiety would be effectually met only by prompt retort. From the lofty platform of the temple he could look down on the haven of Kirrha, enlivened with the ships which brought crowds of pilgrims to the Delphian shrine, and surrounded by the olive groves and corn fields which interposed a girdle of verdure between the city and the dreary desert beyond them. From this pleasant and busy scene he could draw the eyes of his hearers to the brazen plate on the wall, hard by, which recorded the sentence of the Amphiktyonic judges in the days of Solon. That strip of luxurious vegetation was a deadly offence against the Delphian god; the wealth of the Kirrhaian port was amassed in direct defiance of the judgment pronounced by the mouth of his ministers. If he wished to rekindle the slumbering fires of religious fanaticism, he had but to point the contrast between the prosperity of the pilgrims' haven and the desolation to which the whole plain had been doomed forever. Seeing that he could thus turn the tables on the accusers of Athens, Æschines hesitated not for an instant. There, on the wall before them, was the fatal record; and there, on the plain below, they might see the groves which bore witness to the impiety of generations, and the haven where the dock-owners enriched themselves by tolls the gathering of which was a profanation. "It is for you," he said, addressing the Council, "to take vengeance for the sacrilege; and if you fail to do so, you can no longer, with a clear conscience, take part in the worship of the god."

His words roused in his hearers an ungovernable wrath; but the day wearing on, time was lacking to finish the work before the sun went down. With the dawn, however, the whole Delphian people must be ready with their pickaxes

and their spades to throw down the accursed walls and uproot the hateful vineyards. Such was the bidding of the herald, and on this errand of destruction the Delphians, in the tranquil light of a spring morning, streamed forth from their gates, burning with rage against a people for whom but a few hours ago they would have expressed no feelings but those of kindly friendship. In utter amazement, the Lokrians of Amphissa beheld the distant flames as they rose from the harbor and the houses of Kirrha. Hurrying down with all speed, they caught the plunderers red-handed, and drove them back to Delphoi; but reverence for the Amphiktyonic tribunal withheld them, it is said, from all attempts to wash out the wrong in blood. Such was the issue of the retort of Æschines, and such were the exploits for which he unblushingly claimed the gratitude of his countrymen.

The wrath of the crusaders was now turned against the Amphissians. A special meeting of the Amphiktyons was to determine the measure of the punishment to be meted out to them. These were godless rebels who must be forcibly put down; the Athenians were champions of the god, deserving all honor. The Demos, on the return of Æschines, were naturally tempted to lay this flattering unction to their souls, and to resent the freedom with which Demosthenes warned them that Æschines was bringing an Amphiktyonic war within the borders of Attica itself. But it was no hard task to convince them that the building of the city of Kirrha and the cultivation of the land around it were offences only against the sentence of men who had been dead well nigh two hundred years, while they vastly promoted the comfort and security of the pilgrims who crowded to the Delphian festivals; and thus Æschines found himself foiled by the resolution of the people to have nothing to do with the special Amphiktyonic meeting to which he had invited them. The fact that the Thebans came to the same decision seems to indicate the growth of a more friendly feeling on their part towards the Athenians, and to account for the slender success which attended the operations of the remaining Amphiktyons.

At the regular meeting held in the autumn, the Athenian envoys were, it seems, present; nor can we doubt that Philip

also was there represented. As a member of the brotherhood, he had a right to interfere in person; but it was more in acccordance with the policy of his life to wait with patience for the invitation which he knew was coming. He had no sooner received it than he announced his immediate purpose of marching to the help of the god; but, instead of hastening through the desolate Phokis to Delphoi, he paused by the way to re-fortify the dismantled town of Elateia. Any further attempt to keep up the pretence of Amphiktyonic execution against the Lokrians would now have been absurd. The mask was therefore flung aside, and his envoys appeared at Thebes to say that he was going to punish the Athenians, and to demand their aid in the enterprise. Of their compliance he entertained no doubt. He knew well how wide a gulf had separated Thebes from Athens; he knew that if he had made a free passage into Attica the condition of his help during the last Sacred War, he would have encountered no opposition; and he felt that having given that help unconditionally, he might now fairly look for his reward. Assuredly he would not have been disappointed, if at this moment Æschines could have carried the Athenians with him.

The Prytaneis were seated at their evening meal when the messenger reached Athens with the tidings that Philip had established himself at Elateia. At once they cleared the market-place, and sent the herald to summon the people to the Assembly at break of day. When, however, the Senate had explained the reason for the summons and the citizens were invited to speak, there was for a while a dead silence. All felt, says Demosthenes, that neither patriotism nor wealth could supply the lack of the one thing needful in a counsellor at this crisis,—the knowledge, namely, of the real motives by which Philip was guided. Conscious that he had divined these motives but too well, Demosthenes at length came forward to cheer them with the assurance that they might yet, if they bestirred themselves, check him in his triumphant career. They might suppose or they might have been told that the Thebans were to a man on Philip's side. The very fact that he was fortifying Elateia conclusively refuted such a notion. The hearty support of the Thebans would have

rendered that task superfluous, and the Athenians would by this time have seen his army within their borders. But Philip had not this support, and it remained for the Athenians to determine whether they would avail themselves of the friendly feeling which many Thebans assuredly entertained for them. If they chose to harp upon the miserable quarrels of their past history, the golden opportunity would soon be lost; if, on the other hand, they would offer to help them at once, and with all their forces and unconditionally, he felt assured that their offer would be joyfully welcomed, and a foundation laid for harmonious action which might lead to permanent union.

The proposal was carried without a dissentient voice. Even Æschines felt that in the supreme exaltation of the moment he dared not put before them his poisoned cup of flattery and treason. He saw that for once the people were in earnest, and to his dismay he learned that the same spirit had been kindled in the Thebans. Nor was the disappointment of Philip less keen than that of his worshiper. He had fully counted on their neutrality at least, if not on their enthusiastic support, and now he must fight his way through Boiotia instead of marching leisurely across it into Attica. At Athens Demosthenes had at length acquired an influence scarcely less than that which had been exercised by Perikles. By his advice everything was made to give way to the indispensable needs of the hour. The new works at the Piraieus were suspended; the existing law respecting the Theoric Fund was repealed, and the revenue which would have been spent on religious celebrations was diverted to the purposes of the war.

During the ten months which passed between the fortification of Elateia and the catastrophe which closed the struggle, the allies were not idle. Demosthenes was crowned for some successes gained by their combined forces, and a more serious hindrance was placed in Philip's path by the re-establishment of Phokis. On the other hand, that unwearied and politic leader fulfilled the mission which the Amphiktyons had laid upon him. The sentence passed in the time of Solon was again put in force, and the Amphissians were driven into exile. Of the incidents immediately preceding the fatal fight

of Chaironeia we know nothing, of the battle itself little more than the result. It is enough to say that on the one side was the most consummate general of the age, on the other no one commander of more than average military talent; that among the allies citizens who had to overcome a strong repugnance to personal service were pitted against veteran mountaineers, such as those who won for the elder Cyrus a hundred victories; that if the Thebans had their Sacred Band and the phalanx which had wrought wonders when wielded by Epameinondas, their discipline was now more slack and their ardor less vehement, while lastly the tactic which had won the day at Leuktra and Mantineia was more than counteracted by the new weapon with which Philip had armed his columns. The long sarissa or pike could do terrible execution at a distance which the Theban spear failed to reach. The struggle was fierce and obstinate; but at length the youthful Alexander saw the Sacred Band borne down beneath his father's hosts, and the iron discipline of his northern warriors shatter the hopes of Thebes and Athens.

The loss on the side of the allies, both of the slain and of prisoners, was terrible. The two Athenian leaders escaped from the field; but by a practice which had now become a habit the people summoned Lysikles before their bar and condemned him to death. The Theban general Theagenes was among the dead; but his countrymen stigmatized him as a traitor. Both the men were in all likelihood innocent; but a people must be far gone on the downward path when they can habitually treat failure after honest effort as a crime. If some in like manner taunted Demosthenes with gross cowardice, the fact that his influence was increased rather than abated proves conclusively that the charge was not credited by the Athenians generally. Either by his advice or by that of Hypereides, decrees were passed ordering the country population to take refuge in the outlying forts or within the walls of Athens, removing the civil disabilities of all citizens who had been deprived of their franchise, granting citizenship to the Metoikoi and freedom to the slaves on condition of their bearing arms for the defence of the city. All that was needed for the repair of the walls or fortifications was done with that

rapidity which had always characterized Athenian workmen; and Athens stood ready for a siege, for which she might fairly expect a successful issue, so long as her fleets, unaffected by the recent disasters, remained supreme at sea. The tidings of the catastrophe had been received with dismay; but calmer thought soon showed the wide contrast between their present circumstances and the hopelessness of their position when they learned that their fleet and army had both been destroyed at Syracuse.

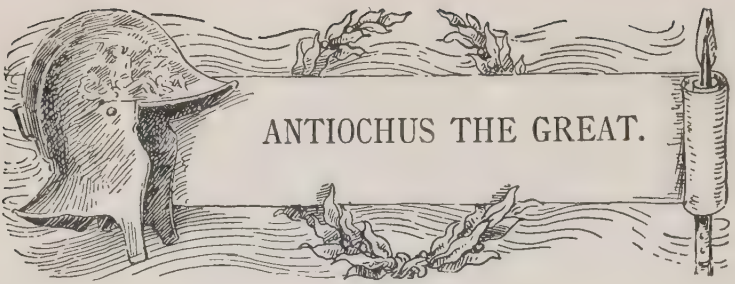
For the present they had nothing to fear. Philip shrank probably from an enterprise which might involve months of toil and a ruinous outlay, while it might also awaken a genuine Pan-Hellenic spirit which was now either dormant or dead. His wrath burst not on the Athenians, but on the people who had changed sides when it was too late, and had appeared with his enemies on the field of Chaironeia. His Theban prisoners were sold into slavery; and when Thebes itself, whether by blockade or otherwise, fell into his hands, many of the citizens were slain, many banished, and the old despotism of the days of Phoibidas was restored, with only the difference that the Kadmeia was held by a Macedonian instead of by a Spartan garrison. The Athenians, he saw, might be made more useful by taking another course. In the devotion of Æschines, who now threw off all disguise and proclaimed his personal friendship and affection for the conqueror, he had an instrument more powerful than squadrons of armed men. It was his purpose to combine the forces of the chief Hellenic cities under his own command; and to men like Æschines, who could share the drunken revels which celebrated his victory, he must look for the success of his scheme.

From the mission which he had offered to undertake, Æschines came back with loud praises of the generosity which consented to release without ransom all the Athenian prisoners and to restore their frontier fortress of Oropos, on the one condition that they should publicly acknowledge Philip as supreme chief of all the Hellenes in peace and in war. The terms obtained by Demades were accepted. Probably even Demosthenes felt that further resistance was for the present at least impossible, while the adulations with which his country-

men greeted their new lord must have left him with little hopes for the future. The Athenians were now paying the penalty of the infatuation which had left the Olynthian confederacy at the mercy of the man whom they were now content to approach as apt disciples in the school of flattery.

There was, in fact, not much more work to be done. Philip passed on into Peloponesos, and treating with contempt the refusal of the Spartans to acknowledge his supremacy, summoned a congress of his dependent allies to meet him at Corinth and discuss a plan for the conquest of Persia. Among the subjects appeared the Athenians, to sanction an enterprise which the achievements of the Ten Thousand had shown to be practicable, if not easy, and which Isokrates had held up to the ambition or avarice of his countrymen. The scheme which in his Panegyric had attracted them with its glowing colors, lost its special charms when it was seen to mean nothing more than obedience to the dictates of a foreign master. To the Greeks of Lesser Asia the overthrow of the Persian despot would bring not the coveted liberty of tearing each other in pieces, but merely a change of lords. To the world at large it was a matter of not much consequence; and for themselves it may be doubted whether the strong repression of a foreign power was not a better thing than the freedom which during the whole course of their history had been little more than a fine name for feuds, factions, and internecine war.

—Sir G. W. Cox.



ANTIOCHUS THE GREAT.

ANTIOCHUS, surnamed the Great, was the most distinguished of those sovereigns who are known in history as the Successors, that is, of Alexander the Great. The long reign of this warlike king, the third of his name, constitutes the most eventful period of Syrian history. His kingdom, of which Antioch was the capital, included at his accession Syria, Babylonia, Media and part of Asia Minor, and he did much to recover, consolidate and enlarge his empire.

Antiochus III. was a son of Seleucus Callinicus, and was born about 238 B.C. On the death of his brother Seleucus III., surnamed Ceraunus (or the Thunderbolt), he ascended the throne in 223 B.C., at the age of fifteen. His cousin, Achæus, recovered for him all the provinces of Asia Minor, which Attalus, King of Pergamus, had annexed to that short-lived kingdom. In 220 B.C., Antiochus commanded in person an army which defeated important rebellions in Media and Persis, and made a successful expedition into Atropatene. During his absence, Achæus, discontented with a subordinate position, assumed, in Asia Minor, the diadem and the title of king. Antiochus remonstrated, but did not march immediately against him, as he was about to begin a war against Ptolemy, King of Egypt, for the possession of Cœle-Syria, Phœnicia and Palestine. In this enterprise he was successful at first, and in 218 B.C., captured the chief towns of Phœnicia; but in the following year he was defeated in a great battle at

Raphia near Gaza. By the treaty then made the disputed provinces were ceded to the King of Egypt. Antiochus was now free to turn his attention to Achæus, and in 216 B.C., he led an army against the rebellious prince, whom he defeated and deprived of his conquest. Achæus having taken refuge in Sardis, Antiochus besieged that city and took it after a siege of two years in 214 B.C., and put Achæus to death.

His next expedition was to the northeast against Arsaces III. (or Artabanus), King of Parthia, in which he captured Hecatompylus, the capital of Parthia, in 213, and crossed the mountains into Hyrcania; but he soon ended the war by a treaty of peace by which the independence of Arsaces was recognized. A short war against Euthydemus, King of Bactria, ensued. Antiochus then, following in the footsteps of Alexander, marched into India (or rather Afghanistan) in 212 B.C., and renewed the alliance between Syria and several Indian princes. After an absence of seven years he returned to Syria in 205 B.C.

Still regarding the prosperous kingdom of the Ptolemies with envious eyes, he formed an alliance with Philip V., of Macedon, for the conquest of Egypt, which they proposed to divide between themselves. Having invaded Palestine, Antiochus gained a decisive victory over the Egyptians near Paneas in 198 B.C. The war was soon ended by a treaty of peace,and King Ptolemy married Cleopatra, a daughter of Antiochus. Antiochus next invaded Asia Minor, where he overcame all resistance, and then crossing into Europe about 196 B.C., took the Thracian Chersonesus. Here his triumphant progress was arrested by the Romans, whose hostility he unwisely provoked. They sent an embassy, demanding that he should evacuate the Chersonese and restore to the King of Egypt the provinces which he had acquired by conquest. These demands were rejected and preparations made for war.

The king's resolution to reject the Roman ultimatum was confirmed by the great Hannibal, who, banished from Carthage, took refuge at the Syrian court in 195 B.C. Antiochus, however, did not follow the shrewd advice of Hannibal in respect to the conduct of the war. The Carthaginian advised the immediate invasion of Italy, while the Romans were engaged

in a war against the Gauls; but Antiochus lost time in vain efforts to negotiate with the Romans. The veteran Hannibal was employed as a subordinate commander, instead of having the chief control of the war. In 192 B.C. Antiochus ventured into Greece at the request of his allies, the Ætolians, and captured Chalcis. He was defeated at Thermopylæ in 191, by the Roman Consul Acilius Glabrio, and was compelled to return to Asia. The defeat of his fleet in two naval battles induced him to make overtures for peace, but the conditions offered by the Romans were so hard, that he resolved to try the fortune of another campaign. The Romans were masters of the sea, and their army, commanded by L. Cornelius Scipio and his brother, the famous Scipio Africanus, the conqueror of Hannibal, crossed the Hellespont without opposition. In 190 B.C. the Romans gained a decisive victory at the foot of Mount Sipylus, near Magnesia. Antiochus, having lost 50,000 killed in this battle, sued for peace, which was granted to him 188 B.C., on condition that he should cede to the victors all Asia Minor west of Mount Taurus, and pay a contribution of 12,000 talents. He was also required to give them his son Antiochus as a hostage. Armenia, taking advantage of his weakness, revolted in 189 B.C. and became independent.

The Romans now insisted on an annual tribute of 2,000 talents. As the revenues of Syria were inadequate for this demand, Antiochus attempted to plunder the treasures of a temple in Susiana or Elymais, and provoked a riot in which he was killed in 187 B.C. Though the entire career of Antiochus was consumed in war, in which he vainly emulated the conquests of Alexander the Great, he is said to have been a humane and liberal monarch and a patron of learning. He was succeeded by his son, Seleucus Philopator.

The Romans Enter on the Conquest of Asia.

When advice was brought to Antiochus that the Romans had passed the Hellespont, he began to think himself undone. He now would have been very glad to deliver himself from a war in which he had engaged rashly, and without examining seriously all its consequences. This made him resolve to send an embassador to the Romans, to propose conditions of

peace. A religious ceremony had retarded the march of the army, it having halted for several days that were the festival days at Rome, in which the sacred shields, called Ancilia, were carried in solemn procession with great pomp. Scipio Africanus, being one of the Salii, or priests of Mars, whose office it was to keep these shields, had not yet crossed the sea.

This delay gave the king some hopes; for he imagined that the Romans, immediately upon their arrival in Asia, would attack him. Besides, the noble character he had heard of Scipio Africanus, as his greatness of soul, his generosity and clemency to those he had conquered, both in Spain and Africa, gave him hopes that this great man, now satiated with glory, would not be averse to an accommodation; especially as he had a present to make to him, which could not but be infinitely agreeable. This was his own son, a child, who had been taken at sea, as he was going in a boat from Chalcis to Orcum.

Heraclides Byzantinus, who was the speaker in this embassy, opened the speech with saying that the very circumstance which had frustrated all the rest of the negotiations for peace between his master and the Romans, now made him hope success in the present; because all the difficulties which had hitherto prevented their taking effect, were entirely removed: that the king, to put a stop to the complaints of his still keeping possession of any city in Europe, had abandoned Lysimachia; that as to Smyrna, Lampsacus, and Alexandria of Troas, he was ready to give them up to the Romans, and any other city belonging to their allies, which they should demand of him; that he would consent to refund the Romans half the expenses of this war. He concluded with exhorting them to call to mind the uncertainty and vicissitudes of human things, and not lay too great a stress on their present prosperity; that they ought to rest satisfied with making Europe, whose extent was so immense, the boundaries of their empire: that if they were ambitious of joining some part of Asia to it, the king would acquiesce with their desire, provided the limits of it were clearly settled.

The ambassador imagined that these proposals, which

seemed so advantageous, could not be rejected; but the Romans judged differently. With regard to the expenses of the war, as the king had very unjustly been the occasion of it, they were of opinion that he ought to defray the whole expense: they were not satisfied with his evacuating the garrisons he had in Ionia and Ætolia; but pretended to restore all Asia to its liberty, in the same manner as they had done Greece, which could not be effected, unless the king abandoned all Asia on this side Mount Taurus.

Heraclides, not being able to obtain anything in the public audience, endeavored, pursuant to his private instructions, particularly to conciliate Scipio Africanus. He began by assuring him that the king would send him his son without ransom. Afterwards, being very little acquainted with Scipio's greatness of soul, and the character of the Romans, he promised him a large sum of money; and assured him that he might entirely dispose of all things in his power, if he would mediate a peace for him. To these overtures, Scipio made the following answer: "I am not surprised to find you unacquainted both with me and the Romans, as you do not even know the condition of the prince who sent you hither. If, as you assert, the uncertainty of the fate of war should prompt us to grant you peace upon easier terms, your sovereign should have kept possession of Lysimachia, in order to have shut us out of the Chersonesus; or he should have met us in the Hellespont, to have disputed our passage into Asia. But, by abandoning them to us, he put the yoke on his own neck; so that all he now has to do, is to submit to whatever conditions we shall think fit to prescribe. Among the several offers he makes me, I cannot but be strongly affected with that which relates to the giving me back my son: I hope the rest will not have the power to tempt me. As a private man, I can promise to preserve eternally the deepest sense of gratitude for so precious a gift as he offers me in my son; but as a public one, he must expect nothing from me. Go, therefore, and tell him, in my name, that the best counsel I can give him is to lay down his arms; and not reject any articles of peace which may be proposed to him. This is the best advice I could give him as a good and faithful friend."

Antiochus thought that the Romans could not have prescribed harder conditions had they conquered him; and such a peace appeared to him as fatal as the most unfortunate war. He therefore prepared for a battle, as the Romans did also on their side.

The king was encamped at Thyatira, where, hearing that Scipio lay ill at Elea, he sent his son to him. This was a remedy that operated both on the body and mind, and restored both joy and health to the sick and afflicted father. After embracing him a long time in his arms, "Go," says he to the envoys, "and thank the king from me; and tell him that, at present, the only testimony I can give him of my gratitude, is to advise him not to fight, till he hears of my having arrived in the camp." Perhaps Scipio thought that a delay of some days would give the king an opportunity of reflecting more seriously than he had hitherto done, and incline him to conclude a solid peace.

Although the superiority of the forces of Antiochus, which were much more numerous than those of the Romans, might naturally induce him to venture a battle immediately, yet the wisdom and authority of Scipio, whom he considered as his last refuge, in case any calamitous accident should befall him, prevailed over the former consideration. He passed the river Phrygius, which is supposed to be the Hermus, and posted himself near Magnesia, at the foot of Mount Sipylus, where he fortified his camp so strongly as not to fear being attacked in it.

The consul followed soon after. The armies continued several days in sight, during which Antiochus did not once move out of his camp. His army consisted of 70,000 foot, 12,000 horse, and fifty-four elephants; that of the Romans was composed, in the whole, of but 30,000 men and sixteen elephants. The consul, finding that the king lay still, summoned his council, to debate on what was to be done, in case he should persist in refusing to venture a battle. He represented that, as the winter was approaching, it would be necessary, notwithstanding the severity of the season, for the soldiers to keep the field; or, if they should go into winter quarters, to discontinue the war until the following year.

The Romans never showed so much contempt for an enemy as on this occasion ; they all cried aloud that it would be proper to march immediately against the enemy ; to take advantage of the ardor of the troops, who were ready to force the palisades and pass the entrenchments ; to attack the enemy in their camp, in case they would not quit it. There is some probability that the consul was desirous of anticipating the arrival of his brother, since his presence only would have diminished the glory of his success.

The next day, the consul, after viewing the situation of the camp, advanced with his army toward it in order of battle. The king, fearing that a longer delay would lessen the courage of his own soldiers and animate the enemy, at last marched out with his troops, and both sides prepared for a decisive battle.

Everything was uniform in the consul's army, with regard to the men as well as arms. It consisted of two Roman legions, of 5,400 men each, and two such bodies of Latin infantry. The Romans were posted in the centre, and the Latins in the two wings, the left of which extended toward the river. The first line of the centre was composed of pikemen, or hastati ; the second of principes, and the third of triarii ; these, properly speaking, composed the main body. On the side of the right wing, to cover and sustain it, the consul had posted, on the same line, 3,000 Achæan infantry and auxiliary forces of Eumenes ; and, in a column, 3,000 horse, eight hundred of which belonged to Eumenes, and the rest to the Romans. He posted at the extremity of this wing, the light-armed Trallians and Cretans. It was not thought necessary to strengthen the left wing in this manner, because the rivers and banks, which were very steep, seemed a sufficient rampart ; but, for greater security, four squadrons of horse were posted there. To guard the camp, they left 2,000 Macedonians and Thracians, who followed the army as volunteers. The sixteen elephants were posted behind the triarii, as a reserve and as a rear-guard. It was not thought proper to oppose them to those of the enemy, not only because the latter were greatly superior in number, but because the African elephants were very much inferior, both in size and

strength, to those of India, and therefore were not able to oppose them.

The king's army was more varied, on account of the different nations which composed it, and the disparity of their arms. Sixteen thousand foot, armed after the Macedonian fashion, and who composed the phalanx, formed the main body. This phalanx was divided into ten bodies, each of fifty men in front by thirty-two deep; and two elephants were posted in each of the intervals which separated them. It was this which formed the principal strength of the army. The sight only of the elephants inspired terror. Their size was increased by the ornament of their heads and their plumes of feathers, which were embellished with gold, silver, purple, and ivory; vain ornaments, which invite an enemy by the hopes of spoils, and are no defence to an army. The elephants carried towers on their backs, in which were four fighting men, besides the leader or guide. To the right of this phalanx was drawn up, in a column, part of the cavalry, 1,500 Asiatic Gauls, 3,000 cuirassiers armed cap-a-pie, and 1,000 horse, the flower of the Medes and other neighboring nations. A body of sixteen elephants was posted next in files. A little beyond was the king's regiment, whose arms were of silver. After them 1,200 Dahæ, all bowmen; to whom were added 2,500 Mysians. Then 3,000 light-armed Cretans and Trallians. The right wing was closed by 4,000 slingers and archers, half Cyrteans and half Elymæans. The left wing was drawn up in nearly the same manner, except that before part of the cavalry were posted the chariots armed with scythes; with the camels, mounted by Arabian bowmen, whose swords, made thin, in order that the riders might reach down from the backs of these beasts, were six feet long. The king commanded the right; Seleucus, his son, and Antipater, his nephew, the left; and three lieutenant-generals the main body.

A thick fog rising in the morning, the sky grew so dark that it was not possible for the king's soldiers to distinguish one another and act in concert, on account of their great extent; and the damp, occasioned by this fog, greatly relaxed the bow-strings, the slings, and the thongs which were used

for throwing javelins. The Romans did not suffer the same disadvantages, because they used scarcely any but heavy arms, swords, and javelins; and as the front of their army was of less extent, they could the more easily see one another.

The chariots armed with scythes, which Antiochus had flattered himself would terrify the enemy, and throw them into confusion, first occasioned the defeat of his own forces. Eumenes, who well knew both where their strength and weakness lay, opposed to them the Cretan archers, the slingers and horsemen, who discharge javelins; commanding them to charge them, not in a body, but in small platoons; and to pour on them, from every quarter, darts, stones and javelins; shouting as loud as possible all the while. The horses, frightened at these shouts, ran away with the chariots, scoured the field on all sides, and turned against their own troops, as well as the camels. That empty terror thus removed, they fought hand to hand.

But this soon proved the destruction of the king's army; for the troops which were posted near these chariots, having been broken and put to flight by their disorder, left every part naked and defenceless, even to the very cuirassiers. The Roman cavalry vigorously charging the latter, it was not possible for them to stand the attack; so that they were broken immediately, many of them being killed on the spot, because the weight of their arms would not permit them to fly. The whole left wing was routed, which spread an alarm to the main body, formed by the phalanx, and threw it in disorder. The Roman legions now charged it advantageously; the soldiers who composed the phalanx not having an opportunity to use their long pikes, because those who fled had taken refuge among them, and prevented their fighting, while the Romans poured their javelins upon them from all sides. The elephants drawn up in the intervals of the phalanx were of no service to it. The Roman soldiers, who had been used to fight in the wars of Africa against those animals, had learned how to avoid their impetuosity, either by piercing their sides with their javelins, or by ham-stringing them with their swords. The first ranks of the phalanx were therefore thrown into disorder, and the Romans were on the point

of surrounding the rear ranks, when advice was brought that their left wing was in great danger.

Antiochus, who had observed that the flanks of this left wing were quite uncovered, and that only four squadrons of horse had been posted near it, as supposing it sufficiently defended by the river, charged it with his auxiliary forces and his heavy armed horse, not only in front, but in flank; because the four squadrons, being unable to withstand the charge of all the enemy's cavalry, had retired upon the main body, and left open their ground near the river. The Roman cavalry having been thrown into disorder, the infantry soon followed it, and were driven as far as the camp. Marcus Æmilius, a military tribune, had remained to guard the camp. Seeing the Romans flying toward it, he marched out at the head of all his troops to meet them, and reproached them with their cowardice and ignominious flight. He also commanded his soldiers to sheathe their swords in all they met, who refused to face about against the enemy. This order, being given so seasonably, and immediately put in execution, had the desired effect. The stronger fear prevailed over the less. Those who were flying, first halted, and afterwards returned to the battle. Æmilius, with his body of troops, which consisted of two thousand brave, well-disciplined men, opposed the king, who was vigorously pursuing those who fled. Attalus, the brother of Eumenes, having quitted the right wing, on receiving advice that the left was defeated, flew to it very seasonably with two hundred horse. Antiochus, being now charged on every side, turned his horse and retired. Thus the Romans, having defeated the two wings, advanced over heaps of slain as far as the king's camp, and plundered it.

It was observed that the manner in which the king drew up his phalanx, was one of the causes of his losing the battle. In this body the chief strength of his army consisted, and it had hitherto been thought invincible. It was composed entirely of veteran, stout, and well-disciplined soldiers. To enable his phalanx to do him greater service, he ought to have given it less depth and a greater front; whereas, in drawing them up thirty-two deep, half of them were of no use; and he filled up the rest of the front with new-raised troops, without

courage and experience, who consequently could not be depended on. This, however, was the order in which Philip and Alexander used to draw up their phalanx.

There fell this day, in the battle, in the pursuit, and the plunder of the camp, 50,000 foot and 4,000 horse; 1,400 were taken prisoners, with fifteen elephants and their guides. The Romans lost but three hundred foot and twenty-four horse; Eumenes lost twenty-five. By this victory the Romans acquired all the cities of Asia Minor, which now submitted voluntarily to them.

Neither Hannibal nor Scipio Africanus were in the battle. The former was blocked up by the Rhodians in Pamphylia, with the Syrian fleet; and the latter lay ill in Elea.

Antiochus withdrew to Sardis with as many of his forces who had escaped the slaughter as he could assemble. From that city he marched to Celænæ in Phrygia, to which place he heard that his son Seleucus had fled. He found him there, and both passed Mount Taurus with the utmost diligence, in order to reach Syria.—C. ROLLIN.

SCIPIO AFRICANUS MINOR.

THE Second Punic War, which had at times seemed to threaten Rome with extinction, ended with a decisive victory for that people. After a long and arduous struggle, Carthage, which had aspired to rule the western waters of the Mediterranean, submitted to its European rival. Hannibal became an exile, and sought the court of Asiatic kings. Nevertheless the commercial activity of the Carthaginians restored to the city much of its former influence. Rome, watchful and jealous, was stirred by Cato the orator, who sternly reiterated in every speech, "Carthage must be destroyed."

Publius, the son of L. Æmilius Paullus, the conqueror of Macedonia, was adopted by the son of Scipio Africanus, the conqueror of Hannibal, and received the same surname as his grandfather, by virtue not of heredity, but of personal right. On account of his victories over Carthage he was styled Africanus. His full designation therefore became Publius Cornelius Scipio Africanus Æmilianus; but in history he is usually designated as Scipio Africanus Minor, or the Younger. He was born about B.C. 185, and when seventeen years of age, he accompanied his father in his campaigns in Greece, and fought in the battle of Pydna, by which the power of the ancient kingdom of Macedonia was entirely broken. Scipio afterwards won renown in Spain. His personal valor was shown in slaying in single combat a Spaniard of gigantic stature, and in being the first to scale the walls of Intercatia, for which exploit he received the mural crown.

In B.C. 150, Scipio was sent into Africa to obtain a supply of elephants from King Masinissa of Numidia, an ally of Rome. While he was there, the Carthaginians and Numidians fought a great battle in which the former were worsted. Scipio Æmilianus was an eye-witness of this fight, looking down on the conflict from a mountain, "like Zeus from Ida."

This engagement was the prelude to the Third Punic War, which broke out B.C. 149. Scipio again went to Africa, but still with only the rank of military tribune. By his personal bravery and military skill he gained further reputation and renown. Cato the orator, though no friend of the Scipios, remarked in the Senate concerning Æmilianus, "He alone has wisdom, the rest are empty shadows." Of all the aggressions of Rome none perhaps was more unprovoked than that which issued in the Third Punic War, and led to the final defeat of Carthage.

In 147 B.C., Scipio Æmilianus was elected consul, and Africa was assigned to him as his province. Thus he was commissioned to finish the war with Carthage. Thither he sailed. When he reached that city he had a stupendous mole thrown across the harbor, thus cutting off communication from the sea. The Carthaginians were eager in their desperate resistance. Women cut off their hair to furnish ropes for the catapults. All the people manned the walls, and fought with desperation. The Carthaginians formed another harbor, and got together fifty galleys ready for an engagement. Scipio soon destroyed these, and breaking down one of the city gates, the Roman legions forced themselves into the suffering town. The Carthaginians fought now with the courage of despair, disputing each foot of ground; but it was in vain. The Romans carried all before them, at last setting fire to the captive city. Many of the inhabitants, preferring death to slavery, perished in the flames.

Even the Roman conqueror, contemplating the smoking ruins of this once magnificent city, was moved to tears, and is said to have quoted the lines of the Iliad, in which Zeus forebodes the ruin of holy Ilium with Priam and the sons of Priam. In the same year Scipio returned to Rome, and was honored with a splendid triumph on account of his victory,

receiving the surname of Africanus. For a second time he was chosen consul, B.C. 134, and was appointed to finish the war with the Numantians, who, though not numbering more than 8,000 fighting men, had rebelled against the whole power of Rome. With a force of 60,000 men he blockaded their city, and at last reduced it by famine. Fifty of the unfortunate Numantians adorned the second triumph with which he was honored, while he now received the second surname of Numantinus.

Scipio's popularity, founded on his military ability and conquests, was, however, of short duration. His stern aristocratic contempt for the rights of the common people marred his reputation. His own brother-in-law, Caius Gracchus, had been slain whilst endeavoring to introduce the Sempronian Laws, which aimed to relieve the condition of the suffering people. When Scipio was asked in the assembly what he thought of the death of Gracchus, he answered that, since he was turbulent and inimical to the peace of the republic, he had been justly slain. By this imprudent reply Scipio incurred the displeasure both of the tribunes and of the people. His speech was received with hisses and cries of "Down with the tyrant!" Yet his authority for a moment quelled the sedition. "Factious wretches," he exclaimed, "do you think that your clamors can intimidate me; me whom the fury of your enemies never daunted? Is this the gratitude you owe to my father Paullus, who subdued Macedonia, and to me? Without my family, you were slaves. Is this the respect you owe to your deliverers? Is this your affection? The enemies of Rome may well wish me dead, for they know that while I live, Rome cannot perish." Scipio was indeed about to die. He retired to his room to prepare a speech, which he intended to deliver on the next day. The following morning all Rome was thrown into consternation. Scipio was found dead in his bed. Some declare he died a natural death; others, that marks on his neck indicated that he had been strangled. His death occurred B.C. 128. Papirius Carbo was suspected of having taken part in this assassination, if such it was.

Scipio Africanus Minor was chiefly distinguished as a general; as a politician he was conservative and unflinching,

believing that the aristocratic constitution of Rome, whether of right or wrong origin, must not be disturbed. He spoke his own language with great purity and elegance. He had a great love for literature, and at the burning of Carthage, he was instrumental in saving many valuable works of Phœnician and Punic authors. Perhaps the highest eulogium to his character was uttered by his rival Metellus, who ordered his sons to attend the funeral of "the greatest man who had lived or should live in Rome."

The Destruction of Carthage.

Scipio's first care, after his arrival, was to restore discipline among the troops, which he found had been entirely neglected. There was not the least regularity, subordination or obedience. Nothing was attended to but rapine, feasting and diversions. He drove from the camp all useless persons, settled the quality of the provisions he would have brought in by the sutlers, and allowed of none but what were plain and fit for soldiers, studiously banishing all dainties and luxuries.

After he had made these regulations, which cost him but little time and trouble, because he himself first set the example, he was convinced that those under him were soldiers, and thereupon prepared to carry on the siege with vigor. Having ordered his troops to provide themselves with axes, levers and scaling-ladders, he led them, in the dead of the night, and without the least noise, to a district of the city called Megara; then, ordering them to give a sudden and general shout, he attacked it with great vigor. The enemy, who did not expect to be attacked in the night, were, at first, in the utmost terror; they, however, defended themselves so courageously, that Scipio could not scale the walls. But perceiving a tower that was forsaken, and which stood without the city, very near the walls, he detached thither a party of intrepid soldiers, who, by the help of pontons, got from the tower on the walls, and from thence into Megara, whose gates they broke down. Scipio entered it immediately after, and drove the enemy out of that post; who, terrified at this unexpected assault, and imagining that the whole city was taken, fled into the citadel, where they were followed even by those forces that were en-

camped without the city, who abandoned their camp to the Romans, and thought it necessary for them to fly to a place of security.

At daybreak, Asdrubal, perceiving the ignominious defeat of his troops, in order to be revenged on the Romans, and, at the same time, deprive the inhabitants of all hopes of accommodation and pardon, brought all the Roman prisoners he had taken upon the walls, in sight of the whole army. There he put them to the most exquisite torture; putting out their eyes, cutting off their noses, ears, and fingers; tearing their skin to pieces with iron rakes or harrows, and then throwing them headlong from the top of the battlements. So inhuman a treatment filled the Carthaginians with horror: he did not however spare even them, but murdered many senators who had been so brave as to oppose his tyranny.

Scipio, finding himself absolute master of the Isthmus, burned the camp which the enemy had deserted, and built a new one for his troops. It was of a square form, surrounded with large and deep entrenchments, and fenced with strong palisades. On the side which faced the Carthaginians, he built a wall twelve feet high, flanked at proper distances with towers and redoubts; and, on the middle tower, he erected a very high wooden fort, from which could be seen whatever was doing in the city. This wall was equal to the whole breadth of the Isthmus, that is, twenty-five stadia. The enemy, who were within arrow-shot of it, employed their utmost efforts to put a stop to his work; but, as the whole army worked at it day and night without intermission, it was finished in twenty-four days. Scipio reaped a double advantage from this work; first, his forces were lodged more safely and commodiously than before; secondly, he cut off all provisions from the besieged, to whom none could be brought but by land; which distressed them exceedingly, both because the sea is frequently very tempestuous in that place, and because the Roman fleet kept a strict guard. This proved one of the chief causes of the famine which soon after raged in the city. Besides, Asdrubal distributed the corn that was brought only among the thirty thousand men who served under him, without regard to what became of the inhabitants.

To distress them still more by the want of provisions, Scipio attempted to stop up the mouth of the haven by a mole, beginning at a neck of land near the harbor. The besieged looked upon this attempt as ridiculous, and insulted the workmen; but at last seeing them make an astonishing progress every day, they began to be afraid, and to take such measures as might, if possible, render the attempt unsuccessful. Every one, even to the women and children, fell to work, but all Scipio could learn from the prisoners was, that they had heard a great noise in the harbor, but did not know the cause or occasion of it. At last, all things being ready, the Carthaginians opened, on a sudden, a new outlet on the other side of the haven, and appeared at sea with a numerous fleet, which they had then built with the old materials found in their magazines. It is generally allowed, that had they attacked the Roman fleet directly, they must inevitably have taken it; because, as no such attempt was expected, and every man was otherwise employed, the Carthaginians would have found it without rowers, soldiers, or officers. But the ruin of Carthage, says the historian, was decreed. Having therefore only offered a kind of bravado to the Romans, they returned into the harbor.

Two days after they brought forward their ships, with a resolution to fight in good earnest, and found the enemy ready for them. This battle was to determine the fate of both parties. It lasted a long time, each exerting themselves to the utmost; the one to save their country, reduced to the last extremity, and the other to complete their victory. During the fight, the Carthaginian brigantines, running along under the large Roman ships, broke to pieces sometimes their sterns, and at other times their rudders and oars; and when briskly attacked, retreated with surprising swiftness, and returned immediately to the charge. At last, after the two armies had fought with equal success till sunset, the Carthaginians thought proper to retire; not that they believed themselves overcome, but in order to recommence the fight on the morrow. Part of their ships not being able to run swiftly enough into the harbor because the mouth of it was too narrow, took shelter under a very spacious terrace, which had been thrown up

against the wall to unload goods, on the side of which a small rampart had been raised during this war, to prevent the enemy from possessing themselves of it. Here the fight was again renewed with more vigor than ever, and lasted till late at night. The Carthaginians suffered greatly, and the few ships of theirs which got off sailed for refuge to the city. When the morning arrived, Scipio attacked the terrace, and carried it, though with great difficulty; after which he posted and fortified himself on it, and built a brick wall close to those of the city, and of the same height. When it was finished, he commanded four thousand men to get on the top of it, and to discharge from it a constant shower of darts and arrows upon the enemy, which did great execution; because, as the two walls were of equal height, there was scarce one dart without effect. Thus ended this campaign.

During the winter Scipio endeavored to overpower the enemy's troops without the city, who very much harassed the troops that brought his provisions, and protected such as were sent to the besieged. For this purpose he attacked a neighboring fort, called Nepheris, where they used to shelter themselves. In the last action, about seventy thousand of the enemy, as well soldiers as peasants who had been enlisted, were cut to pieces, and the fort was carried with great difficulty, after sustaining a siege of two-and-twenty days. The seizure of this fort was followed by the surrender of almost all the strongholds in Africa (that is, the province or district immediately around Carthage); and contributed very much to the taking of Carthage itself, into which, from that time, it was almost impossible to bring any provisions.

Early in the spring, Scipio attacked, at one and the same time, the harbor called Cothon and the citadel. Having possessed himself of the wall which surrounded this port, he threw himself into the great square of his city that was near it, whence there was an ascent to the citadel, up three streets, with houses on both sides, from the tops of which a shower of darts was discharged upon the Romans, who were obliged, before they could advance farther, to force the houses they first reached, and post themselves in them, in order to dislodge the enemy who fought from the neighboring houses. The

combat which was carried on from the tops, and in every part of the houses, continued six days, during which a dreadful slaughter was made. To clear the streets, and make way for the troops, the Romans dragged aside, with hooks, the bodies of such of the inhabitants as had been slain, or precipitated headlong from the houses, and threw them into pits, the greatest part of them being still alive and panting. In this labor, which lasted six days and nights, the soldiers were relieved from time to time by others. Scipio was constantly occupied in giving orders, and scarcely allowed himself leisure to take the least refreshment.

There was still reason to believe that the siege would last much longer, and occasion a great effusion of blood. But on the seventh day there appeared a company of men in a suppliant posture and habit, who desired no other conditions, than that the Romans would please to spare the lives of all those who should be willing to leave the citadel; which request was granted them, excepting only the deserters. Accordingly, there came out 50,000 men and women, who were sent into the fields under a strong guard. The deserters, who were about nine hundred, finding they would not be allowed quarter, fortified themselves in the temple of Æsculapius, with Asdrubal, his wife, and two children; where, though their number was but small, they might have held out a long time, because the temple stood on a high hill, to which the ascent was by sixty steps. But at last, exhausted by hunger and watchings, oppressed with fear, and seeing their destruction at hand, they lost all patience; when, abandoning the lower part of the temple, they retired to the uppermost story, and resolved not to quit it but with their lives.

In the meantime Asdrubal, being desirous of saving his own life, came down privately to Scipio, carrying an olive-branch in his hand, and threw himself at his feet. Scipio showed him immediately to the deserters, who, transported with rage and fury at the sight, vented millions of imprecations against him, and set fire to the temple. While it was kindling, we are told that Asdrubal's wife, dressing herself as splendidly as possible, and placing herself with her two children in sight of Scipio, addressed him with a loud voice: "I

call not down," said she, "curses upon thy head, O Roman, for thou only takest the privilege allowed by the laws of war; but may the gods of Carthage, and thou in concert with them, punish, according to his deserts, the false wretch who has betrayed his country, his gods, his wife, his children!" Then directing herself to Asdrubal, "Perfidious wretch," said she, "thou basest of creatures! this fire will presently consume both me and my children; but as to thee, too shameful general of Carthage, go, adorn the gay triumph of thy conqueror; suffer, in the sight of all Rome, the tortures thou so justly deservest!" She had no sooner pronounced these words, than seizing her children, she cut their throats, threw them into the flames, and afterwards rushed into them herself; in which she was imitated by all the deserters.

With regard to Scipio, when he saw the entire ruin of this famous city, which had flourished seven hundred years, and might have been compared to the greatest empires, on account of the extent of its dominions, both by sea and land; its mighty armies; its fleets, elephants, and riches; and that the Carthaginians were even superior to other nations, by their courage and magnanimity, since notwithstanding their being deprived of arms and ships, they had sustained for three whole years, all the hardships and calamities of a long siege; historians relate that he could not refuse his tears to the unhappy fate of Carthage. He reflected, that cities, nations and empires, are liable to revolutions, no less than individual men; that the like sad fate had befallen Troy, anciently so powerful; and, in later times, the Assyrians, Medes, and Persians, whose dominions were once of so great an extent; and lastly, the Macedonians, whose empire had been so glorious throughout the world. Full of these mournful ideas, he repeated the verses of Homer:

"The day shall come, that great avenging day,
Which Troy's proud glories in the dust shall lay;
When Priam's pow'rs and Priam's self shall fall,
And one prodigious ruin swallow all."

—C. ROLLIN.

THE WIFE OF ASDRUBAL.

The sun sets brightly—but a ruddier glow
O'er Afric's heaven the flames of Carthage throw;
Her walls have sunk, and pyramids of fire
In lurid splendor from her domes aspire;
Sway'd by the wind, they wave—while glares the sky
As when the desert's red Simoon is nigh;
The sculptured altar, and the pillar'd hall,
Shine out in dreadful brightness ere they fall;
Far o'er the seas the light of ruin streams,
Rock, wave, and isle are crimson'd by its beams;
While captive thousands, bound in Roman chains,
Gaze in mute horror on their burning fanes;
And shouts of triumph, echoing far around,
Swell from the victor's tents with ivy crown'd.

But mark from yon fair temple's loftiest height
What towering form bursts wildly on the sight
All regal in magnificent attire,
And sternly beauteous in terrific ire?
She might be deem'd a Pythia in the hour
Of dread communion and delirious power!
A being more than earthly, in whose eye
There dwells a strange and fierce ascendancy.
The flames are gathering round—intensely bright
Full on her features glares their meteor-light,
But a wild courage sits triumphant there,
The stormy grandeur of a proud despair;
A daring spirit, in its woes elate,
Mightier than death, untamable by fate;
The dark profusion of her locks unbound,
Waves like a warrior's floating plumage round;
Flush'd is her cheek, inspired her haughty mien,
She seems the avenging goddess of the scene.

Are those *her* infants, that with suppliant cry,
Cling round her, shrinking as the flame draws nigh,
Clasp with their feeble hands her gorgeous vest,
And fain would rush for shelter to her breast?
Is that a mother's glance, where stern disdain,
And passion awfully vindictive, reign?

Fix'd is her eye on Asdrubal, who stands,
Ignobly safe, amidst the conquering bands;
On him who left her to that burning tomb,
Alone to share her children's martyrdom;
Who, when his country perish'd, fled the strife,
And knelt to win the worthless boon of life.
"Live, traitor, live!" she cries, "since dear to thee,
E'en in thy fetters, can existence be!
Scorn'd and dishonor'd live!—with blasted name,
The Roman's triumph not to grace, but shame.
O slave in spirit! bitter be thy chain,
With tenfold anguish to avenge my pain!
Still may the Manes of thy children rise
To chase calm slumber from thy wearied eyes;
Still may their voices on the haunted air
In fearful whispers tell thee to despair,
Till vain remorse thy wither'd heart consume,
Scourged by relentless shadows of the tomb!
E'en now my sons shall die—and thou, their sire,
In bondage safe, shalt yet in them expire.
Think'st thou I love them not?—'Twas thine to fly—
'Tis mine with these to suffer and to die.
Behold their fate! the arms that cannot save
Have been their cradle, and shall be their grave."

Bright in her hand the lifted dagger gleams,
Swift from her children's hearts the life-blood streams
With frantic laugh she clasps them to her breast,
Whose woes and passions soon shall be at rest;
Lifts one appealing, frenzied glance on high,
Then deep 'midst rolling flames is lost to mortal eye.

—F. HEMANS.

MASINISSA.

MASINISSA, hereditary King of the Massylians, a people of Northern Africa, bordering on Carthage, is noted as a faithful ally of the Roman people in their struggle with Carthage. He is nevertheless chargeable with the fickleness and faithlessness of his race, and is supposed to have maintained a steadfast alliance with Rome in order, first, to humble his rival, Syphax; and, secondly, to enrich himself at the expense of the Carthaginians.

Masinissa, the son of the Numidian King Gala, received at Carthage an education much above that of the average barbarian chief, and gave ample proof, while quite a young man, of great ability as well as ambition and energy of character. His first campaign was undertaken as an ally of the Carthaginians against Syphax, Prince of Western Numidia, who had become an ally of the Romans. Having gained two great victories over this king, he drove him into Mauretania (now Morocco), and effectually prevented him from crossing over to Spain to assist the Romans. Hannibal was at that time master of Italy, and his brother Hasdrubal was defending the Carthaginian conquests in Spain against the Roman generals, and there also Masinissa is said to have rendered excellent service with a large body of Numidian horse. After other campaigns less fortunate, he shared with Hasdrubal, Gisco and Mago total defeat, and with them had to yield to the ascendancy of young Scipio.

This reverse to the Carthaginians in 206 B.C. seems to have shaken the Numidian's fidelity. He is said after this to

have made overtures of alliance to Silanus, Scipio's first lieutenant, and afterwards to have had a secret conference with Scipio, at which he pledged himself to support the Roman arms. In the meantime, by the fortunes of war, young Massiva, the nephew of Masinissa, had fallen into the hands of the Romans, and was their prisoner. Scipio put him under safe escort and sent him back to his uncle, the bearer of many presents. This act of generosity, or policy, was not without its effect on the ambitious Numidian. He now declared for Rome. Another secret conference with Scipio near Cadiz, and Masinissa's defection from the Carthaginians was complete. He counselled Scipio to attack the Carthaginians, not in Italy under Hannibal, but in Africa, on their own soil, and crossed over without delay to forward the measures he considered most advantageous to the party to which he had so recently been in open hostility.

But events had meanwhile occurred which drew Masinissa's attention in quite another direction. His father, Gala, had died while he was away in Spain. Œsalces, brother of the late king, on whom the crown devolved by the Numidian law of succession, had also died, leaving the throne a prey to usurpers. Masinissa, being wholly without resources, applied for aid to Bocchus, King of Mauretania; but in vain. At last he succeeded in raising a body of five hundred horse, on the confines of Numidia, with which he entered his paternal dominions. His father's adherents and old soldiers now flocked around him with great demonstrations of joy, and soon put him in a position to vindicate his claim to the crown and drive the usurpers to the court of Syphax, whence Masinissa afterwards induced them to return and make their abode with him.

The Carthaginians, stung by Masinissa's revolt to the Romans, induced Syphax to make war on him. Vanquished by this prince, and dangerously wounded while crossing a river, he was obliged for some time to conceal himself in a cave. A report of his death was spread through all Africa, and, in fact, he would have died of starvation and sickness had not a few Numidian horsemen remained faithful to him. Scarcely had he recovered from the effects of his wound,

when he was again in the saddle and advancing rapidly to the frontiers of his kingdom, levied a new army, took possession of his dominions, and marched straight against Vermina, the son of Syphax, who was hastening to attack him. Notwithstanding prodigies of valor, Masinissa was defeated, and with difficulty made his way to the sea-coast, where he maintained himself at the head of a small predatory band till Scipio's arrival in Africa.

Hastily joining such troops as he could raise to those of the Romans, Masinissa defeated a large body of cavalry under Hanno, and bore an important part in the furious attack on Hasdrubal and Syphax, which resulted in the burning of the two Carthaginian camps in one night. Sent with Ladius in pursuit of the enemy, in a march of fifteen days he penetrated to the very heart of Syphax's dominions, defeated and made him prisoner, and took the capital city of Cirta.

Sophonisba, the daughter of Hasdrubal, had been promised in marriage to Masinissa, but had become the wife of Syphax. This beautiful Carthaginian lady now fell into his hands. Masinissa could not withstand her charms, and in order to prevent her falling into the power of the Romans, whose slave she was by right of conquest, married her himself. Scipio upbraided him with his weakness in contracting this imprudent alliance with a captive so well known for her implacable hatred to Rome. Masinissa, seeing that nothing but death could save his bride from slavery, sent her a cup of poison prepared by his own hands, which she drank heroically.

To console his ally for such a sacrifice, Scipio conferred on him many honors and distinctions, and in presence of the whole army gave him the title of king, and a crown of gold. These honors and the hope of seeing himself master of all Numidia made the ambitious prince forget the loss of his bride. From this time onward the fortunes of Masinissa were firmly attached to those of Scipio. He fought with him on the decisive day of Zama, 203 B.C., when, with his 6,000 Numidian horse, he broke the left wing of the Carthaginian army, and, although severely wounded, was foremost in the pursuit of Hannibal, in the hope of crowning his exploits by

the capture of that general. Hannibal escaped, but with difficulty. Before quitting Africa, Scipio confirmed Masinissa in the possession of his hereditary domains, and by the authority of the Senate, added to them the city of Cirta and other possessions of Syphax in Numidia, so that he was now ruler over the vast territory extending from Mauretania on the west, to Cyrene and Egypt on the east; the most powerful prince of Africa.

During the long peace which followed, Masinissa applied himself assiduously to spread civilizing influences among his barbarian Nomads, and according to Polybius, left nothing undone to refine and elevate them. But neither age nor the undisputed possession of his kingdom could extinguish the love of conquest. Emboldened by his ties of friendship with Rome, he violated his treaties with Carthage, and, although over eighty years of age, put himself at the head of a powerful army and invaded the Carthaginian territories. He was just preparing for a general action when Scipio Æmilianus arrived in his camp, having come over from Spain to see him. Masinissa received the young hero with distinguished honors, and could scarcely restrain his tears when speaking of his former benefactor, Scipio Africanus. The finest of the Numidian troops were passed in review; but what Scipio admired most was the alert activity of the aged king himself. Age had not diminished his vigor; he still went through all the exercises of a young man, and vaulted to horseback without a saddle. On the following day Scipio witnessed one of the greatest battles ever fought on African soil. The victory, for a long time disputed, at last declared itself in favor of Masinissa. Another battle, still more disastrous, compelled Carthage to conclude a peace, the terms of which were dictated by the Numidian monarch.

The helpless state to which the Carthaginians were now reduced, encouraged the Romans to commence the Third Punic War. At Rome the ominous cry still arose: "Delenda est Carthago," "Carthage must be destroyed." Without the knowledge of their ally, the consuls embarked a large army for Africa. The King felt slighted, especially as up to this time the Romans had made him a confidant of all their pro-

jects. Yet he soon resumed his former sentiments of good will, and when he saw his end approaching, sent for Scipio to divide his sovereign duties and dominions among his children. He died in 148 B.C., in the ninety-first year of his age, after a reign of sixty years, a short time before the taking of Carthage. Inured to toil and fatigue, he preserved to the last robust health and a strong constitution, which he owed chiefly to his extreme temperance. He was content with the same food as his soldiers. Appian and Plutarch relate that on the day following his great victory over the Carthaginians, he was found in his tent breakfasting on a piece of brown bread. At his death he left fifty-four sons, only three of whom, Micipsa, Gulussa and Mastanabal, the father of Jugurtha, came of lawful marriage. Among these three the kingdom of Numidia was divided by Scipio according to the directions of the aged monarch.

Few princes have borne the reverses of fortune with greater fortitude, or received her favors with more prudence and moderation. Hunted from his kingdom, on the point of falling into the hands of his enemies, without either army or resources, he remained faithful to the Romans, re-conquered his kingdom, extended, civilized and made it prosperous, and at his death left a disciplined army and immense treasures to his successors. He reduced plundering tribes to settled and civilized habits, and out of robbers and marauders made well-disciplined soldiers. His capital, Cirta, known in later times as Constantina, became a famous centre of Phœnician civilization. The work of Masinissa may be compared with that of Peter the Great of Russia, though less permanent in its results, while his personal character was in many respects superior.

JUGURTHA.

JUGURTHA has been made by Sallust the subject of one of the most interesting historical narratives handed down to us from ancient times. The term of Jugurtha's domination coincided with a period of great importance in Roman politics, when the corruption of the nobility came clearly into view, and revolutionary symptoms began to make themselves felt in the Republic. His career, therefore, deserves study rather for its revelation of the internal decay of Roman republican institutions than with reference to African civilization and independence.

The kingdom of Numidia, ruled for many years by Masinissa, the faithful ally of Rome in the Carthaginian war, extended from Mauretania on the west to Egypt and Cyrene on the east, including, southwards, a great portion of the territory once owned by Carthage and surrounding the Roman province of Africa. On the death of Masinissa the sovereign power was divided among his three sons by order of Scipio Africanus, Micipsa, the eldest, being appointed State Treasurer; Gulussa, the second, Minister of War; and Mastanabal, the youngest, Minister of Justice.

Jugurtha was the natural son of Mastanabal, and during his grandfather's life-time received little notice on account of his illegitimate birth. When Micipsa succeeded to the throne, B.C. 149, he thought it politic to adopt his nephew and have him educated with his own sons, Hiempsal and Adherbal. Jugurtha's superior abilities and his great skill in athletic

and military exercises soon made him popular among the Numidians. Micipsa, becoming jealous of his nephew's influence, sent him at the head of a detachment of troops to aid Scipio, then conducting the Numantine war in Spain, under pretext of proving his loyalty to Rome. Jugurtha, who inherited the tact and capacity of his grandfather as an administrator, had indeed been intriguing with the Numidian subjects of his uncle. He returned from Spain in due time full of honors. The courage and ability he displayed during the campaign had secured for him a strong recommendation from his commander. He had also gained the goodwill of many Roman nobles, who threw out hints to him of making himself sole ruler of Numidia. The Spanish campaign had taught him first, the venality of the Roman nobility, and secondly, the weak and strong points in the Roman military system.

Micipsa, on his death-bed, although apprehensive of the result, yet acting on the strength of Scipio's recommendation, bequeathed his kingdom to be ruled jointly by Jugurtha, Adherbal and Hiempsal. Scipio having been appointed executor of the will, this step was considered guaranteed by the Romans. But the ill-concealed jealousy of the brothers and the unprincipled ambition of their cousin soon led to an open rupture ; they considered Jugurtha an intruder into the regular line of succession, while he considered that his prestige gave him a strong claim to the crown. At their first interview, Hiempsal, who was of an impetuous temper, deeply offended Jugurtha. After this collision the kingdom of Numidia, as well as the treasures of the late king, were divided into three portions, and the princes took up their residence at different towns in the vicinity of the capital, Cirta. Hiempsal had made his home at Thirmida, in a house belonging to one of Jugurtha's dependents. This afforded an opportunity of introducing a body of armed assassins at the dead of night, who quickly dispatched Hiempsal and all his attendants. Upon this Adherbal and his followers took up arms, but, though superior in numbers, they were defeated, and Adherbal had to take refuge in the Roman province of Africa and thence make his way to Rome, to lay his case before the

Senate. Jugurtha also sent ambassadors there without delay, who by a lavish distribution of bribes succeeded in appeasing the senatorial anger. A decree, however, was passed and commissioners quickly appointed to proceed to Numidia and divide the kingdom equally between the two rivals. By the same unscrupulous methods as before, Jugurtha induced the commissioners to assign to him the western and by far the more populous and fertile of the two divisions made.

Not satisfied with this, and at the risk of irritating the Romans by contempt of the senatorial decree, Jugurtha now commenced plundering expeditions into the dominions of Adherbal, with the view of provoking hostilities; but foiled in this by Adherbal's timidity or caution, he threw off all restraint, and openly invaded his rival's territories at the head of a large army. In the battle which ensued Adherbal was defeated, and with difficulty escaped to Cirta, the most strongly fortified city in Numidia. This Jugurtha besieged, but before he could compel a surrender ambassadors arrived from Rome to demand a cessation of hostilities and the acceptance of their mediation between the contending parties. Both demands were rejected, and the envoys returned to Rome.

A second embassy arrived from the Senate, at the head of which was Marcus Scaurus, the great hero of the aristocracy, whose imposing presence, it was thought, would bring the refractory king to terms. Jugurtha appeared at Uticea in obedience to the summons of Scaurus, but after wearisome debates the conference was concluded, and the embassy returned without declaring war. Adherbal, now reduced to extremities, and despairing of aid from Rome, agreed to capitulate on condition that the lives of the inhabitants should be spared. The terms of the capitulation were shamefully violated. Adherbal was put to death with cruel tortures, and all the adult population, including many Italian and Roman merchants and traders, were massacred in cold blood, 111 B.C.

When news of this atrocity reached Rome, popular indignation was raised to the highest pitch, but such was the influence of those who had been gained over to Jugurtha's cause by bribery, that the matter would have been overlooked,

had not Caius Memmius, a tribune of the people, threatened judicial proceedings against the worst of the king's partisans, and compelled the Senate to declare war on Numidia. Calpurnius Bestia was forthwith dispatched to Africa at the head of a large army, with Marcus Scaurus second in command. The avarice of Bestia rendered him easily accessible to the low designs of the Numidian, while it was found that M. Scaurus, too, was open to bribery, only at a price higher than the average Senators. Peace was purchased by Jugurtha on condition of a pretended submission and the surrender of thirty elephants and a small sum of money.

When tidings of this nefarious proceeding reached Rome, C. Memmius again interposed, and succeeded in having the king summoned to Italy under a safe-conduct, with the view of bringing the contracting parties face to face, and eliciting the exact nature of the negotiations between them. The scheme was frustrated. Jugurtha was brought before the assembly of the people, but one of the tribunes who had been gained over to the interests of Bestia and Scaurus, using his power of veto, forbade the king to speak. Jugurtha had now an opportunity of remaining in Rome and engaging in secret intrigues with the nobility, and in all probability his evil designs would have been followed with success, had he not foully compassed the death of his cousin Massiva, who had taken refuge in Rome after the massacre at Cirta, and was now using his influence against Jugurtha with a view to supplanting him on the Numidian throne. This daring outrage, perpetrated under the eyes of the senators, could not be overlooked. Bomilcar, the secret envoy of Jugurtha, by whose means Massiva's assassination had been effected, was held for trial; but before his trial came on, his master had procured for him a means of escape to Africa. The Senate now cancelled the hollow peace negotiated by Bestia and Scaurus, and ordered the king to quit Italy. This he did without delay, exclaiming as he left Rome: "Venal city, doomed to speedy destruction, could it but find a purchaser."

The war was resumed with Spurius Albinus in command, who proved himself inadequate to cope with the difficulties of the situation. Discipline had ceased, and the Roman army

in Africa was thoroughly demoralized. To make matters worse, Aulus, the consul's brother, equally incapable and fool-hardy, undertook an expedition against Suthul, a town difficult of access in the heart of Numidia, where much royal treasure was stored. Aulus was withdrawing his troops after an unsuccessful attack, when he was lured into the desert by Jugurtha. The Numidians at an opportune moment fell upon the Roman troops in a fierce nocturnal attack, cut the greater part of the army to pieces, and compelled the rest to pass under the yoke. This disgrace so exasperated the Romans, that most energetic measures were adopted to put an end to the war. The chief command was entrusted to Q. Metellus, an unscrupulous aristocrat, but an experienced warrior and administrator, who chose for his officers, not men of the nobility, but P. Rufus, Caius Marius, and others of the same military experience. Jugurtha continued a guerrilla warfare for some time and baffled all attempts of Metellus and C. Marius, who superseded him in command, to thoroughly subdue him. At last he was betrayed into the hands of Sylla by the treachery of his own father-in-law, Bocchus, King of Mauretania, 106 B.C. Two years later, after gracing the triumph of Marius on his return to Rome, Jugurtha was thrown into a dungeon in the Capitol. As he was lowered into the pit, he cried out, "Hercules! how cold is thy bath!" There the bold African, who had almost shaken down the Roman government by his intrigues, was cruelly starved to death.

The Capture of Jugurtha.

Marius had penetrated farther into Numidia than any Roman leader at any previous date, having now advanced the eagles so far as the river Mulucha, which was the frontier between the dominions of Jugurtha and Bocchus, the Mauritanian. In the midst of these arid and burning solitudes, constituting what is now known as the desert of Angad, there stood a precipitous isolated rock, on which had been erected a fortified burgh and citadel, reputed impregnable, which contained the last royal hoards of treasure, and was itself the last stronghold of the unhappy king.

To this place, not without incurring the charge of inconsiderate rashness and vain ambition, Marius laid siege; and so strong were the natural defences of the place, and so desperately were they maintained, that, having failed in repeated attacks, and lost many of his best men, to the serious damage of his credit, he was on the eve of abandoning the undertaking, when one of those accidents, which so often change the whole aspect of events in warfare, converted his perilous position into a glorious triumph.

A straggler from one of the auxiliary Ligurian cohorts, who had passed round to the rear of the rocky mount, on the front of which the fortress stood, in search of water, having discovered many snails, in those days esteemed a delicate article of food, crawling among the mossy crags, began to gather them; and so, as he found them more and more numerous as he proceeded, began to climb higher and higher in pursuit of them, until he had arrived at such an elevation above the plain, that he conceived an idea of turning his ascent to something of greater advantage than mere snail-gathering. So he persisted, unobserved, until he had attained a point, whence he could almost look down into the castle, which, deeming attack impossible from that quarter, had no sentinels or outposts, but had all its garrison on the alert upon the ramparts toward Marius' camp and the scene of action. A vast evergreen oak grew out of the crevices of the rocks, and shooting upward, overhung the plateau of the citadel, and afforded a ladder to the active mountaineer, by which he reached a station whence he could see and study all the defences of the place, and facilities of his own position. Having observed all that he might, he descended, "not rashly as he had mounted, but trying and examining all the passes," and went straightway to Marius, to whom he described all that he had seen, suggested an attack in that quarter, and volunteered to lead a detachment for the purpose.

Marius eagerly caught at the opportunity thus afforded him. He sent persons, on whom he could depend, to test the truth of the Ligurian's tale; and these reporting that some one had recently ascended the rocks, he detached five trumpeters, with four chosen centurions as a support, all under the

command of the Ligurian, with orders to mount as silently as possible until they should have reached the commanding position, and thence, when the front attack should be at its height, to sound the charge at the highest pitch of their instruments and voices, and make a violent demonstration on the rear. The men were equipped in regard both to agility and silence, with leathern bucklers and head-pieces, and were barefooted, to climb the better over the slippery moss and dripping rocks, than in the heavy clouted shoes, which were the ordinary wear of the Roman soldier.

The plan succeeded from point to point, the ascent was made successfully in spite of all the difficulties, and when Marius, aware of their good fortune, was cheering his men to the closest and most desperate attack, exposing his own person and omitting nothing which might tend to success, this trifling forlorn hope entered the empty citadel, the whole garrison of which had flocked to the lower battlements, and sounded their war notes, as if already masters of the place. A sudden panic fell on the defenders, and the spirit of the Romans rising in proportion as that of the Numidians declined, the place was carried by escalade, the gates were forced, and all within the walls were given up to plunder, indiscriminate massacre and havoc. "Thus corrected by chance," says Sallust, "the temerity of Marius received glory instead of censure."

Jugurtha had at this time lost all his places of strength, most of his treasures, many of his best men, not a few slain by his own suspicious fury, and had no hope of protracting even a defensive war, without the aid of foreign alliance and resources. To this end he solicited his father-in-law, Bocchus, to assist him with a Mauritanian army, and ultimately prevailed on him ; but not until he had promised to resign to him a third part of his dominions, should the Romans be driven from Africa, or the war concluded with his territories undivided.

Marius, who at this period had no enemy in the field, and who probably regarded the war as virtually at an end, withdrew his forces from the desert regions, which he had conquered with so much difficulty, and which probably afforded

no facilities for wintering an army, toward his headquarters at Cirta, where he proposed to go into winter quarters. He was on the march for that place, when the combined armies of the two kings were upon him, before he had so much as a suspicion of their proximity, and engaged him so suddenly and with such vehemence, when there was scarcely an hour of daylight remaining, that the legions had neither the time to secure their baggage, nor to form order of battle.

Assailed at once on all points by Moorish and Gætulian horse, who charged them home, not in regular line, but in a multiplicity of troops and squadrons, now striking here, now there, cutting the legionaries down and spearing them in front, in flank, in rear, the Romans were unable to preserve their formation; but yet fought with such steadiness and valor, the veterans and new soldiers being so united in the maniples as to give firmness and solidity to the whole, that they succeeded in forming a number of squares, or circles, as chance threw them together, and in protecting themselves and repulsing the enemy until nightfall.

Never yet had Marius been so hard bestead, or so nearly defeated, as on this occasion; and it was only by his own exertion and his exhibition of great personal qualities, that he prevented the defeat and disorganization of the forces. As the night closed in, so far from discontinuing their attacks, the barbarians, confident of success, pressed the more closely on the legions; until at length, having by exposure of his own person, by fighting hand to hand with the enemy, and rallying them by exhortation, example, remonstrance, and in short every available effort, the consul reduced his troops to something resembling discipline and order, and beating off the cavalry of the kings with a great final effort, marched with his foot at double quick time to a hill, which he had observed in the vicinity; and there posted them, as best he might in the darkness, for night had now fallen thick and starless, to bivouac on their arms, without food or fires, in the midst of the enemy.

His cavalry, under Sylla, he detached to a short distance, where, on a hillock, there was a large and perennial spring of water, with precise instructions that they should kindle no

fires, nor show any lights whatsoever, in order as far as possible to conceal their position from the enemy, who sat down in the low grounds all around the hills, and passed the night after the barbarian fashion, revelling, shouting, singing and exulting about their watch-fires, as if they were victorious; for so seldom had they fought the Romans without incurring total rout, that to have held their ground was to them sufficient cause for triumph.

Marius had in pursuance of his plan forbidden the trumpets of the legions or the clarions of the horse to sound, as was usual, the watches of the night, or the relief of the guards; but when toward dawn he observed, as he had expected, that the Numidian watch-fires had burnt down, that the barbaric din had died away, and that, worn out with the fatigues of the past day and the riot of the night, the enemy had dropped into the lethargy of exhausted drunkenness, he ordered all the instruments to sound the charge at once, and broke down, from both hills together, fully prepared for action, on the half-awakened and panic-stricken hordes of the desert.

There was no stand, no resistance. At first they stood at gaze, paralyzed and lost in consternation, then fled in utter rout. In that action more of the enemy were slain than Jugurtha had lost in all his previous battles, for the unwonted panic of the men, and the heavy sleep from which they were but half aroused, prevented them of their usual activity in flight. No defeat could well be more thorough and decisive; yet Marius, as he persisted on retiring to his headquarters, relaxed no precaution, more than if his enemy had been in full vigor of operation. He marched as if in presence of a hostile army, in a hollow square with his baggage and camp followers in the centre, Sylla's cavalry on his right, and Aulus Manlius with the archery and slingers on his left. He fortified his camp nightly, stationed strong outposts of the legionary cohorts before the prætorian gate, caused a portion of the auxiliary horse to patrol all the environs, while he held another body in reserve, at all times under arms, within the ramparts.

It was well that he did so, for on the fourth day after his former defeat, when the Romans were already in the vicinity

of Cirta, the videttes came in at once from all quarters, announcing the presence of the enemy in each several direction, for the indefatigable Numidian had once more rallied his tumultuary squadrons, and detailing them into four divisions, was prepared to attack at once on all points. Uncertain, accordingly, whence he should be assailed, Marius made no present change in his dispositions, but prepared to deliver battle in the same order in which he marched, as being equally fortified on all hands. So soon as the enemy appeared in the van, Sylla halted the main body of his horse on the right to cover that wing, while he himself and others of his officers at the head of single troops, each very closely arrayed, charged the enemy's cavalry and kept them at a distance, while the General made head with the legions against Jugurtha's impetuous onslaught on the van.

In the meantime, Bocchus came up in the Roman rear with his Mauritanian foot, led by his son Volux, who had not been present in the last action, and fell on boldly, making considerable impression by this unexpected diversion. News of this being speedily brought to Jugurtha, by some of his wild horsemen, who were wheeling like hawks everywhere about the flanks of the column, he galloped off unobserved, with a handful of men to the rear, on which he made an attack so fiery and impetuous, shouting in Latin to the legions that they were fighting to no end, since he had slain Marius with his own hand, and showing his sword reeking with blood from hilt to point—for he had fought very valiantly, and slain a Roman legionary—that they wavered, and becoming dispirited, while the barbarians waxed bolder and more strenuous in the charge, could scarcely be restrained from flight. At the critical moment, however, when all was on the hazard of the die, Sylla, who by his sustained and incessant charge of alternate, or unconnected squadrons, had cleared both wings from the tumultuary clouds of Numidian horse, wheeled rapidly to the rear, and charged the Moors of Bocchus in the flank with such energy and vigor that the whole body turned, as a single man, and betook themselves to precipitate flight. Marius, relieved from the presence of Jugurtha and the pressure of his indomitable desert cavalry,

restored the battle in front, and converted what had been almost a disaster into a complete victory. Jugurtha himself, while exerting himself most heroically to perfect his half-conquered success, was hemmed in by Sylla's troopers, saw all his best men cut down to right and left around him, and at last, with his armor hacked from his body, dripping with his own and his enemies' blood, got off alone through a storm of cuts and thrusts all directed at his own person.

Better for him had he there fallen. The rout was complete, the carnage horrible; and for the first time in his extraordinary career, he left the field without having designated a rallying point, or made arrangements for the reorganization of the army, or the levying of a new one. He had, in fact, fought his last battle, expended his last resource, brought forward and lost his last reserve, exhausted his last ally.

On the fifth day after the action, ambassadors came from Bocchus to the Roman winter-quarters in Cirta, requesting Marius to send his most confidential assistants, with whom he might treat for accommodation; and Sylla being sent in connection with Aulus Manlius, negotiations were set on foot with the wily and perfidious Mauritanian, which terminated in his treacherous surrender of his suppliant and kinsman into the hands of the common enemy.

A second delegation reached Marius, while, after placing the main army in winter quarters, he was engaged in besieging a royal fortress, garrisoned wholly by Roman deserters, which he speedily destroyed. These delegates, it seems, on their way had fallen into the hands of Gætulian robbers, and having been plundered and stripped by them, had escaped to Sylla, who received them with hospitality so profuse, and largesses so ample, that he recommended himself in the highest degree to the barbarian king. Shortly afterward three of the Moors proceeded to Rome, in company with the quæstor, Cneius Octavius Rufus, who was on his return after bringing pay for the army in Africa, and who should introduce them to the presence and favorable notice of the Senate.

While this embassy was in Rome, obsecrating the commisseration, and seeking the friendship, of the Senate, which they ultimately obtained, Bocchus again wrote to the Roman

General, requesting him to send Sylla to confer with him, by whose decision there were hopes that all matters in controversy might be brought to a final determination. Marius understanding that the surrender of Jugurtha was implied under this wary circumlocution, dispatched his able young subordinate, with an escort of Latin cavalry, Balearic slingers, auxiliary bowmen, and the Pelignian cohort equipped in light infantry order, for the convenience of rapid marching. After considerable suspicions of treachery on the part of the Mauritanian king and his son Volux, who accompanied Sylla with a sort of guard of honor, and who once appeared on the point of betraying his guest to a division of Jugurtha's cavalry, the quæstor at length arrived at the royal seat of Bocchus.

For a long time the treacherous barbarian doubted, fluctuated, whether of the two he should betray, cajoled, flattered, promised without performing; but at last, awed by the intrepid and immovable firmness of the young Roman, he determined against his countryman, his son-in-law, his brother king; murdered his familiar friends and counsellors, and surrendered himself, loaded with fetters, into the hands of the quæstor. This glory Sylla rated so high, that, to his last hour, he used as his signet-ring a gem engraved with the representation of himself receiving the captive king, and so earned the unmitigable and immortal hatred of the unforgiving man, who considered it an attempt to rob him of the fame which was his right, of terminating at length a war which had defied, for six whole years, the utmost powers of Rome, and bringing into subjection and slavery an enemy than whom, save Hannibal, the republic had never known one more dangerous or desperate, and who had debauched, defeated, deceived, or exhausted three successive Consuls and their armies, and yielded only after six consecutive campaigns, when not an inch of territory was left to him, nor a single fighting man on whom he could rely.

Thus, with great and merited honor to Marius, was this long and harassing war terminated in the year of the city 648, and 106 B.C., when the successful general was no longer consul, but commander, with consular powers, until its conclusion. Unimportant, so far as danger to the existence, or

to the constitutional or territorial integrity of Rome, the Jugurthine war had been a severe and galling thorn in her side, from its commencement ; it had seriously shaken the prestige of invincibility which had so long clung to the arms of Rome ; it had demonstrated the infamy of many of her senators, the imbecility of some of her generals, the undisciplined and mutinous spirit of more than one of her armies ; and it had sorely aggrieved her haughty pride, that a petty chieftain of wild desert horse should have held her armies at bay, and subjected them to disgraces which they had never endured from the gigantic strength of Carthage, the unequalled science of Hannibal.

Great, therefore, was the rejoicing when it was known at Rome, that the war was concluded, as by a thunder-stroke, and that he who had so long eluded the vengeance and mocked the majesty of Rome, was now but a chained culprit, awaiting her not questionable mercy.—H. W. HERBERT.

PIERRE ABELARD.

THE name of Abelard has ever been associated with that of Heloise, and the story of their unhappy love has won the sympathy of innumerable souls, while his own positive claim to recognition as a philosopher was practically unregarded until a comparatively recent date.

Pierre Abelard was born at Palet (or Palais), near Nantes, in 1079, as the eldest son of a noble Breton family named Bérenger. His tastes led him to renounce the career of arms for that of learning. The name *Abælardus* (variously spelled) is said to be a corruption of *Habelardus*, substituted by himself for a nickname, *Bajalardus*, given to him when a student. Filled with an irrepressible thirst for knowledge, and gifted with extraordinary quickness of apprehension, he early became an adept in the art of dialectics. A veritable knight-errant of philosophy, he traveled about from place to place, and from school to school, and at the age of twenty came to Paris. Here he attended the lectures of William of Champeaux, a renowned master of disputation, and soon attracted attention by his beauty and grace, and his marvellous facility of expression.

Presently, seizing his opportunity, Abelard vanquished his master in discussion, and set up a school of his own at Melun, whence, emboldened by success, he removed nearer to Paris, —to Corbeil. But his overtaxed powers gave way, and he had to retire to his home to recruit his forces. On his return he again worsted William of Champeaux, and, through his eloquence and subtlety, became more celebrated than ever.

It was at the most brilliant period of his career that the charms and accomplishments of Heloise attracted his attention, she being then eighteen and he thirty-eight. Stirred by a "violent and overwhelming passion," he sought and gained admission to the house of her uncle, Canon Fulbert, the young girl being placed entirely in his charge for instruction. His own selfish passion was answered by a true, deep love on the part of Heloise. Their relation soon interfered with his work, and his fame began to suffer, yet Abelard hesitated to bind himself by marriage. Heloise, afflicted, offered any sacrifice—shame itself—to enable him to regain his reputation. But he still hesitated, lacking the courage either to accept her self-sacrifice or to declare his love before all men. The too-confiding Fulbert, at last suspecting what was known to every one, closed his door against him ; whereupon Abelard carried off Heloise to Nantes, where she bore him a son. Returning to Paris, to implore Fulbert's forgiveness, he proposed marriage, to be kept secret, in order not to mar his prospects of advancement in the church. Heloise, for practically the same reason, would at first hear nothing of this marriage, but was finally persuaded, and it took place.

But the secret soon leaked out, and Abelard, fearful for his renown, and with the vanity and pride that so often accompany weakness of character, denied his ties, while his generous spouse readily cast a stain on her own name to aid him in proving his own virtue before his detractors. He persuaded this patient woman to take the veil at the Convent of Argenteuil, while he, re-established in the eyes of his followers, resumed his lectures and revived his popularity. But Fulbert, deprived of honor and happiness, sought a revenge that fell on Abelard with crushing force. Surprised at night in his house, he was punished with cruel mutilation. Overwhelmed by his ignominy, Abelard retired to the Abbey of St. Denis, where his zeal for reformation caused much irritation. Resuming his lectures, he gave offence, and was solemnly condemned in a council of the church at Soissons (1121). Fleeing to a desert spot in Champagne, Abelard soon found himself surrounded by his disciples, who built an oratory for him, which he named the *Paraclete*. But he was forced to seek a still

more inaccessible retreat in the Abbey of St. Gildas. Some ten years were spent in this wild spot, and then Abelard fled again, yielding under the peril of violent death. Having heard of the breaking-up of the Convent of Argenteuil, Abelard now bestowed the *Paraclete* on Heloise and her companions, and finding the gossip of his enemies still active, although he was now a monk of fifty-eight, he once more sought retirement in Brittany, where he wrote his famous *Historia Calamitatum.* By it Heloise was moved to pen her first letter, which "remains an unsurpassed utterance of human passion and womanly devotion," and which has been made familiar to English readers by Pope's exquisite paraphrase. But Abelard's many writings again alarmed the Church, and the great St. Bernard especially was vehemently opposed to this growing "heresy." Cited before the Council of Sens, Abelard preserved silence and was condemned. Going to Rome to plead his cause in person, he was retained on the way by Peter the Venerable, the head of the renowned Abbey of Cluny, who privately interceded for him with the Pope, and even seems to have brought about a sort of reconciliation between him and St. Bernard.

Abelard's last days were spent at Cluny, and on April 21, 1142, he died at the Priory of St. Marcel, where he was buried. But his remains were secretly carried off to the *Paraclete*, where Heloise survived him for twenty years, and was then buried beside him. In the beginning of the present century, their ashes were conveyed to Paris, and finally interred together in the Cemetery of Père-la-Chaise.

Though Abelard was long known mainly through his connection with Heloise, yet he exerted a decided influence on the minds of his contemporaries, and is to-day regarded as one of the first representatives of the rationalistic school. But in his attempt to emancipate reason he shocked the Church by promulgating such new doctrines in matters of faith. The life of this handsome, vain, weak, selfish, popular, capable and brilliant man has been pithily summarized by M. de Rémusat in the words, "He lived in agony and died in humiliation, but he attained glory and was loved."

ELOÏSA TO ABELARD.

In these deep solitudes and awful cells,
Where heavenly-pensive Contemplation dwells,
And ever-musing Melancholy reigns;
What means this tumult in a vestal's veins?
Why rove my thoughts beyond this last retreat?
Why feels my heart its long-forgotten heat?
Yet, yet I love!—From Abelard it came,
And Eloïsa yet must kiss the name.

Dear fatal name! rest ever unreveal'd,
Nor pass these lips, in holy silence seal'd:
Hide it, my heart, within that close disguise,
Where, mix'd with God's, his loved idea lies:
O write it not, my hand—the name appears
Already written—wash it out, my tears!
In vain lost Eloïsa weeps and prays,
Her heart still dictates, and her hand obeys.

Relentless walls! whose darksome round contains
Repentant sighs and voluntary pains:
Ye rugged rocks, which holy knees have worn:
Ye grots and caverns shagg'd with horrid thorn!
Shrines! where their vigils pale-eyed virgins keep,
And pitying saints, whose statues learn to weep!
Though cold like you, unmoved and silent grown,
I have not yet forgot myself to stone.
All is not Heaven's while Abelard has part,
Still rebel nature holds out half my heart;
Nor prayers nor fasts its stubborn pulse restrain,
Nor tears for ages taught to flow in vain.

Soon as thy letters trembling I unclose,
That well-known name awakens all my woes.
O name, forever sad! forever dear!
Still breathed in sighs, still usher'd with a tear.
I tremble, too, whene'er my own I find;
Some dire misfortune follows close behind.
Line after line my gushing eyes o'erflow,
Led through a sad variety of woe:
Now warm in love, now withering in my bloom,
Lost in a convent's solitary gloom!
There stern Religion quench'd the unwilling flame,

There died the best of passions, Love and Fame.
Yet write, oh! write me all, that I may join
Griefs to thy griefs, and echo sighs to thine.
Nor foes nor fortune take this power away;
And is my Abelard less kind than they?
Tears still are mine, and those I need not spare,
Love but demands what else were shed in prayer;
No happier task these faded eyes pursue;
To read and weep is all they now can do.
Then share thy pain, allow that sad relief;
Ah, more than share it! give me all thy grief.
Heaven first taught letters for some wretch's aid,
Some banish'd lover, or some captive maid;
They live, they speak, they breathe what love inspires,
Warm from the soul, and faithful to its fires,
The virgin's wish without her fears impart,
Excuse the blush, and pour out all the heart,
Speed the soft intercourse from soul to soul,
And waft a sigh from Indus to the Pole.
Thou know'st how guiltless first I met thy flame,
When Love approach'd me under friendship's name;
My fancy form'd thee of angelic kind,
Some emanation of the all-beauteous Mind.
Those smiling eyes, attempering every ray,
Shone sweetly lambent with celestial day.
Guiltless I gazed, Heaven listen'd while you sung,
And truths divine came mended from that tongue.
From lips like those what precept fail'd to move?
Too soon they taught me 'twas no sin to love:
Back through the paths of pleasing sense I ran,
Nor wish'd an angel whom I loved a man.
Dim and remote the joys of saints I see;
Nor envy them that heaven I lose for thee.
Canst thou forget that sad, that solemn day,
When victims at yon altar's foot we lay?
Canst thou forget what tears that moment fell,
When, warm in youth, I bade the world farewell?
As with cold lips I kiss'd the sacred veil,
The shrines all trembled, and the lamps grew pale;
Heaven scarce believed the conquest it survey'd,
And saints with wonder heard the vows I made.
Yet then, to those dread altars as I drew,

Not on the cross my eyes were fix'd, but you:
Not grace, or zeal, love only was my call;
And if I lose thy love, I lose my all.
Come! with thy looks, thy words relieve my woe,
Those still at least are left thee to bestow.
Ah, no! instruct me other joys to prize,
With other beauties charm my partial eyes,
Full in my view set all the bright abode,
And make my soul quit Abelard for God.
Ah, think at least thy flock deserves thy care,
Plants of thy hand, and children of thy prayer;
From the false world in early youth they fled,
By thee to mountains, wilds, and deserts led.
You raised these hallow'd walls: the desert smiled,
And Paradise was open'd in the Wild.
No weeping orphan saw his father's stores
Our shrines irradiate, or emblaze the floors;
No silver saints, by dying misers given,
Here bribed the rage of ill-requited Heaven:
But such plain roofs as piety could raise,
And only vocal with the Maker's praise.
In these lone walls (their days' eternal bound),
These moss-grown domes with spiry turrets crown'd,
Where awful arches make a noonday night,
And the dim windows shed a solemn light;
Thy eyes diffused a reconciling ray,
And gleams of glory brighten'd all the day.
But now no face divine contentment wears,
'Tis all blank sadness, or continual tears.
See how the force of others' prayers I try,
(O pious fraud of amorous charity!)
But why should I on others' prayers depend?
Come thou, my father, brother, husband, friend!
Ah, let thy handmaid, sister, daughter, move,
And all those tender names in one, thy love!
Yet here forever, ever must I stay;
Sad proof how well a lover can obey!
Death, only Death, can break the lasting chain;
And here, even then, shall my cold dust remain;
Here all its frailties, all its flames resign,
And wait till 'tis no sin to mix with thine.
Ah wretch! believed the spouse of God in vain,

Confess'd within the slave of love and man.
Assist me, Heaven! but whence arose that prayer!
Sprung it from piety, or from despair?
Even here, where frozen chastity retires,
Love finds an altar for forbidden fires.
I ought to grieve, but cannot what I ought;
I mourn the lover, not lament the fault;
I view my crime, but kindle at the view,
Repent old pleasures, and solicit new;
Now turn'd to Heaven, I weep my past offence,
Now think of thee, and curse my innocence.
Of all affliction taught a lover yet,
'Tis sure the hardest science to forget!
How shall I lose the sin, yet keep the sense?
And love the offender, yet detest the offence?
How the dear object from the crime remove,
Or how distinguish penitence from love?
Unequal task! a passion to resign,
For hearts so touch'd, so pierced, so lost as mine:
Ere such a soul regains its peaceful state,
How often must it love, how often hate!
How often hope, despair, resent, regret,
Conceal, disdain,—do all things but forget!
But let Heaven seize it, all at once 'tis fired;
Not touch'd, but rapt; not wakened, but inspired!
Oh come! oh teach me nature to subdue,
Renounce my love, my life, myself—and you.
Fill my fond heart with God alone, for He
Alone can rival, can succeed to thee.—A. POPE.

BERNARD OF CLAIRVAUX.

SAINT BERNARD, the most illustrious representative of mediæval monasticism, was born at Fontaines, near Dijon, in Burgundy, in 1091. Religiously inclined from early youth, he went into monastic seclusion at the age of twenty-two, entering the monastery at Citeaux. But he did not go alone: we are told that he drew thirty followers after him, among them his uncle and several of his brothers. So that from the very beginning he exerted that personal ascendancy that characterized his entire life. We are told that "mothers hid their sons, wives their husbands, companions their friends," for fear that his persuasive and earnest eloquence should draw them away.

This monastery at Citeaux had been founded some years before by Stephen Harding, an Englishman, the strictness and austerity of whose rules appear to have attracted the handsome, blonde, refined, delicate young Bernard, who himself had the very qualities to make him the "impersonation of an ideal monk." After two years, the abbot Harding (1115) chose this congenial spirit to aid in monastic reform by forming a new Cistercian convent in the forests of central France, in the valley of Wormwood (diocese of Langres). Thus was founded that famous abbey of Clairvaux, of which Bernard became abbot, and with which his name is definitely associated in history. The hardships that had to be endured at first by these monks were such that their leader fell very

ill, and recovered his strength only after his friend, William of Champeaux, had compelled him to recruit his forces by seeking rest and observing a healthful regimen. He remained a delicate man all his life, however, subjugating the body to the spirit.

His earnest piety turned his monastery into a model of its kind, and it is said that on his death, 1153, he left behind him 160 monasteries formed after his plan. And yet this man, who had renounced the world to adopt the humble and retired life of a monk, was forced by circumstances, and by the very personal influence that he exerted, to take a most active part in the affairs of the world. His influence soon began to extend beyond the sphere of his monkish order; his opinion became eagerly sought after by all: he was a "common arbitrator, counsellor and judge," "the oracle of Europe," as Gibbon called him.

The wide reach of his influence was first notably shown after the death of Pope Honorius II., in 1130. There were two claimants to the pontifical chair, Innocent II. and Anacletus II., and Christendom was divided into hostile factions. Bernard, summoned by King Louis VI. (the Fat) of France to attend a council, at Étampes, pronounced in favor of Innocent, and quelled the schism by finally, after several years, overcoming the partisans of the Anti-pope. But when this great work of unification was accomplished, two of the chief events of his life were yet to take place: his contest with Abelard, and the preaching of the second Crusade.

Peter Abelard, Bernard's senior by twelve years, formed a cause of disunion within the church. Attaining a great reputation as a subtle and dextrous reasoner, he had drifted from one school of philosophy to another, finally attacking theology. The French clergy, in alarm, again called upon their champion and guide, Bernard; but when a council was summoned at Sens in 1140, attended by the king, nobles, and prelates of France, Abelard came, confident of victory, while Bernard doubted his own power. But hardly had the latter begun his address, when, to the astonishment of all, Abelard refused to continue the contest, and left the assembly, with an appeal to Rome. But the Pope passed a sentence of

condemnation upon Abelard, and the latter sought refuge at Cluny, where he died soon after.

Soon there came news from the East that threw Christian Europe into a state of alarm and indignation: the infidel was in arms, Edessa was captured (1144). The Holy Land must again be freed from the yoke of the unbeliever, and the Pope appointed Bernard to preach the new crusade. The vehemence and eloquence of the Abbot of Clairvaux, notwithstanding his frail body and advanced years, rekindled the crusading fever into a blazing flame throughout France and Germany (1146). But the movement was an ill-fated affair: the Christian armies met with utter ruin, and Bernard, as the chief promoter, had to bear bitter reproaches.

This and other troubles bore heavily on his spirit, although he continued to take an active part in public affairs. Always sickly, his fasting and his restless activity had now reduced him to a veritable shadow, and death finally came as a welcome friend. His monks, who were earnestly praying for his recovery, he bade to "spare him and let him depart," and thus passed away on the 25th of August, 1153.

He was a noble enthusiast, fearless in his denunciation of wrong, intrepidly censuring kings and nobles, popes and haughty prelates, and exerting on all that strange, powerful influence that bowed the most obstinate and uncontrollable to his will. Nor were any affairs too small or any wrongs too slight to hold his attention: the remarkable series of letters from his pen were directed to all manner of people on all kinds of subjects. And again, his tender affection found vent in such hymns as the beautiful "O sacred Head now wounded" and "Jesus, the very thought of Thee." There were greater men in his time, deeper thinkers; but it seems as though what was noblest, and purest, and most pious in his age was concentrated in him, an heirloom from his devout mother. Notwithstanding bodily and mental afflictions, his spirit remained ever unconquerable. "Whenever a great necessity called him forth," says his friend and biographer Godfrey, "his mind conquered all his bodily infirmities." Though the church was everything to him, yet he sometimes showed a forbearance, a liberality not common in those times, as

when he protected the Jews from popular fury. He won praise from writers varying greatly in character and opinions, the long list including such extreme cases as the austere Calvin and the irreverent Voltaire. And Pope Alexander III., who canonized him in 1174, hardly conferred a greater honor upon him than did Luther when he pronounced him a "God-fearing and holy monk."

The Institution of the Knights Templars.

At this period the spirit of wild warlike enterprise, and that of stern monastic asceticism, stood in distinct contrast to each other, and ever and anon men were seen to recede from the rude career of knightly adventure, into the retirement of the cloister. The Crusades had effected an union between the warlike spirit and that of religious enthusiasm, and the men who had taken part in these wars (distinguished so remarkably in their object from all others), naturally enough conceived the idea of separating themselves from all other warriors by a particular mode of life, so as to bring the Crusades into harmony with their calling. This idea of dedicating themselves by a solemn vow to the holy war for life, was a very attractive one; and thus the plans of monkish association were formed among the crusaders.

In the year 1118, nine men of illustrious descent united for the purpose of keeping the road to the Holy Sepulchre open for pilgrims, and consecrated their lives to this object; taking the vows of chastity, poverty and obedience, as canons regular, before the Patriarch of Jerusalem. From their place of residence, which was the site of Solomon's temple, now occupied by a Christian Church, they were denominated Knights of the Temple (*Milites Templi*). For ten years the association subsisted without the observance of any fixed rule, and without any great extension of their fame, or any addition to their number. But at the council held for the dispatch of other ecclesiastical business, under the presidence of Mathew of Alba, the papal legate, at Troyes, in 1128, their order was to receive a more settled form, and a more solemn consecration.

The most eminent French prelates, and the presiding abbot of the already important Cistercian order were required to attend; and Abbot Bernard received a special summons from the legate, to participate in these affairs. He, however, excused himself on the plea of recent recovery from a severe illness, which had left him in a great state of exhaustion; he contrasts his position as a monk, with the state of restless employment into which he is impelled by the friends who refuse to listen to his excuses. "O my God," he exclaims, "how is it that Thy judgment should have erred in my case alone, that Thou shouldst have sought to make a monk of *me*, to hide me in the evil days beneath Thy tabernacle; me—a man necessary to the world, and without whom bishops are not able to regulate their affairs." But the legate refused to receive his apology, and persuaded him to assist at the deliberations at Troyes.

Bernard had great influence in the determination of the form which the new order was to receive from the council, although the rule which has come down to us as from this council, carries with it undisputed traces of a later origin. His recommendation and influence contributed greatly henceforward to its rapid extension, and at a later period he was earnestly solicited by Hugo-a-Paganis, the first grand-master, to endeavor, by his eloquence, to excite in the knights that spirit, which his own example had failed to arouse. He relied greatly on the effect of this appeal, and it was in consequence of this reiterated invitation, that Bernard wrote his "Commendation of the New Order of Knighthood."

Bernard begins by remarking those peculiarities of the Temple Order, which rendered it so attractive to the men of those times. "This is a new mode of warfare, unheard of in all former ages; an incessant struggle of a twofold kind; against flesh and blood on the one side, and 'spiritual wickedness in high places' on the other; a most marvellous struggle, for both of which the inner and the outward man prepares himself alike with his sword." From hence he takes the opportunity of working on the minds of the knights, so as most effectually to arouse their courage. "They live, they fight, they triumph most gloriously for Christ; and still more

gloriously do they die, for Him, the martyr's death. Other wars are stirred up by human passions, for unjust causes; and the soul of the victor is vanquished by the evil one, for he conquers as a murderer, and as a murderer he goes into condemnation; and even the survivor, inasmuch as he had the intention of murder in his heart, is, when he dies, delivered over to eternal death. The case is somewhat different with regard to self-defence, but even then victory is no luck." In accordance with his general principles he then declares that even the unbelievers may not be put to death, excepting where there are no other means of preventing their aggressions, and of restraining them from grievously disturbing the Christians.

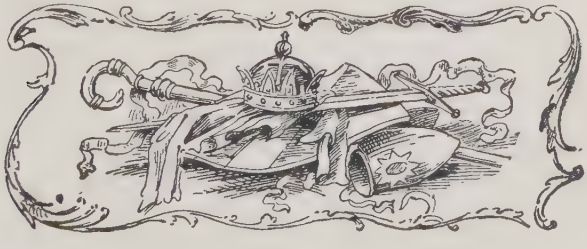
Bernard next draws a comparison between the general course of life of other soldiers and that of the Templars. "Ye cover your horses with silken trappings and gay cloths float over your coats of mail; ye paint your lances, shields and saddles; ye adorn your bridles and spurs with gold, silver and precious stones; and are these the insignia of warriors or of women? Ye yourselves have often experienced that three things are especially necessary to a knight; that he be bold, active and watchful; light of foot, and prompt to strike. But ye, on the contrary, have your hair long, after the fashion of women, to the disgust of the beholders; your feet are entangled in your long and flowing robes; and your hands buried in the folds of your wide and spreading sleeves." With these he contrasts the Templars. "They eschew chess and dice, and take no delight in hawking; soothsayers, buffoons, vain diversions, and mad frolics they hold in abomination; they cut their hair in remembrance of that saying of the apostle, 'It is a shame for a man to have long hair.' They are never gaily dressed; seldom washed, but choose rather to appear with uncombed hair, foul with dust, and embrowned by exposure to the sun."

What Bernard here says of the Templars, is characteristic of his contemporaries in general, who, at the touch of this enthusiasm, abandoned a course of lawless turbulence, passion and vice, and hastened to join the order, in hopes of atoning for their past sins, by dedicating their future lives to

the holy war; and many doubtless were indeed changed in heart, in consequence of this change in their external mode of life. "But," says Bernard, "the most salutary effect, the most auspicious aspect of the whole is, that this vast multitude that is streaming to your gates is, for the most part, composed of criminals, profane persons and robbers; of the sacrilegious, the perjured, the adulterous, and the murderers; whose departure hath a twofold advantage, and is productive of a twofold joy, since their absence is no less desirable to their friends, than their presence to those whom they come to assist."

The Templars were divided into three distinct classes: the milites, or commanders; the armigeri, or men-at-arms; and the clientes, or servants. They were expressly forbidden to wear any superfluous trappings when ordered out to battle, either on themselves or their horses. Their dress was to be a surtout of white wool. When they assembled at Jerusalem, they made profession of the rule of Benedict to Stephen, patriarch of that city, and were by him invested with the white mantle, their distinguishing garment. In 1146, Pope Eugenius the Third desired that this might be charged with the red cross, "to designate their readiness to shed their blood in defence of the Christian faith."

Their banner was white, "in token of their candor and ingenuousness;" and it was striped with black, "to show how terrible were the effects of their valor to the enemies of the name of Jesus Christ, the black stripes being symbolical of death." Their cross had two horizontal bars (✠). Forty years after their institution, when they held their first chapter at Jerusalem, their numbers were six hundred.—A. NEANDER.



RICHELIEU.

THE great French statesman who is known in history as Cardinal de Richelieu was the greatest of the prime ministers who bore ecclesiastical titles. He belonged to the noble but not wealthy family Du Plessis. His father, François du Plessis, Lord of Richelieu, had greatly distinguished himself in the army, and had held several important posts at the Court of the gallant King Henry IV.

Armand Jean du Plessis was born at Paris, on the 5th of September, 1585. He was the youngest of three sons; his two sisters married nobles of the French Court. He studied at the College of Navarre, and being at first intended to follow the profession of his father, was trained to arms, bearing then the title of Marquis du Chillon. But his elder brother Alphonse, Bishop of Luçon, having resigned his See, and retired into a Carthusian convent, it was decided, if possible, that Armand should succeed him in the diocese. He now studied divinity, and at the age of twenty took his doctor's degree. The Pope, however, objected to consecrate one so young as Bishop of Luçon. Armand himself repaired to Rome, and the Pope, being convinced of his fitness for the office, withdrew his objection.

Richelieu was then consecrated April 17, 1607, and having taken possession of his See, he diligently applied himself to the duties of his sacred office. In 1614, he sat as deputy of the clergy of Poitou in the assembly of the States-General, on which occasion he harangued the young King, Louis XIII.,

RICHELIEU AT THE SIEGE OF ROCHELLE.

and so pleased the queen-mother, Marie de'Médicis, that she made him almoner to the young queen, Anne of Austria. This post he soon sold for a large sum, and was thus enabled to appear with that splendor which satisfied the vanity and love of display, ever characteristic of the man. Richelieu was soon made Secretary of State; but when a quarrel arose between the king and queen-mother, which resulted in the latter being made an honorable prisoner in the Castle of Blois, the bishop was sent to his See, and shortly afterwards was banished to Avignon. Subsequently he acted as mediator between the young king and Marie de'Médicis, and acquired a permanent influence over both.

On the 25th of September, 1622, Richelieu was made a Cardinal, and on the 29th of April, 1624, through the influence of the queen-mother, he was again nominated to the Council of State. He soon became the chief minister of the crown, and continued in that position for the remaining eighteen years of his life. Cardinal de Richelieu had three great objects in view, towards the accomplishment of which he dedicated the whole energy of his wonderful capabilities. First, to humble the feudal power of the nobles, and to establish the absolute authority of the crown; second, the extirpation of the Huguenot party; third, to reduce the power of the House of Austria, and to strengthen and extend that of France. He succeeded in breaking down the power of the nobles, many of whom he sent to the scaffold on various pretences. He put to death Marshal de Marillac, the Duke of Montmorency, Cinq Mars, De Thou, and many more in a cruel manner. None were spared whom he supposed to stand in his way. The dungeons of France were filled with French nobility.

Richelieu's great political opponent was Gaston, Duke of Orleans, the King's brother, who used all his endeavors to wreck the power of the grasping Cardinal. Gaston entered into a conspiracy against Richelieu; but it failed, and, in consequence of its collapse, many of the Duke's friends were put to death. Gaston then issued a manifesto and openly revolted against Louis XIII., being assisted by the Duke of Lorraine, whose sister he had married. This revolt being quelled, Gaston was compelled to flee to the Spanish Netherlands, and

the estates of the Duke of Lorraine were confiscated by the French Crown. Marie de'Médicis, who had quarreled with the Cardinal, and was accused of keeping up a secret correspondence with the Spanish Crown, was obliged to leave France. On the 18th of July, 1631, she went into exile; and on the 12th of August, Louis published a declaration against her. She retired to Cologne, where she died eleven years later.

To accomplish his second object, namely, the annihilation of the Calvinists as a political party, Richelieu besieged in person, La Rochelle, the stronghold of the Huguenots, on the Bay of Biscay. Foiled in his attempt to take the city on the land side, he built a mole half a mile long across the mouth of the harbor. Twice the English tried to relieve the besieged; but no efforts could force an entrance, and the city surrendered to the Cardinal in 1628. The motives of Richelieu appear to have been political rather than religious; at all events he did not show himself after the victory either a fanatic or a persecutor. He granted a general pardon for the past, and secured religious tolerance to the Calvinists by a royal decree in 1629. When the faculty of theology of the University of Montauban, the principal seat of Calvinistic learning in France, came to visit him, he received them graciously. He told them that he could not greet them as a body of divines, nevertheless he was happy to meet them as men of learning.

Richelieu's third object, that of reducing the House of Austria, which, since the time of Charles V., had been the leading power of Europe, was now commenced. Unscrupulous as to the means he used to further his designs, he supported, first secretly and afterwards openly, the Protestants of Germany against the Emperor. The almoner of Richelieu, Père Joseph, a Capuchin friar, was employed as his confidential and trusty agent in all his diplomatic intrigues. This friar was his emissary to the camp of the Protestant princes and of Gustavus Adolphus, and also to that of Wallenstein. After the death of the two great champions, the Lutheran Gustavus Adolphus and the Catholic Wallenstein, the French troops carried on the war on the Rhine in concert with the Swedes against the Emperor. At the same time, Richelieu was assisting the Protestant Grisons against the Roman

Catholic insurgents of Valtelina, who were aided by the Spaniards. He also concluded an alliance with the States-General of the Netherlands to attack the Spanish possessions in Belgium, having determined to annex to France these lands as far as Antwerp. In this design, however, he failed. The French supported the Catalonians in the revolt against Spain, and Louis XIII. personally conducted the army and permanently added Roussillon to France in 1641. Richelieu also, being offended at the course of Charles I. of England, who refused a defensive league with France, gave some countenance to the Parliamentary party in its war with the King.

In 1639, Richelieu crossed the Alps with 40,000 men, conquered Savoy, traversed Piedmont and took Pimerolo. The peace of Cherasco strengthened the French influence in Italy. The principal result of all these wars was to circumscribe the imperial power in Germany, and to weaken the influence of Spain in the general politics of Europe. In the midst of all these victories, the Cardinal fell sick, and in December, 1642, died at the age of fifty-eight. Years before, he had said to Louis XIII.: "When your Majesty determined to give me, at the same time, membership in your councils and a large share in your confidence, the Huguenots divided the State with you, the nobles acted as though they were not your subjects, . . . I may say that foreign alliances were scorned. . . . I promised your Majesty to employ all my ability and all the authority it should please you to delegate to me in destroying the military power of the Huguenot party, in lowering the pride of the nobles, and in restoring your name to the position it should occupy among nations." In carrying out this predetermined policy he was eminently successful. He left France at the highest pitch of her glory, with the protest on his dying lips that all his "doings as a minister had been for the good of religion and of the State." This statement is noteworthy as giving his own view of his remarkable career and its results. He received a magnificent funeral, and a splendid mausoleum was raised to his memory in the Church of La Sorbonne.

Cardinal de Richelieu was versed not only in politics and

history, but in theology and general literature. He wrote several works, some on religious and controversial subjects, and others on political affairs. The best known of these are his Memoirs and his "Testament Politique." Amid his greatest and most arduous concerns, he never neglected to cultivate literature, and to show himself a patron of men of letters. He manifested a particular regard for persons of the religious orders, and advanced those who were most remarkable for their abilities and virtues. He was the founder of the French Academy; he established the royal printing press; he built the Palais Royal, then known as the Palais Cardinal. He also rebuilt La Sorbonne, which was founded by Louis IX. for students of theology; its faculty has become celebrated throughout the whole of Christendom.

Richelieu repressed the French nobility, which had long enjoyed an unbridled license in the state, yet he was not a systematic enemy of that order; rather, he favored it in what he regarded as its proper place. He was more severe and rigorous in opposition to the rising Third Estate. "All politicians" said he, "agree that if the people are too much at their ease, it will be impossible to make them conform to the rules of duty. If they are free from taxation, they will dream of being free from obedience." He wished them only to furnish merchants and soldiers. With such views he did not hesitate to impose onerous taxes and indulge in extravagant schemes and costly wars, which gave still more trouble to his successor than to himself.

Cardinal de Richelieu has been pronounced by Voltaire the true architect of the French monarchy and the parent of modern French civilization. He was a master of statecraft, and skillfully worked upon the prejudices and prepossessions of the rulers and nations with whom he had to deal. While he had extended views, great perseverance and acuteness, and a lofty mind, he was also revengeful, cruel and unscrupulous. Nevertheless, this man, who never showed mercy to those who opposed him, never punished misfortune, or even incapacity, where there was a real purpose of promoting his designs. Montesquieu says that Cardinal Richelieu made his master the second man in the monarchy, but the first in Europe; that he

depressed the king, but ennobled his reign. He was the heir of the designs of Henry IV. and the ancestor of those of Louis XIV.

The Siege of La Rochelle.

On the 28th of April, 1627, the English government issued a proclamation forbidding all commerce with France, which was answered by a similar proclamation on the part of Louis XIII., who left Paris on the 28th of June, to command in person the forces assembled in Poitou and Aunis to resist any attempt at invasion. The governor of the latter province, the Count of Toiras, had been directed to hasten the completion of the fortifications in the Isle of Ré, which had been undertaken since the last war as a new check upon La Rochelle. The expedition under the Duke of Buckingham, consisting of a fleet of a hundred ships of different sizes, with 7,000 English troops and 3,000 French Protestant refugees, the latter commanded by the Duke of Soubise, arrived in sight of the Isle of Ré on the 20th of July. If Buckingham had proceeded at once against Fort Louis, which had been left with a feeble garrison, the troops who occupied it having been removed to the Isle of Ré, it is probable that he would easily have made himself master of it, and the effect must have proved very disastrous to the French government. But the ambitious favorite had conceived the design of conquering the Isles of Ré and Oléron on the account of England, and turned a deaf ear to the counsels of the French Protestants, who pointed out the expediency of a descent at Fort Louis. Soubise then persuaded Buckingham to take possession first of the Isle of Oléron, which was ill-defended, while he proceeded himself to La Rochelle; but, during his absence, Buckingham changed his mind, and determined on proceeding immediately to the Isle of Ré, which was defended by two formidable forts, and where the Count of Toiras had under his command 3,000 excellent troops. The English accordingly effected a landing at the point of Semblanceau, on the 22d of July, after experiencing considerable loss from the resolute resistance of the French, who retired into the citadel of St. Martin, the strongest of the two fortresses. Instead of following up im-

mediately his first success, Buckingham intrenched his camp on the shore, and remained four days apparently in the expectation of being attacked, thus giving Toiras the time to complete hastily the fortifications of the citadel of St. Martin, and to prepare for a vigorous resistance. Then, instead of making himself master of the fort of La Prée, which was almost without defenders, Buckingham left that behind him, and proceeded to lay siege to St. Martin.

When Richelieu, who had been greatly alarmed by the first information of Buckingham's formidable armament, heard of the repeated errors he had committed, all his fears were banished, and he prepared with the greatest foresight and activity to assist the Count of Toiras. Meanwhile the garrison of St. Martin repulsed the attacks of the English with the utmost courage, while the extreme incapacity of the English commander became every day more apparent in the manner in which he carried on the siege operations, which at length he was obliged to turn into a blockade. At the same time, the English were not encouraged by the activity of their allies, for the Dukes of Savoy and Lorraine waited for some signal success on the part of Buckingham before they declared themselves, the Duke of Rohan found great difficulty in stirring the Protestants in the south, and even La Rochelle itself held back, although the Rochellois supplied the English camp with provisions. On the other hand, the King's army had been rapidly increasing, and on the 13th of August it encamped before La Rochelle.

Richelieu, who no longer feared the result of the ill-directed expedition from England, was glad to drive the people of La Rochelle into hostilities, and they at length rebelled against the royal authority at the beginning of September. Still, however, the English fleet held possession of the sea, and the garrison of St. Martin, which was cut off from all succor, was gradually reduced to extremities, when, in the night of the 7th of October, a large convoy succeeded, again through the ill-judged and negligent arrangements of Buckingham, in passing through the English fleet and penetrating to the citadel. Buckingham now saw the necessity of abandoning the siege; but he remained in his camp in expectation

of reinforcements from England. Through Buckingham's unaccountable negligence, a division of French troops was allowed to land in the island and take possession of the fort of La Prée; upon which the English commander had the folly to attempt, on the 6th of November, to carry the citadel of St. Martin by storm, and was repulsed with great loss. During the night of the 7th of November, the Marshal Schomberg landed from Oléron with another strong body of French troops, united with those at La Prée, and marched with them to St. Martin. Buckingham, instead of attempting to prevent the junction of Schomberg and Toiras, raised the siege during the night, and retreated to a point of land almost cut off from the rest of the island, and known as the Isle of Oie, from whence he re-embarked his troops, with the loss of the division which formed his rear-guard, which was cut off and destroyed by the French. On the 17th of November, Buckingham sailed back to England with all that remained of his forces, leaving La Rochelle to brave alone the vengeance of Richelieu.

The Cardinal-minister now resolved to let nothing divert him from the conquest of La Rochelle, and it was only when he took the direction of the siege into his own hands that any real progress was made in it. The town was extraordinarily strong by its position, and was protected by a powerful combination of fortifications, while it had the command of the communication by sea, and could thus receive provisions and reinforcements at will. On the other hand, the great lords and military commanders in the King's camp were disaffected to Richelieu's government, and were far from wishing that La Rochelle should be conquered. The Cardinal was well aware of this feeling, and labored assiduously to counteract it. He gained the affections of the inhabitants of the country around, and at the same time assured the provisioning of the camp, by strictly restraining the soldiers from plunder or outrage; while he gained the hearts of the soldiers by his attention to their comforts and by causing their pay to be delivered to them directly, instead of its passing through the hands of their officers, who had been accustomed to cheat both the men they had to pay and the ministers from whom they

received the money. The Cardinal next ordered formidable lines of circumvallation to be constructed on the land side, by which Rochelle was cut off from all communication with the country; and he persuaded the King to accept the proposals of the royal architect, Métezeau, and a mason of Paris named Tiriot, to throw an immense mole across the entrance of the channel which formed the communication of the Rochellois with the sea. This was the most arduous undertaking of all, and proceeded slowly, for often the violence of the sea came to destroy in an hour the work of many days, and it required all the obstinate energy of Richelieu to persevere in it.

At the end of the year 1627, the King's fleet began to assemble in the channel of La Rochelle, and was completed about a month afterwards by the arrival of the rest of the King's ships, under the command of the Duke of Guise, with a Spanish fleet of forty ships sent ostentatiously to Louis' assistance. On the 10th of February, 1628, the King, weary of the camp, quitted it and returned to Paris, leaving Richelieu in absolute command, but promising a speedy return. The Cardinal had other cares upon his mind besides those of the siege of La Rochelle, for intrigues were already at work to undermine his authority at home, while Spain, always a treacherous ally, was laboring to raise embarrassments abroad. The Spaniard hoped that Richelieu would be drawn to the rescue of the French interests in Italy, and that La Rochelle would not be taken, for he contemplated with great reluctance the victory at home which would have added so much to the strength of the cardinal's ministry.

Meanwhile Richelieu had unknowingly provoked another opponent. The queen-mother, who had hitherto been his firm ally in the court, could not understand the motives of patriotism which influenced him, and she saw in the earnestness with which he pressed the siege of La Rochelle and insisted on the King's presence in the camp, only a desire to escape from her influence and establish his power over the King independent of her. The ladies of Marie's court were not backward in encouraging her ill-humor, and a cabal was soon formed against the minister among the ultra-Catholics. Every effort was made by this party and by the queen-mother to per-

suade the King not to return to the siege of La Rochelle, but in vain, for Louis remained firm and performed the promise which he had made to his minister.

At this time, the army before La Rochelle consisted of an effective force of 25,000 men, and the works were nearly finished. On the 25th of April, 1628, a summons was sent to the town to surrender, but the Rochellois refused to receive it; for the violent party in the town had gained the superiority, and had elected for their mayor their brave admiral, Guiton, who, on being invested with his new title, threw a dagger on the council-table and declared that he only accepted the office on condition that he should be authorized to strike that weapon to the heart of any one who ventured to talk of surrender. At the same time deputies from La Rochelle signed an engagement with the English cabinet to enter into no treaty with their own sovereign without the agreement of the King of England, who promised to send without delay a powerful armament to their assistance. The English, however, were so destitute of money, that it was not till the 11th of May that the promised fleet, commanded by Buckingham's brother-in-law, the Earl of Denbigh, made its appearance. The Spanish fleet, which had remained about a month with the French, found an excuse for leaving them and returning home on the first rumor of the approach of the English, their admiral promising that a much larger Spanish fleet would be sent in the month of June to assist in a descent on the coast of England—a promise which Richelieu knew was not intended to be performed. Nevertheless, the English commander found that the approach to La Rochelle was now so well guarded by the mole, which was nearly finished, and by the numerous fleet assembled by Richelieu, that he did not venture a serious attack upon it; but, after considerable hesitation, returned to England on the 18th of May.

The misery had already become so great in La Rochelle, that the less zealous part of the population began to cry for surrender, and prevailed so far that negotiations were opened with the king; but Guiton caused these to be broken off on the 2d of June, on the receipt of a letter from the King of England, who assured the Rochellois of his resolution to pro-

tect them at all risks, and promised to send immediately a much stronger armament. Weeks, however, still passed on, and the misery of the besieged increased to such a degree, that towards the end of July it produced a mutiny among the populace. Guiton caused some of the most active of the mutineers to be hanged, and the terror produced by these executions prevented any repetition of the offence.

The King of England had not been regardless of his promise to succor La Rochelle, in spite of the difficulties with which he had to contend at home, and a large force was collected at Portsmouth, which was to be commanded by the Duke of Buckingham in person; but it was retarded for a moment by the assassination of that nobleman on the 23d of August: his successor in the command, Lord Lindsay, sailed on the 17th of September, and arrived with the whole fleet before Rochelle on the 30th. The sufferings of the Rochellois during this period had been excessive; but Guiton still remained firm, and he either prevented or broke off all attempts at negotiation. Strange stories are told of the impassive calmness with which he contemplated the sufferings that met his eyes on all sides. We are told that on one occasion, when one of his friends pointed out to him a person of their acquaintance who was dying of starvation, he replied, "Are you surprised at that? It is what both you and I must come to." Another told him that the whole population of the town were dying. "No matter," said he; "if there remain but one to shut the gates against the enemy, it will be enough!"

The joy was great on the appearance of the English fleet; but it was not destined to last long. Cardinal Richelieu's mole had now been completed, and such precautions had been taken to fortify both land and sea, that all Lord Lindsay's efforts to force a way into the besieged town failed, and he was obliged, by a storm on the 5th of October, to withdraw for protection to the roadstead of the Isle of Aix. The English commander had become convinced of the inutility of renewing the attack, and he attempted to negotiate, and obtained a fortnight's truce to give him time to communicate with England. During this period La Rochelle surrendered.

Even Guiton had at last yielded to the prayers of the inhabitants, and the deputies of the Protestant refugees who accompanied the English fleet met with those of La Rochelle in the royal camp. The only terms given to the town were a complete amnesty and freedom of worship; the refugees obtained, by a separate treaty, a full pardon for all who returned into France within three months.

The capitulation of the town was signed on the 28th of October, and the king's troops took possession of the place on the 30th. One-half of the population had died of hunger and exhaustion. The cardinal also entered Rochelle on the 30th of October. When the heroic defender of the place was introduced into his presence, and Richelieu asked him what he now thought of the two kings of France and England, Guiton is said to have replied, "I prefer having for my master the king who has taken La Rochelle, rather than him who did not know how to defend it." Soubise and one or two others of the Protestant chiefs refused to be parties to the treaty, and returned to England with Lord Lindsay. The old Duchess of Rohan and her daughter, who were in La Rochelle, also refused to be included in the capitulation, and were sent prisoners to Niort. La Rochelle was deprived of its municipal privileges, and was placed under the government of officers appointed by the king, and it was subsequently made an episcopal see.—T. WRIGHT.

THE PRIME MINISTER.

The following schedule of the necessary qualifications of a prime minister and of the duty of the King to him was drawn up by Cardinal Richelieu, and delivered to Louis XIII. by his confidential agent, Father Joseph. The King is said to have respected them and learned them by heart as ordinances of the church.

I. A prince ought to have a first minister, and this minister, three qualities:

1. That he should have no other attachment than to his prince.
2. That he should be prudent and faithful.
3. That he should be an ecclesiastic.

II. 1. A prince ought to be entirely attached to his minister.

2. Ought never to change his minister.

3. Ought to tell him everything.

4. Ought to give him free access to his person.

5. Ought to give him supreme authority over his people.

6. Ought to give him great honors and great wealth.

III. A prince has no more precious treasure than his minister.

IV. A prince ought not to believe anything that may be said against his minister, nor take any pleasure in hearing him slandered.

V. A prince ought to communicate to his minister everything that may be said against him, even when he has been made to promise that he will keep the secret.

VI. A prince ought to prefer not only the good of the State, but also his minister, to all his relatives.

RICHELIEU'S AMBITION.

SCENE.—*A room in the Palais Cardinal.*

Father Joseph. Yes—Huguet, taking his accustom'd round,—
Disguised as some plain burgher,—heard these rufflers
Quoting your name:—he listen'd—"Pshaw!" said one,
"We are to seize the Cardinal in his palace
To-morrow!"—"How?" the other ask'd;—"You'll hear
The whole design to-night: the Duke of Orleans
And Baradas have got the map of action
At their fingers' end"—"So be it," quoth the other,
"I will be there,—Marion de Lorme's—at midnight!"

Richelieu. I have them, man, I have them!

Jos. So they say
Of you, my Lord;—believe me, that their plans
Are mightier than you deem. You must employ
Means no less vast to meet them!

Rich. Bah! in policy
We foil gigantic danger, not by giants,
But by dwarfs.——The statues of our stately fortune
Are sculptured by the chisel—not the axe!
Ah! were I younger—by the knightly heart
That beats between these priestly robes, I would

Have pastime with these cut-throats! Yea, as when,
Lured to the ambush of the expecting foe,
I clove my pathway through the plumed sea!
Reach me yon falchion, Francois—not that bauble
For carpet-warriors—yonder—such a blade
As old Charles Martel might have wielded, when
He drove the Saracen from France.

(FRANCOIS *brings him a long two-handed sword*).

With this
I, at Rochelie, did hand to hand engage
The stalwart Englisher—no mongrels, boy,
Those island mastiffs!—mark the notch, a deep one
His casque made here,—I shore him to the waist!
A toy—a feather, then! (*Tries to wield and lets it fall*).
You see, a child could
Slay Richelieu now.

Francois (*his hand on his hilt*). But *now*, at your command
Are other weapons, good my lord.

Rich. (*seating himself, lifts the pen*).
True THIS!
Beneath the rule of men entirely great
The pen is mightier than the sword. Behold
The arch enchanter's wand—itself a nothing!
But taking sorcery from the master hand
To paralyze the Cæsars, and to strike
The loud earth breathless! Take away the sword—
States can be saved without it! (*Looking on the clock*).
'Tis the hour—
Retire, sir. [*Exit* FRANCOIS.

[*A knock—a door opens cautiously*].

Enter MARION DE LORME.

Joseph (*amazed*). Marion de Lorme!

Rich. Hist! Joseph,
Keep guard.

(JOSEPH *retires*).

My faithful Marion!

Marion. Good my lord,
They meet to-night in my poor house. The Duke
Of Orleans heads them.

Rich. Yes; go on.

Marion. His Highness

Much question'd if I knew some brave, discreet,
And vigilant man, whose tongue could keep a secret,
And who had those twin qualities for service,
The love of gold, the hate of Richelieu.

Rich. You——

Marion. Made me answer, "Yes, my brother,—bold and trusty:
Whose faith, my faith could pledge;"—The Duke then bade me
Have him equipp'd and arm'd--well mounted—ready
This night to part for Italy.

Rich. Aha!—
Has Bouillon too turn'd traitor?—So methought!
What part of Italy?

Marion. The Piedmont frontier,
Where Bouillon lies encamp'd.

Rich. Now there is danger!
Great danger! If he tamper with the Spaniard,
And Louis list not to my council, as,
Without sure proof he will not, France is lost!
What more!

Marion. Dark hints of some design to seize
Your person in your palace. Nothing clear—
His Highness trembled while he spoke;—the words
Did choke each other.

Rich. So! Who is the brother,
You recommended to the Duke?

Marion. Whoever
Your eminence may father!

Rich. Darling Marion!

[*Goes to the table, and returns with a large bag of gold.*]

There—pshaw—trifle! What an eye you have!
And what a smile, child!—(*kisses her.*)—Ah you fair perdition—
'Tis well I'm old!

Marion (*aside and seriously*). What a great man he is!

Rich. You are sure they meet?—the hour?

Marion. At midnight.

Rich. And
You will engage to give the Duke's dispatch
To whom I send?

Marion. Ay, marry!

Rich. (*aside.*) Huguet? No;
He will be wanted elsewhere. Joseph?—zealous,

But too well known—too much the *elder* brother.
Mauprat?—alas! his wedding day!
Francois?—the man of men!—unnoted—young—
Ambitious.—(*goes to the door*)—Francois!

Enter FRANCOIS.

Rich. Follow this fair lady:
(Find him the suiting garments, Marion;) take
My fleetest steed: arm thyself to the teeth;
A packet will be given you, with orders,
No matter what! The instant that your hand
Closes upon it—clutch *it,* like your honor,
Which death alone can steal, or ravish; set
Spurs to your steed—be breathless, till you stand
Again before me. Stay, Sir! You will find me
Two short leagues hence—at Ruelle, in my castle.
Young man, be blithe! for—note me—from the hour
I grasp that packet, think your guardian star
Rains fortune on you!

Fran. If I fail—

Rich. Fail!—
In the lexicon of youth, which Fate reserves
For a bright manhood, there is no such word
As—*fail!*—You will instruct him further, Marion.
Follow her—but at distance;—speak not to her,
Till you are housed.—Farewell, boy! Never say
"*Fail*" again.

Fran. I will not!

Rich. (*patting his locks*). There is my young hero!

Exeunt FRANCOIS *and* MARION.

Rich. So, they would seize my person in this place?
I cannot guess their scheme: —but my retinue
Is here too large!—a single traitor could
Strike impotent the fate of thousands.—Joseph,
Art sure of Huguet?—Think—we hang'd his father!

Joseph. But you have bought his son;—heap'd favors on him.

Rich. Trash!—favors past—that's nothing! In his hours
Of confidence with you, has he named the favors
To *come* he counts on?

Joseph. Yes—a Colonel's rank,
And Letters of Nobility.

Rich. What! Huguet?

(HUGUET *enters unperceived*).

Huguet. My own name soft!—[*glides behind the screen*].

Rich. Colonel and Nobleman!
My bashful Huguet—that can never be!—
We have him not the less—we'll *promise it!*
And see the King withholds.—Ah, kings are oft.
A great convenience to a minister!
No wrong to Huguet either!—Moralists
Say, Hope is sweeter than possession!—Yes—
We'll count on Huguet! Favors *past* do gorge
Our dogs—leave service drowsy—dull the scent,
Slacken the speed;—favors to *come*, my Joseph,
Produce a lusty, hungry gratitude,
A ravenous zeal, that of the commonest cur,
Would make a Cerberus. You are right, this treason
Assumes a fearful aspect:—but once crush'd,
Its very ashes shall manure the soil
Of power; and ripen such full sheaves of greatness,
That all the summer of my fate shall seem
Fruitless beside the autumn!

[HUGUET *creeps out.*]

Joseph. The saints grant it!

Rich. (*solemnly.*) Yes—for sweet France, Heaven grant it!—
O my country,
For thee—thee—only—though men deem it not—
Are toil and terror my familiars!—I
Have made thee great and fair—upon thy brows
Wreath'd the old Roman laurel:—at thy feet
Bow'd nations down.—No pulse in my ambition
Whose beatings were not measured from thy heart!
In the old times before us, patriots lived
And died for liberty—

Joseph. As you would live
And die for despotry.—

Rich. False monk, not so!
Not for the purple and the power wherein
State clothes herself,—I love my native land—
Not as Venetian, Englisher, or Swiss,
But as a Noble and a Priest of France;
'All things for France!'—lo, my eternal maxim!
The vital axle of the restless wheels

That bear me on! With her I have entwined
My passions and my fate—my crimes, my virtues—
Hated and loved, and schemed, and shed men's blood
As the calm crafts of Tuscan sages teach
Those who would make their country great. Beyond
The map of France, my heart can travel not,
But fill that limit to the farthest verge;
And while I live—Richelieu and France are one.
We priests, to whom the Church forbids in youth
The plighted one—to manhood's toil denies
The soother helpmate—from our wither'd age
Shuts the sweet blossoms of the second spring
That smiles in the name Father—we are yet
Not holier than humanity, and must
Fulfill humanity's condition—Love!
Debarr'd the Actual, we but breathe a life
To chill the marble of the Ideal.—Thus,
In the unseen and abstract Majesty,
My France—my Country, I have bodied forth
A thing to love. What are these robes of state,
This pomp, this palace? perishable baubles!
In this world two things only are immortal—
Fame and a People!

—Sir E. Lytton Bulwer.

ADMIRAL COLIGNY.

GASPARD DE COLIGNY, Admiral of France, was the greatest chief of the Huguenots. He was born at Châtillon-sur-Loing, February 16, 1517, and was the third son of Gaspard de Coligny, who was a Marshal of France, and died in 1534. His mother was Louise de Montmorency, a sister of Constable Montmorency—a daughter of the greatest of French houses. She was a grave, religious lady, who carefully trained her sons for the high station they were to occupy.

At the age of twenty-two Gaspard went to Court and formed an intimate friendship with Francis, Duke of Guise. He served with distinction in the campaign of 1543, and was wounded at the sieges of Bains and Montmédy. In 1544 he served in the Italian campaign under the Prince of Condé, and was knighted on the field of Cérisoles, April, 1544. Having been appointed colonel-general of infantry, he displayed great capacity as a military reformer. The rules he initiated became the basis of the French military code.

In 1552 Gaspard de Coligny was made Admiral of France, and as such was next in power to the Constable of France. In 1554 he contributed to the victory at Renty. Here a quarrel occurred between him and the Duke of Guise, which developed into an implacable enmity. Coligny was appointed governor of Picardy in 1557, and was intrusted with the de-

fence of Saint Quentin, besieged by the Spaniards. Here he displayed great courage and resolution, but was defeated (1557) and taken prisoner. He was confined in prison several months, until his liberation was purchased by a ransom of 50,000 crowns. Coligny, who had always been serious in thought and grave in deportment, was converted to Calvinism about the age of forty, and he was more truly devout and faithful than other Huguenot leaders. In 1560 Coligny and his brother Andelot, who, as admiral and colonel-general of the infantry respectively, were at the head of the army, were invited to court by Catherine de' Medici, who desired them to aid her with their advice. Coligny demanded toleration for the Protestants, among whom he was now the chief. He was a member of the Assembly of Notables which met in August, 1560, and there presented to the King the petition by which the Protestants asked for liberty of worship. He also made a courageous speech, in which he advocated the cause of the Protestants and opposed persecution. To this speech his mortal enemy, the Duke of Guise, made an intemperate reply. In 1561 Coligny presented to the States-General at Orleans a petition for the convocation of a free Universal Council and for liberty of worship. But the conflict of opinion and of belief was not thus to be decided.

When the civil war began in the spring of 1562, Coligny joined the Protestant army commanded by the Prince de Condé. The strict discipline for which this force became noted was due to Coligny. He was second in command at the battle of Dreux, in December, 1562, at which the Prince of Condé was taken prisoner. Coligny succeeded as commander-in-chief of the Huguenot army, and after the battle had lasted five hours he made a skillful retreat. His ability and prudence rendered him formidable after defeat, and the Duke of Guise was unable to follow up his victory. In February, 1563, the Duke of Guise was assassinated by Poltrot, who accused Coligny of being the instigator of that act. This charge, however, is refuted by all the circumstances and is not credible. The death of Guise removed a great obstacle to the restoration of peace, for the Catholic party had no general qualified to take his place. In March, 1563, the war was

ended for a time by the pacification of Amboise, which was a half-way measure by which neither party was satisfied.

Admiral Coligny, thoroughly aware of the difficulties of the Huguenots in France, sent several expeditions to America to secure a place of refuge for his persecuted brethren. The first attempt was made in Brazil. After that attempt had failed he sent, in 1562, Jean Ribault, a Protestant navigator, in command of a party to explore and colonize parts of North America. But this also was unsuccessful, though it pointed the way to later colonies.

In 1566 an assassin, who had been hired to murder Coligny, was detected and executed. When the renewal of the civil war became imminent, the Admiral opposed the resort to arms, and advised his friends to be patient. The Huguenots attempted to seize the person of the young King Charles, so as to remove him from the pernicious influence of the Cardinal de Lorraine; but they did not succeed. At the same time there was a general rising of the Huguenots in every quarter of the kingdom. In October, 1567, the Prince of Condé began to beleaguer Paris with a small army. The Parisians, deprived of part of their supplies of food, were impatient for a fight. In November, Constable Montmorency, commander of the royal army, offered battle to Condé at St. Denis. Coligny took part in this battle, which was indecisive, but the loss of Constable Montmorency, who was killed in that action, was a severe blow to the Catholic cause. In March, 1568, hostilities were again suspended by a treaty of peace signed at Longjumeau. Coligny opposed this treaty, because the Court did not give sufficient guarantees for its faithful execution, nor did it protect the Protestants from being persecuted and killed by Catholic mobs.

In August, 1568, the Court and the Guises formed a plot to seize Coligny and Condé, who were in Burgundy. With a band of about 150 friends, they made a secret and rapid march of several hundred miles, and escaped to Rochelle. They summoned the Protestants to rise for the defence of their lives and liberties, and prepared for the third civil war. In the winter following no important battles were fought; but both armies lost many men by disease. In March, 1569, the Duke

of Anjou defeated the Huguenots at Jarnac, where Condé was killed. The number of men killed in this battle was surprisingly small, for the defeated army lost only about 400 men.

The chief command devolved on Coligny after the death of Condé. The Admiral was no longer hampered by the authority of Condé's counsels, which had often verged on foolhardiness. He soon exhibited his consummate abilities so clearly that even his enemies were forced to acknowledge that they had never given him the credit he deserved. In July, 1569, he besieged the large city of Poitiers; but having lost many men by disease, he raised the siege in September. The parliament now convicted him of treason, and offered a large reward to any one who should arrest or kill him. Young Henry of Navarre joined the Protestant army at this time. Coligny, who had about 18,000 men, was opposed by the Duke of Anjou, who led 27,000. On the 3d of October, 1569, the Duke of Anjou attacked the Huguenots at Moncontour and gained a decisive victory. Coligny was wounded and lost nearly half of his army.

But in the following January Coligny had collected at Montauban an army of 21,000 men, with which he marched to Nîmes, having planned an expedition of which the objective point was Paris. From Nîmes he marched northward and executed his plan with great success. In June he encountered at Arnay-le-Duc a royal army of 13,000 men. During the long march of 1,200 miles, Coligny's army had been reduced to 5,000 well-disciplined veterans. The royal army attacked the Huguenots, and after an obstinate fight of seven hours was repulsed. The battle, however, was not decisive. Coligny continued his great march to his castle of Châtillon-sur-Loing, and came so near to Paris that the Court offered to treat for peace. A treaty of peace was concluded in August, 1570, by which toleration was again granted to the Protestants.

Having lost his first wife Coligny married, in 1571, Jacquelin d'Entremont. About the same time Coligny's daughter, Louise de Châtillon, was married to Charles de Téligny. He received from the King and his mother an invitation to court, which he accepted. In September he arrived at court,

which was then at Blois, and was received with warm expressions of favor. At the request of the King Coligny went to Paris early in 1572. In August several hundred Protestant nobles were gathered there also to witness the marriage of Henry of Navarre. Coligny was wounded by an assassin on the 22d of August, as he was walking in the street. Two days later occurred the massacre of St. Bartholomew, instigated by Queen Catherine, the Duke of Anjou and the Duke of Guise. Coligny was killed in his own house in the presence of the Duke of Guise. "As a type of the best class among the Huguenot nobility," says Baird, "Coligny deserves everlasting remembrance."

The Huguenot Leader.

Condé's death and the youth of Henry of Navarre made Admiral Coligny, for the first time, absolute master. It is chiefly in this, the last period of his military career, that we ever see his real genius. Crushed at Jarnac, he is ready a week later to take the field again. He wins the battle of Roche Abeille, he overruns Poitou, and the spirits of the Huguenots rise again.

Walter Raleigh fought his first battle in the ranks of the Huguenot army, under the banners of Condé and Coligny. He was one of the defeated side at Jarnac. Six months later, on the third of October, Raleigh was again among the Huguenots at the village of Moncontour, where they again stood face to face with the enemy. The disastrous day began badly. On the very morning of the battle the men mutinied for pay: they went into action with half a heart. The Huguenot army would have been destroyed as well as routed but for the desperate courage of Louis of Nassau, who broke through the enemy's line at the head of 1000 horse. Two days after Moncontour, arrived Sir Henry Champernoun with 100 English gentlemen volunteers—a welcome reinforcement.

Coligny, defeated but not cast down, was ready in a week with a new plan of action—if his men would only follow him—more audacious, more unexpected than any he had yet tried. But the men would not follow him. Worn out by so many defeats, overpowered by numbers always superior, they

were only anxious for peace to be made—peace at any price, on any terms that could be obtained. Coligny was determined that there should be no peace until religious liberty was obtained. Once more he wrote to Jeanne d'Albret for assistance. Once more that incomparable woman came to the camp, bringing with her the proceeds of all her jewels, which she had sold and pawned, and again harangued the soldiers. Her eloquence, coupled, no doubt, with the arrears of pay, revived the courage of the soldiers.

This was the blackest hour in Coligny's fortunes. Andelot, his brother and his dearest friend, dead; Odet a refugee in England; a price set upon his head, proclaimed a traitor by his King, blamed by his own friends for the defeats of Jarnac and Moncontour and the death of the Prince, commander of a beaten and dejected army—there seemed no gleam of hope. Why not give up a useless struggle? Why not, as his soldiers wished, make such terms as a victorious enemy would grant, and then, with his children and nephews, with Jeanne d'Albret, Henry of Navarre, young Condé, and Louis of Nassau, embark on board one of his own ships and set sail for England? Had he done so, he would have found apologists. He had done enough for honor, we should have said; he had sacrificed all—fortune, name, and ambition—to the cause. These were all gone. He left, the apologist would say, his country when he could give it nothing more. There is one thing more a man always has to give; it is the last thing—*it is his life*.

In the midst of these troubles, he heard that his splendid Castle at Châtillon had been pillaged, and all his treasures—his art collections, his books, everything—had been destroyed or dispersed.

"We must not," he writes to his boys after this intelligence, "count upon what is called property, but rather place our hope elsewhere than on earth, and acquire other means than those which we see with our eyes or touch with our hands. . . . Men have taken from us all they can. If such is always the will of God, we shall be happy. . . . Persevere with courage in the practice of virtue."

Behind his fortresses of Angoulême and St. Jean d'Angely,

he re-formed the wreck of his forces, and then started southwards by long and rapid marches, intent upon accomplishing one of the greatest military exploits on record. While the enemy believed him to be still lurking in the south, cowed by defeat, he would gather fresh troops as he went, and march from Languedoc due north, right across the country, to fall upon Paris itself. That was always in his mind. Paris his, the cause was won. Paris was the home of fanaticism; but Parisians are fickle. He had been their Governor, and knew them. He could silence the preachers, and, their voices stilled, the rest would be easy. Later events—when the Parisians shouted and gave thanks for the murder of Henry III., and afterwards received with "Noëls," Henry IV.—showed that the Admiral knew his people.

The great march began. The soldiers, cheered with the prospects of more fighting, sang as they marched. Besides his Frenchmen, Coligny had with him on this great adventure 3,000 reiters and the little band of Englishmen, who started 100 strong, and of whom twelve only were left at the end of the campaign. In Navarre, Montgomery, with the "army of the Viscounts," had gained a signal advantage over the Catholics. The Admiral intended first to effect a junction with his forces. Strengthened by the accession of numerous arquebusiers in Gascony, Coligny passed the last month of the year at Montauban.

Quite early in the next year, while the mountain passes were yet dangerous with the winter snows, he set out, in pursuance of his plan, to meet Montgomery, and turned his face northwards. The Court, in profound ignorance of his movements, believed him to be in the south, quiet and inactive. They were deceived: from every hamlet, from every hill of Béarn, the Vivarais, the Cevennes, the Huguenots poured forth from their hiding-places to join the Admiral's army, as snow gathers on the rolling snowball. Fighting his way through a hostile country, crossing swollen rivers whose bridges were broken, camping in villages whose people had fled, leaving, perforce, his wounded behind him, to be reckoned with the dead, he lost 6000 men between Nismes and St. Étienne; but the spirits of his men were high, as those should

be whose all is risked upon a single chance. Among the men rode young Henry of Navarre, the boy general, whose strength and spirits never failed; with him was the little Prince of Condé; and with Coligny, at his right hand, was Louis of Nassau.

The first and only check was at St. Étienne, where Coligny fell ill. For a week his life was despaired of, and already the chiefs had their eyes fixed on Louis of Nassau as a probable successor, when the Admiral recovered unexpectedly and suddenly, and sprang into the saddle again. Two messengers from Catherine, who was trying her usual Fabian policy, were waiting his recovery. They would treat with no one else. "The Huguenot cause," said one of the chiefs, "does not depend on the illness or death of the Admiral." "If he were dead," replied Goutant Biron, the ambassador, "we would not offer you a cup of water." It was true: there were others, gallant captains, soldiers as brave as Andelot, statesmen as wise as Odet, *beaux sabreurs* like Montgomery and La Rochefoucauld; but there was no leader of the Huguenots beside Coligny. One other there had been—Condé—but he was dead, one other there might have been—Jeanne d'Albret—but she was a woman. It was Coligny who thought for all, worked for all, provided for all. It was Coligny who disciplined the unruly soldiery, trying to maintain among them, even in civil war, the virtues of the Christian life; only for Coligny would the jealous chiefs work in concert; to the common sense of Coligny only would the fanatic ministers defer their zeal; he it was, and none other, whom his party trusted. And—which has been given to few men—it was Coligny alone whom the Catholics trusted. There can be no stronger tribute to his worth than the fact that even Catherine, the Queen of Lies, trusted implicitly the word as well as the strength of the Admiral. "Were the Admiral dead, she would not offer the Huguenots a cup of water."

He did not die; he recovered, and pushed on. Fresh messengers came to parley; the Court was panic-stricken. At Arnay-le-Duc, in Burgundy, he met Corse with 12,500 men, and beat him with 7,000; he pushed on to La Charité, and was within forty miles of Paris before the Catholics could

realize the fact that he was not still hiding behind St. Jean d'Angely. Catherine gave way, as she always did, trusting once more, like her ally, Philip of Spain, to time. On the 8th of August, 1570, a treaty was signed at St. Germain-en-Laye, which gave the Reformed liberty of religion in every town they then held, complete civil equality, freedom from all disabilities in the universities, schools, and hospitals, and, as guarantees of good faith, the towns of La Rochelle, Cognac, Montauban, and La Charité. It was a peace that granted more than any previous one, because it was the doing of Coligny alone. There were real guarantees this time, besides the perjured faith of Catherine; and Coligny's work, for the first time in his life, so far as the Huguenot cause, seemed accomplished.—W. BESANT.

THE MURDER OF COLIGNY.

Catherine finally resolved to destroy Coligny, and with him his party. Men sent warning letters to the Admiral, but he laughed at them, for his influence was greater than ever with the King. On the 7th of August he wrote to La Rochelle, thanking God that the King's mind was turned to the preservation of the peace. On the 11th William of Orange prayed him to hasten his departure for the seat of war. On the 18th, they celebrated in great amity the marriage of Henry of Navarre and Margaret at the Cathedral of Notre Dame. The Admiral pointed to the flags which had been captured at Jarnac and Moncontour, promising soon to replace them by others more worthy of France. These others were never to be hung there, because the Admiral had now but a week to live. To his young wife he wrote, betraying a certain uneasiness, though all seemed well.

Meantime, one Maurevel, a hired assassin, the servant of the young Duke of Guise, a prince who inherited his father's courage and strength of will, without any of the chivalrous qualities which had commended him to young Gaspard de Coligny, was already taking his measures.

On the morning of the 22d of August, the Admiral was invited by the Duke of Anjou to settle a difference between two of his gentlemen. The arbitration concluded, he left the

Louvre to return to his own hotel. On the way he met the King going to play tennis with the Duke of Guise, and accompanied him as far as the tennis court, where he left him, and turned homewards, followed by ten or twelve gentlemen. At the corner of the Rue Betizy, a man offered the Admiral a petition, which he received and began to read, walking slowly along the road.

Suddenly there was a report from a corner house. The Admiral dropped the paper, one finger of his right hand being broken and his left arm grievously wounded. Maurevel's shot had wounded, but had not killed him. So far, for the Guises, it was a *coup manqué*, a bungling attempt at murder.

They carried the Admiral to his own house, which stood hard by. The King, hearing the news, threw down his racquet, crying, "Am I never to have any peace?" and sent his own physician, Ambrose Paré, to attend to the wounds. Paré, the most remarkable surgeon of the century, was an avowed Huguenot, and owed his life at the massacre to the personal intervention of the King.

Paré found the wound comparatively slight. One finger of the right hand was broken, and there was a flesh wound in the left arm; it was a wound which, with care, would heal up in a few days. There was, however, the danger that the bullets, which were of copper, might have poisoned the arm. "My friends," cried the Admiral to his friends who stood round him in lamentations and tears, "why do you weep for me? I hold myself happy to have received these wounds for the cause of God."

In the afternoon the King himself—accompanied by Catherine, the Duke of Anjou and all his Court—called upon the wounded man. The accounts of the interview are somewhat uncertain. It is, however, tolerably clear that the Admiral conversed with the King in a low tone upon the Low Countries and the Edict of Pacification. Presently Catherine requested to see the bullet. "You bear the pain," said Charles, "for the moment, but I bear a perpetual pain: par la mort Dieu, I shall take such revenge that it shall never be forgotten."

I have always been inclined to disbelieve that Charles,

when he paid this visit, had actually resolved upon the massacre. Not only does the character of the King, his behavior immediately before the attempted assassination and immediately after it, refute that charge, but the balance of evidence —such evidence as exists—seems to me against it. On the other hand, there is everything to prove that the massacre of St. Bartholomew had been already resolved upon, and that Catherine, the Duke of Anjou, and Guise were the authors of the plot.

This attempted assassination took the Court and everybody, except Guise, entirely by surprise. After the King's visit to the Admiral, a council was hastily called together; the King, Catherine, Anjou, Guise were there. Tavennes, who was also present, has described what passed. They saw nothing before them but more civil war. Already the Huguenots were mustering in the streets, loudly demanding justice, and making demonstrations before the hotels of Guise and d'Aumale; already they named the real murderer as Guise himself. More civil war; the country exhausted; the blood of thousands spilled; France longing for peace: how was that peace to be secured? To the mind of Catherine one course only presented itself—the course recommended years before by Alva: let them murder all the chiefs. Charles—what can be said in adequate pity and loathing?—consented. Should they kill young Condé and Henry of Navarre? Tavennes dissuaded them. No doubt Catherine and Guise thought that he could be murdered afterwards. Sufficient for the day would be the murder of Coligny, La Rochefoucauld, and all the rest of the Protestant chiefs in Paris.

While this council was being held at the Louvre, another was held in the Admiral's hotel. Paré reassured the assembled chiefs as to the wound. Should they carry away the patient, and, all together, leave Paris? This course was debated and relinquished only on the persuasion of Téligny, who vouched for the King's good faith. They decided to remain; they would trust once more in the word and honor of that Italian woman who had so often betrayed them; who for thirteen years had ruled and troubled France. They were to expiate the folly of that confidence with their lives.

It was Guise who arranged the details and reported, on Saturday evening, that all was ready. Every good Catholic was to be known by a strip of white linen round his arm and a white cross in his hat. The Captains of the Quarters and the Swiss were waiting the signal. On that Saturday night the King sat late in the Louvre. With him were his mother and his brother. He was pale, trembling and agitated. She, cold, calm and resolute, urged him to give the signal. It was already half-past one on Sunday morning. At that moment the thought of his treachery mounted to his brain. He hesitated; a cold sweat broke out upon his forehead. Then that woman, the tigress, maddened him. She knew how to madden men as well as to corrupt and destroy them. She called him coward. Charles sprang from his chair—"Begin, then," he cried.

Then they waited for the signal to be given. The sound of a pistol was heard; Charles started and would have sent word to Guise to precipitate nothing. His mother told him it was too late. The great bell of St. Germain l'Auxerrois began to toll. It was after two o'clock in the morning. And then the streets of the sleeping city, quiet in the warm air of an August night, became suddenly filled with armed men crying, "For God and the King."

The leader of them all was the Duke of Guise; followed by his uncle, the Duke d'Aumale, the Chevalier d'Angoulême and 3,000 soldiers, he rushed to the Admiral's hotel. They knocked at the outer gate, calling for admission in the King's name. It was opened. The man who stood to receive them was immediately murdered. The inner gate was forced open. The household was by this time aroused; they barricaded the passages—a feeble defence, which served for the servants to reach the upper part of the house. Coligny was awake; his minister, Merlin, was praying with him. A valet rushed into the room: "Sir," he cried, "the house is broken open and there are no means of resistance." "I have long been prepared to die," answered the Admiral. "Save your lives if you can; you cannot save mine. I commend my soul to the mercy of God." Then for a brief space he was left alone, save for his German interpreter, who remained with him.

They found him—Guise's murderers—leaning against the wall, being weak and feeble after his wound, and unable to stand. The first who entered was one Besme, a servant of the Duke's. "Are you the Admiral?" he asked.

"I am," replied Coligny. Then looking in the face of his assassin he said, calmly—"Young man, you ought to consider my age and my infirmity; but you will not make my life shorter"—meaning that he was already, by reason of his wounds, at the point of death.

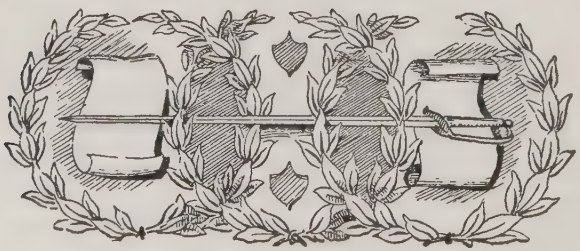
Besme plunged the sword into his breast, and gave him a second blow upon the head. The other soldiers, who had crowded into the room, despatched him with daggers.

"Besme! Besme!" cried the Duke of Guise from below, "is it done?"

"It is done, my lord," answered the servant.

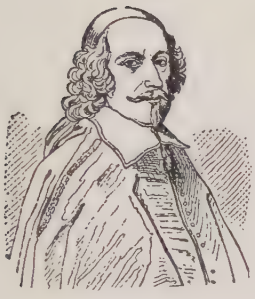
To satisfy his master he threw the dead body out of the window into the court-yard. The Duke of Guise, wiping the blood from the dead man's face with his handkerchief, looked upon the well-known features of his enemy: "I know him," he cried joyfully; "it is he." He kicked the dead body with his foot and left it there, calling on his companions to go on with the good work in the name of the King.

Sixteen years later the body of this same Henry, Duke of Guise, was lying before another murderer—Henry the Third—who, as Guise had treated the dead body of Coligny, so treated the dead body of Guise, with a brutal kick.—W. BESANT.



LOUIS XIV. DECLARES HIS ATTACHMENT TO MAZARIN'S NIECE.

MAZARIN.



CARDINAL MAZARIN was one of the great ecclesiastics who have borne a prominent part in the affairs of France. He was the friend, pupil and successor of Richelieu, but was inferior to his master. The contrast between their characters and methods was very great, yet their ends were the same—the establishment of absolutism in France.

Giulio Mazarini, to whose name was afterwards given the French form, Jules Mazarin, was born at Piscina, in the kingdom of Naples, on the 14th of July, 1602. He belonged to a noble Sicilian family, and was educated at Rome. He also studied law at the Universities of Alcalá and Salamanca, in Spain. He was early engaged in the papal military service, and was employed in negotiations with the French and Spanish commanders in Italy. He was then transferred to the civil service, and in 1629 was made internuncio at Turin. His duties in this position led him, in the next year, to Lyons, where he was presented to King Louis XIII., and afterwards to Cardinal Richelieu.

Richelieu soon perceived Mazarin's great diplomatic ability and ambition, and by his splendid offers won him over to the service of France. In 1634, by the influence of Richelieu, Mazarin was made Vice-Legate of Avignon, and in 1641 Pope Urban VIII. made him a cardinal. On the death of Richelieu, in December, 1642, Mazarin was made a member of the Council of State, and on the death of Louis XIII. in May, 1643, the widowed queen, Anne of Austria, made him Prime

Minister. From her known hostility to Richelieu, her selection of Mazarin as his successor caused general surprise. Yet it is evident that her choice was proof of her discernment. Mazarin was a foreigner, and therefore completely dependent on the hand which had raised him. He was not connected with any powerful party, and therefore the queen could make full use of his abilities without being in danger from his ambition. He had a strong, foreseeing, inventive mind, a supple character and persevering industry. He was not swayed by personal likes or dislikes, but solely by calculation. The Italian cardinal was, therefore, the queen's obedient, faithful servant.

The war in Flanders was prosecuted to a successful termination, under the able leadership of the Duke of Enghien, afterwards known as "the Great Condé;" and Mazarin had the pleasure of concluding the "Peace of Westphalia," in 1648, by which France acquired Alsace, except Strasburg, and the seignory of the bishoprics of Metz, Toul, and Verdun. But while his foreign policy was thus successful, the country was soon plunged in domestic broils. One of the first effects of Mazarin's appointment had been to alienate from the queen the party of the noblesse. The nobility, crushed by Richelieu, had attached itself to the queen during her disgrace with the king, which was inspired by that haughty statesman. Mazarin advised her to resist the demands of her former partisans, and the consequence was a general conspiracy against the queen and the minister. But its leader, the Duke of Beaufort, was summarily sent to prison, and the Duchess of Chevreuse, who had been the bosom friend of the queen, was exiled from the court.

But the discontent with the new rule was not confined to the nobility. A general outcry was raised against the foreigner. The great middle class, or bourgeoisie, which was now rising into wealth and political importance, was inflamed against the imposition of new taxes, which Mazarin declared necessary on account of the expenses of the long war. Magistrates of this class, who had purchased their offices under Richelieu, now used their power to resist the royal edicts. The Parliament of Paris and the people of the city supported

the opposition. The queen ordered the magistrates to be imprisoned, and when a mob surrounded the palace to demand their freedom, threatened to fling the heads of the captives in the streets. Soon, however, by the advice of Mazarin, she released them; but this was done only to gain time.

In February, 1649, Anne of Austria, thinking Paris no longer safe, fled to St. Germaine en Laye, accompanied by her children, by Mazarin, the Duke of Orleans, and the Prince of Condé. The latter had been implored by the queen, with tears in her eyes, to act as protector to the king, and he consented. Anne was obliged to pledge her jewels and those of the Crown to obtain money. The king himself was often in want of necessaries. Most of the court were obliged to sleep on straw. This humiliation seems to have made a deep impression on the mind of the child Louis, and to have contributed to render him mistrustful, arbitrary and stern.

After some fighting, a sort of peace was made in the spring of 1649, and the court re-entered Paris in the month of August. The Prince of Condé became discontented, and incurred the displeasure of the queen. Although he had been the means of appeasing the civil war, he was imprisoned first at Vincennes, and afterwards at Havre. In 1650, the great nobles and other Frondeurs began again the civil war; and in 1651, the queen ordered the release of Condé. This prince returned to Paris; but in the latter part of the year retired into Guienne, and there set up the standard of revolt. Anne of Austria had been compelled to send Mazarin out of the kingdom; but he now returned to court and to power. The court left Paris and removed to Poitiers, but were obliged to retreat before Condé, who had been joined by a great number of nobles. He took possession of Paris. Turenne, who had now come over to the royal party, held the command of the king's army. An engagement occurred at St. Antoine, near Paris; but with little advantage on either side. Many tumults and assassinations took place in the capital, where the great obstacle to the restoration of royal authority appears to have been the extreme dislike entertained for Mazarin. It was so strong that the obnoxious minister was again sent into exile on the 12th of August, 1652.

Immediately after Mazarin's departure, a deputation of citizens waited upon the king, and entreated him to return to Paris. He did so, and tranquillity was restored. Condé emigrated to join the Spaniards. The Duke of Orleans was banished to Blois, and the Cardinal de Retz, one of the chief instigators of the disturbance, was arrested in the Louvre, and conveyed from prison to prison. Such was the termination of the Fronde. The arrogance of the nobles was again reduced within those limits which the policy of Richelieu had dictated. Mazarin was recalled. His influence with the queen was greater than ever. He did not hesitate to use his power and opportunity to enrich himself, and to promote the fortunes of his beloved nieces, the Mancini, and secure them husbands of high rank. Yet when the young king fell desperately in love with Marie de Mancini, and eagerly pressed for the queen's favor for the match, the Cardinal, from his sense of duty to the State, would not permit their union. He caused Marie to withdraw from the court, and even induced Louis to acquiesce in her departure. She was afterwards married to the Constable Colonna of Rome.

In 1654 Louis made his first campaign in Flanders against the Spaniards. Condé, at the head of the enemies of his country, laid siege to Arras, which was, however, relieved by Turenne. In 1655 Mazarin was induced to form a treaty of alliance with the Protector Oliver Cromwell against Spain. The exiled princes of the English royal family, on the downfall of their cause at home, had sought refuge in a country of which the reigning king was nephew to their mother, Henrietta Maria; but Cromwell insisted peremptorily on their expulsion, and to this demand Mazarin, on behalf of Louis, consented.

In 1657 the Emperor Ferdinand III. died, and Mazarin intrigued to prevent the election of his son Leopold, and to obtain the imperial dignity for Louis XIV. He began by supporting, through his agents in the Diet, the pretensions of the Elector of Bavaria, and representing and exaggerating the danger to the liberties of Germany which would attend another election of an Austrian prince to the imperial throne. It was soon found, however, that the Elector of Bavaria was

not likely to be nominated, and Mazarin then intrigued separately with the electors in favor of Louis. He bribed, by actual disbursement of money and ample promises of territorial aggrandizement, the archbishops-electors of Treves and Cologne, as well as the elector-palatine, and even the Elector of Brandenburg. Had he succeeded in gaining over the Elector of Mayence, John Philip de Schönbron, Chancellor of the empire, Louis XIV. would have succeeded. Louis himself repaired to Metz, his army being encamped in the neighborhood, as if to support his pretensions. The Cardinal sent to the Diet at Frankfort, Turenne and M. de Lyonne, to further his object. In his instructions he empowered them to offer to the Elector of Mayence 300,000 livres, besides a revenue of 90,000 more for his relations, and, if necessary, to send at once to Frankfort the value of 1,200,000 livres in plate and other valuable objects as a security. The Elector of Mayence, however, adjourned the election to the following year. He wrote to Leopold of Austria, son of Ferdinand, promising him his vote. The other electors kept the money they had received from Mazarin, and turned also in favor of Leopold, who was unanimously elected in 1658. From that time began the bitter animosity of Louis XIV. against Leopold, which lasted half a century, and was the cause of three long and sanguinary wars.

Meantime the war with Spain was brought to a close in November, 1659, by Cardinal Mazarin, by the treaty of the Bidasoa, in which the marriage between the Infanta, Maria Theresa, daughter of Philip IV. of Spain, and Louis XIV., was concluded. Spain gave up Artois and Roussillon, and stipulated for a free pardon to the Prince of Condé. Mazarin also abandoned Portugal. Maria Theresa brought to Louis a dowry of 300,000 gold crowns, in consideration of which the Princess renounced all pretensions to the throne of her father. Mazarin so arranged it that the renunciation should be legally void; he expressly made it dependent upon the exact payment of the dowry, which he knew the Spaniards would never be able to pay. Thus he paved the way for the future claims of the House of Bourbon. The new queen was married and made her entrance into Paris in 1660.

In February, 1661, Mazarin concluded at Vincennes a third and last treaty with Charles, Duke of Lorraine, by which Strasburg, Pfalsburg, Stenai, and other places were given up to France. Nine days after this treaty was signed Mazarin expired at Vincennes, at the age of fifty-nine, in despair at leaving his beautiful paintings, his statues, his books, affairs and life. He left a large fortune to his nieces and to his nephew, whom he made Duke of Nevers. Mazarin was more successful at the close of his career, in his treaties of peace, than he had been in his wars and former negotiations.

The Child-King's Bed of Justice.

On Sunday, the 19th of April, 1643, King Louis XIII., who had been confined to his bed for a fortnight at the chateau of Saint-Germain, felt his death drawing nigh. His eldest son Louis, born on the 5th of September, 1638, was not yet five years old. In accordance with the practice of the royal family of France, the child was to reign after the death of his father, but he should have a guardian until he reached his majority. Louis XIII. would leave a wife and a brother, both of whom he held in equal distrust. His brother, Gaston, Duke of Orleans, had spent his life conspiring against him. His wife, Anne of Austria, a Spanish princess, had taken part in the intrigues carried on against the ministers of the king, indeed her favorites were the open adversaries of her husband's policy. Since Richelieu had been at the head of affairs, France had waged an incessant warfare against the Emperor and his ally, the King of Spain; it had fought against them in the Thirty Years' War, and at length had brought them low. Richelieu had just died; but his policy was being continued by one of his faithful agents, the Italian Mazarin, now a cardinal, thanks to the patronage of the King of France. Louis XIII. entertained fears lest Anne of Austria, attached to the Court of Spain, should make peace immediately after his death, and abandon those conquests that had cost so much money and so much bloodshed. Usage, however, required that the mother of the young king should be his guardian; but Louis XIII. endeavored to deprive her at least of the control of the government's policy by forcing upon her a council

of experienced men whose business it would be to decide on all important matters.

On the 20th of April, the king's chamber was filled with high personages summoned thither by royal command. The queen was there with her two sons, the Duke of Orleans, the Prince of Condé, Mazarin, the Chancellor, the Secretaries of State, the dukes and peers, the grand officers of the crown. The king lay on his bed, the curtains of which were drawn aside, the queen sat on a chair at the foot of the bed, all the others were standing.

Louis XIII. ordered one of the Secretaries of State to read the document containing his last will and testament, and the secretary read forthwith in a loud voice the "Instructions for the regency and the administration of the kingdom after the death of the king." The document rehearsed how the king had thought fit to devise measures for the preservation of the peace and the tranquillity of his States in the event of his demise. Following the example of his predecessors, he intrusted the bringing up and the education of the young king to the child's mother, than whom no one could be more interested in the preservation of his person and of his crown: the queen should therefore remain regent until her son attained his majority, which in the royal family of France was at the age of fourteen. Furthermore, the Duke of Orleans was appointed lieutenant-general to the king. But neither the regent nor the lieutenant-general could govern at will. The king hereby appointed a council consisting of the Prince of Condé, Cardinal Mazarin, the chancellor, the superintendent of finances, and the Secretary of State, Chavigny, with a strict injunction that no alteration should be made in these appointments for any motive whatsoever. Should any one of the members of the council happen to die, the others should appoint his successor. The queen was to take the advice of this council on all questions of peace and war, on the expenditure of public money, and on appointments to all the offices of the crown. "The great and important affairs of the State" were to be decided upon in this council by a majority of votes.

When the Secretary of State had finished reading the document, the king took it from his hands, added thereto the

words, "The above is my most express command and my last will, which I order to be carried into execution," and signed it. He then handed it to his wife and his brother for their signatures and made them take an oath that they would observe what was contained therein. Then the chancellor went for a deputation from the Paris Parliament who had been waiting in a neighboring apartment, and ushered them into the royal chamber. The king told them that he had just set the government of his kingdom in order in case God should summon him before Him, and that his brother would convey his orders to Parliament on the following day; he commanded them to receive his last will and place it on their records with all the obedience that they owed him. The first president assured him that Parliament was ready to obey him in everything.

On the 21st of April the Duke of Orleans, accompanied by the chancellor, brought the will of the king to the parliament. It was read before all the Chambers gathered together for the purpose. Advocate General Talon delivered a long speech in which he thanked the king, eulogized the queen, and expressed the hope that both she and the princes would hearken to the advice of the illustrious persons whom the king had appointed, and who could harbor none but legitimate intentions and no other designs but such as would be for the public welfare. He concluded with a motion that the king's will be registered, and that a duplicate of the same be forwarded to the other Parliaments of the kingdom. The motion was adopted unanimously.

The king fondly believed he had taken the necessary steps to circumscribe the authority of the queen. But those who signed his will as well as those who registered it looked upon it as a useless piece of formality, and made but little of the restrictions it sought to impose on the rights of the regent. The queen's suite reminded her that Henry IV. also had imposed certain conditions on his widow, Marie de'Medici, and that immediately after his death she had had the will annulled by the Paris Parliament. Anne deemed it prudent to take her precautions. She had signed the will and had sworn to comply with it; she had even sent forth the statement that

she had no objection to its being registered by Parliament. But privately she wrote a protest against the will, and sent one of her almoners with it to Paris to have her signature duly attested by notaries.

On the 14th of May Louis XIII. died. The queen left the new palace where her husband had spent the close of his life, and repaired to the old chateau of Saint-Germain, the residence of the new king, her son. All the court followed her. On the 15th of May the whole of the king's military household was astir at an early hour. The French and the Swiss Guards stood in array in front of the chateau. The queen, the young king, his brother Philip, the Duke of Orleans, and the Prince of Condé took their seats in the royal carriage which proceeded toward Paris, attended by the king's footmen, the captains of the life guards, and the first equerry bearing the king's sword. Then came the whole of the military household as an escort; the lords and the ladies of the court either followed or preceded the cortége: the whole road, from Nanterre to Paris, was covered with carriages. With such pomp did Louis XIV. make his first entry into Paris.

The queen, with her two children, took up her apartments in the old palace of the Louvre. On the following morning, the 16th of May, a deputation from the Parliament, clad in black garments, came to present their respects to her. The first president, Mathieu Molé, offered her his congratulations, and prayed the king to visit his Parliament as soon as his convenience would permit. The queen promised to bring him two days later. The members of the parliament, who had been severely excluded from all participation in political affairs during Richelieu's ministry, looked upon the death of Louis XIII. as a deliverance, and were quite ready to side with the queen.

On the 18th of May all the members of the Parliament, in scarlet robes, had assembled betimes. As early as five o'clock in the morning, the captains of the guards had posted themselves at the gates of the Palace of Justice, so as to admit only those who had a right to be present at the sitting.

Raised on a platform at the upper end of the hall was the "bed of justice;" it was a throne surmounted with a velvet

canopy bearing the arms and motto of Louis XIII. On raised benches, to the right of the throne, were seated the princes of the blood, the Duke of Orleans, the Prince of Condé, and his son, the Prince of Conti; next to them were the dukes and peers with ermine-lined cloaks, and the marshals. On the left sat the Bishop of Beauvais, the only spiritual peer present at the sitting. The benches in the hall were occupied by the members of the Parliament and the king's suite.

At half-past nine the announcement is made that the king is at the Sainte-Chapelle. A deputation of three presidents and six members goes forth to meet him. The little king made his entry clad in violet, the mourning color of the kings of France. He was carried by his grand chamberlain, the Duke of Chevreuse, and accompanied by the Count of Charost, a captain of the life-guards and the officer of the day. Before him marched the King-at-arms of France, and two heralds in violet with golden fleurs-de-lis, and bearing in their hands the scepter and the maces.

The captain of the guards commanded silence. The queen and the governess raised the little king to his feet on the throne. He was to pronounce the usual formula: "I have come here to communicate my will to my Parliament; my chancellor will say the rest." But Louis XIV., still in his fifth year, was seized with a childish whim, declined to speak his piece and resumed his seat without opening his lips. The Abbé Marolles thought he heard the word: "Speak."

The queen now addressed the assemblage. She said that "her grief had driven from her mind all thought of what she had to do until the deputation from the Parliament had come and prayed her son to hold his bed of justice." By bringing the king to them, she wished to "show *Messieurs du Parlement* that on all occasions she would gladly avail herself of their counsels." According to the pre-arranged programme, the Duke of Orleans thanked the queen for what she had done, adding that the honor of the regency was due to her not only because she was the mother of the king, but on account of her own merits and her virtue, that as a matter of fact the regency had been conferred on him by the will of the late king and the consent of all the nobles; but that he desired no other share

in public affairs than it would please Her Majesty to allow him, and would base no claim on the particular clauses in the will affecting him. The Prince of Condé praised the Duke of Orleans for his generosity; "such generosity was needed, he said, for the good of the State, for public affairs do not prosper when authority is divided."

Chancellor Sêguier then ascended the steps of the throne, knelt before the king, arose and returned to his place. Being now compelled to approve of a proposal which nullified the will that he himself had drafted, he sounded the praises of the queen, her eminent qualities and her great virtues. And he too moved that the regency be given to her with absolute power. "The authority of this wise princess could not be too great, he said, since it rests in the hands of virtue herself. The greatest blessings of monarchies lie in the entire freedom of those in power when they are bent on doing good."

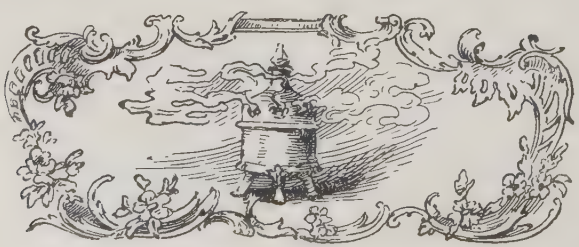
Now came the turn of Advocate General Talon, who, three weeks before, had moved the registration of the will of Louis XIII. He now compared the late king to David, who, like him, reigned for thirty-three years, and to Augustus, who died on the anniversary day of his advent to the throne. He wished to the new king the clemency of the great Henry, the piety and the justice of his father. He congratulated the queen on her assumption of the august title of regent. As for the advice she was to receive from her counsellors, it "should be free, the result of conviction, not that of compulsion." In conclusion, he moved that the queen be declared regent in conformity with the will of the late king, and have the care and the education of His Majesty and the administration of all public affairs; the Duke of Orleans to be lieutenant-general and president of the councils under the authority of the queen; the queen to have the power to choose whoever she might think fit to deliberate in said councils without being obliged to follow the opinion of the majority. Lastly, he entreated the queen to conclude peace, the only thing that could put an end to the misery of her people.

All having been agreed upon beforehand, the only part of the performance now to be gone through was the show of taking a vote on this motion. The chancellor walked up to

each of the spectators, as if to collect their votes. He began with the king and the queen,—the latter declining to vote, and stating that she would abide by the decision of the assembly,—then passed on to the princes, the peers, the secretaries of State, and ended with the members of the Parliament. As each man gave his assent, he bowed toward the king.

All the votes being collected, the Chancellor pronounced the edict previously drawn out as follows: "The king holding his bed of justice, in the presence and by the advice of the Duke of Orleans, his uncle, of the Prince of Condé, his cousin, first prince of the blood, and of the other princes, prelates, peers and officers, has declared the queen, his mother, regent of France, conformably with the will of the late king, to have the care of his education and the free, absolute and entire administration of the affairs of his kingdom during his minority. It is His Majesty's wish and command that the Duke of Orleans be lieutenant-general and president of his Councils, it being left to the power of the said queen-mother to select upright and experienced men in such number as she may deem fit to deliberate in said councils, without at the same time binding her to abide by a majority of their votes unless she be so minded." After reading of which the assembly broke up.

All the precautionary measures taken by Louis XIII. were thus set at naught. His widow became absolute mistress of the kingdom of France. People looked forward to the downfall of Mazarin and a complete reversal of Richelieu's policy. That very evening, it was announced that Anne of Austria confirmed Mazarin in the functions of first minister. Not a single change was made in the government.—C. SEIGNOBOS.



THE GREAT CONDÉ.

LOUIS DE BOURBON, known in history as "the Great Condé," was one of the most celebrated French generals and a typical prince of the old régime. He was born in Paris on the 7th of September, 1621, being the fourth son of Henri, Prince de Condé. But his brothers died in childhood, and he, also frail and delicate, became "the first prince of the blood." His mother was Charlotte de Montmorency, a celebrated beauty, whom the gallant King Henry IV. admired and courted persistently when he was nearly sixty years of age. To escape these embarrassing attentions the jealous husband finally placed his wife on a pillion behind him on horseback, and fled from the kingdom; but after some years they returned.

In childhood and youth Condé was styled Duke d'Enghien. He usually signed himself Louis de Bourbon. He studied in a Jesuit College at Bourges, and learned to write Latin, having received a command from his father that he must always write to him in that language. As generally happens to princes, he always gained the first prize in his class. At the age of sixteen he made his first campaign in Flanders, and distinguished himself by his valor at the siege of Arras. Complying with the will of his father, he married in 1641 Claire Clémence de Maillé-Brézé, a niece of Cardinal Richelieu; but he expressed a strong repugnance to the marriage. His physique is thus described: "He was not very tall, but his figure was perfectly well-proportioned. He had a fine

head, blue eyes and an aquiline nose, with something great and haughty in his countenance."

His youthful passion was for war, and in 1642 he served with distinction at the sieges of Collioure and Perpignan, which were taken from the Spaniards. In 1643, when he was only twenty-one, he obtained the command-in-chief of the army which was to defend Champagne and Picardy against the Spaniards, who had 27,000 veterans. The Duke d'Enghien, who had about 20,000 men, marched to relieve the siege of Rocroy, a town surrounded by the forest of Ardennes. The armies met on the 19th of May, and the battle was obstinately disputed for six hours. At first the left wing of the French was routed; but D'Enghien, who commanded the right wing, by a rapid ride round the rear of the enemy and other bold and skillful manœuvres, gained a complete victory. About 9,000 Spaniards were killed and 7,000 were taken prisoners. At the end of this brilliant campaign he returned to Paris and gave himself up to pleasure.

In the next year D'Enghien was ordered to enter Germany, reinforce the army, which was under Turenne, and take the command as generalissimo. In August, 1644, he attacked the Bavarian army, which was commanded by the famous General Mercy, and strongly entrenched at Fribourg. The battle lasted three days, and the French remained masters of the field. On August 3, 1645, he defeated the Germans at Nordlingen, where he performed prodigies of valor, and had two horses killed under him. General Mercy was killed in this action.

The Duke d'Enghien succeeded to the title of Prince of Condé on the death of his father in December, 1646. Mazarin having requested him to choose which army he would command in the campaign of 1648, he chose the army in Flanders, where he opposed a Spanish army more numerous than his own, commanded by Archduke Leopold. By his decisive victory at Lens in August, 1648, the once invincible Spanish infantry was nearly destroyed. All their artillery and baggage, and nearly all the general officers, with about 6,000 other prisoners, were captured. This victory was followed by the Peace of Westphalia, which terminated the Thirty Years'

War, the chief object of which had been on the part of the Emperor of Germany to extinguish Protestantism on the Continent of Europe.

The queen-regent and Mazarin were involved in a dispute with the Parliament of Paris, which defended the rights and liberty of the people against the Court. This dispute was fomented by ambitious and factious nobles into the civil war of the Fronde. This name meaning "a sling," had allusion to the fights with stone and sling, indulged in by the boys of Paris in the ditches and fields outside the walls. Condé at first acted with the Court; with his usual insolence, he bullied and swore in the Parliament. In January, 1649, the queen and young Louis XIV. were driven out of Paris by the *Frondeurs*. Condé's famous sister, Madame de Longueville, was an active and powerful enemy of the Court, and was the heroine of the Fronde. Condé with a small army tried to blockade Paris and reduce it by famine. In March, 1649, Turenne approached to aid the Parisians, and announced that he was coming to "offer himself to the Parliament for the King's service." A treaty between the Court and the Frondeurs ended the war in March, 1649.

After the peace Condé offended both parties by his selfish ambition and insolence. In January, 1650, he was arrested by the queen and Mazarin and confined in prison about one year. His friends revolted against the Court, and the civil war was renewed. Condé's wife Claire (whom he had treated with neglect and unkindness), made strenuous efforts for his liberation and induced the Parliament to espouse his cause. Condé's sister also gave him powerful support, and persuaded Turenne to up take arms against the Court. The coalition between Condé's friends and the partisans of Parliament was so powerful that the queen-regent was terrified and released him from prison, in February, 1651, while his enemy Mazarin was compelled to go into exile. A few weeks sufficed to dissolve that formidable combination which had driven forth Mazarin and recalled Condé. A quarrel arose between Condé and the queen-regent, who now desired to arrest him again.

In the following September the civil war was renewed and the Spaniards aided Condé with money. Mazarin again en-

tered France with an army in January, 1652, and Turenne was won over to the side of the Court by the offer of the chief command of the royal army. In April, 1652, Condé attacked Turenne at Bleneau, but was repulsed and Turenne remained master of the field. Condé boldly went to Paris and entered the Parliament, where he had altercations with the presidents, who accused him of treason. In July Turenne defeated him in the suburbs of Paris in a battle called Saint-Antoine. After fighting many hours, Condé and his army found refuge in the city, the gates of which were opened by his friends, who caused volleys of cannon to be fired from the ramparts of the Bastile upon the royal army when it attempted to approach. Condé's soldiers massacred many of the unarmed Parisians and set fire to the Hotel de Ville. The Parliament was suspended, the presidents left Paris in disguise, and many citizens fled from that scene of anarchy and outrage. In October Condé quitted Paris and went to Flanders to enter the service of the King of Spain.

When he invaded France with an army of Spaniards and Germans, he was opposed by Turenne who had a large army. In August, 1654, Turenne attacked the enemy near Arras, where the Spaniards were routed with the loss of all their guns, and 3,000 men. Here Condé (who had not the chief command), increased his military reputation by his masterly retreat. In the campaign of 1655 the incapacity of the Spanish generals compelled Condé to be a spectator of the successes of Turenne. In June, 1656, Condé surprised at night and defeated the French general La Ferte at Valenciennes. He commanded the left wing at the battle of the Downs or Dunes (June, 1658), where the Spaniards were defeated. The treaty between France and Spain in November, 1659, procured an amnesty for his offences. By the stipulations of this treaty he was reinstated in all his honors, in all his estates and in his government of Burgundy; and King Louis XIV. agreed to restore him to his royal favor.

At his first interview with the King Condé kneeled and asked forgiveness for the part he had taken against his majesty's service. The king replied, "My cousin, after the great services you have rendered to my crown, I shall never remem-

ber the error which has been hurtful only to yourself." After the death of Cardinal Mazarin, in 1661, some expected that Condé would succeed him as prime minister; but Louis XIV. resolved to govern, and to be his own prime minister. The Prince of Condé having no opportunity to take part in public affairs, resigned himself to a tranquil and indolent life, and retired to his estate at Chantilly, about twenty-two miles from Paris.

The château or castle of Condé was one of the finest in France. The retired warrior occupied himself partly with the education of his only son, the Duke d'Enghien, who was born in 1643. When he was reinstated, in 1659, he was in debt in consequence of the civil war, and he lost much money by the peculation of his domestics and stewards. At Chantilly he gathered round him a brilliant company of men of genius, including Molière, Racine, Boileau, La Fontaine, Bourdaloue and Bossuet. The jealousy between Turenne and Louvois, Minister of War, again opened a field for the ambition of Condé, who formed a project for the conquest of Franche-Comté. The project was approved by the King, and Condé entered Franche-Comté with an army in September, 1668. As that province was not defended by a large force he conquered it in about fourteen days.

In 1672 Louis XIV. declared war against Holland and took the field himself at the head of a large army. The command of a part of the army was given to Condé, who besieged and took Wesel. At the passage of the Rhine he displayed his customary courage and ability, but was severely wounded in the wrist, and his nephew, the Duke de Longueville, was killed. Condé's wound prevented him from taking any further part in the campaign. In 1673 he obtained the chief command of an army destined to contend against the young Prince of Orange; but no important battle ensued. In 1674 Condé commanded an army of 45,000 men on the Flemish frontier, while the Prince of Orange had nearly 60,000. In August they fought at Senef, where about 27,000 were killed, and both parties claimed the victory. Condé, who had two horses killed under him, was on horseback seventeen hours on that day. The young Duke d'Enghien saved the life of his father,

who was thrown from his horse. Condé served for the last time as commander of the Army of the Rhine in 1675, when his campaign was entirely defensive and marked by no important battles.

Condé was now fifty-five years of age, and his failing health induced him to decline further command in the field. He passed about eleven years in retirement at Chantilly. In 1685 he avowed himself a convert to religion and became a devotee of the Catholic Church. He died December 11, 1686. His funeral oration was pronounced by Bossuet. "The art of war," says Voltaire, "seemed in him a natural instinct." He had nearly all the faults of a French noble on a colossal scale. Incapable of self-denial, fond of glory and pleasure, he treated mankind as his playthings to be used and abandoned at his pleasure. His brilliant but unstable genius distracted, dazzled and harassed his country, but had little permanent effect on its fortunes.

The Battle of Rocroy.

While Louis XIII. lay dying, the Duc D'Enghien [afterwards the Prince de Condé] was entrusted with the defence of Champagne and Picardy against the Spanish, who were approaching from Flanders. He had an army of but 12,000, and had opposite to him 27,000 Spaniards, under the command of Don Francisco de Melo. The knowledge of the king's approaching end appears to have prompted the Castilian to undertake the offensive, and with this view he advanced to menace Landrecies. But as soon as it was found that the French directed their march in the same direction, De Melo turned his steps toward the Meuse, and sat down before Rocroy, which, being very weakly fortified, it was expected might fall to his arms unless promptly relieved. The Prince had been associated with the Maréchal de l'Hôpital, whose experience might, it was hoped, check the headlong courage of the young chief, and who suggested that it was better to lose a single town than to expose his army to so unequal a conflict. At this time, however, the knowledge of the death of Louis XIII. had raised another class of perfidious and dangerous counsellors, who advised the Prince to abandon the defence

of the frontier, and to march with his army on the capital, to insure for himself the Regency. The Prince at once repelled the suggestion, and he resolved to inaugurate the coming reign with a victory. He received at Origny a reinforcement of 10,000 men, and the report of the Governor that he could not longer hold out; on the 19th of May he therefore sent forward General Gassion, with a body of cavalry, to advance boldly on Rocroy, to carry aid to the town, while he prepared his army to follow.

The situation of Rocroy is low, in the midst of marshes and woods, and only to be approached by long and difficult defiles. The young Duke divided his force into two columns—the one under De l'Hôpital, and the other under Gassion—and prepared boldly to force a passage. But to his utter surprise, he met with no opposition. Don Francisco de Melo, despising the attack of so young and inexperienced a leader, had formed up his renowned *Tercios* in the plain *beyond*, and thought to catch the French in the traps that the narrow approaches exposed them to. But, with the usual result of smartness in war, D'Enghien overcame all obstacles, and deployed into the plain, which is surrounded on all sides by the forest of Ardennes. The ground was uneven and difficult; but the French gained a height only separated from the position occupied by the Spaniards by a narrow valley. In reply to all suggestions of prudence, he answered, "Paris shall never see me again, but as a conquerer or a corpse."

The dawn of the 20th of May, 1643, discovered the enemy in order of battle. The Count of Isemberg, with the German cavalry, stood on the right; the Duke d'Albuquerque, with the Flemish cavalry, on the left; and the Walloon guards, in their too solid formation, in the centre, under the Conde de Fuentes, an old officer of extraordinary merit, who, owing to the gout, was obliged to be carried in a litter. The two columns of the French had formed their line under the respective commanders already named. Melo, who had well studied the ground, placed 1,000 picked musketeers in the wood to the right of the French, with orders to sally forth and fall upon the rear of the march the moment it made any advance into the valley. He had also ordered up 6,000 Germans, under

General Beck, to quit the blockading force, and march into line. D'Enghien, detecting the ambuscade, darted forward like lightning at the head of some cavalry, fell upon and utterly routed the musketeers ; while Gassion advanced boldly to attack Albuquerque on the Spanish left, which he effectually routed. De l'Hôpital, with the left wing, went forward at the same time ; but was not so fortunate ; for Melo vigorously led the defence himself, and threw the French into confusion. They fled ; and the Maréchal, dangerously wounded, was carried along with his men in the flight far out of the fray. La Ferte Sennecterre, who was in the same wing with De l'Hôpital, was also wounded, and taken prisoner with the guns.

D'Enghien had, however, prudently provided a reserve, which he had placed under a brave Gascon, the Baron de Sirot, one of the adversaries of Gustavus Adolphus. This force was now called upon to face the whole right wing of the Spaniards, led by the chief of the army himself, and D'Enghien was counselled to give way under such unequal odds ; but he replied, "No, no—the battle is not yet lost, for Sirot and his companions have not yet fought." Accordingly he stood firm, while he contemplated a daring but somewhat rash manœuvre. Acting with Gassion and a considerable body of cavalry, he had reached the body of the Spanish infantry, and now fearlessly swept along its rear until, arriving at the other wing, he was enabled to set free La Ferte and all the prisoners and all the artillery that had been captured ; and actually arrived to the assistance of Sirot in the midst of his conflict with Melo, where he had already possessed himself of some of the Spanish guns.

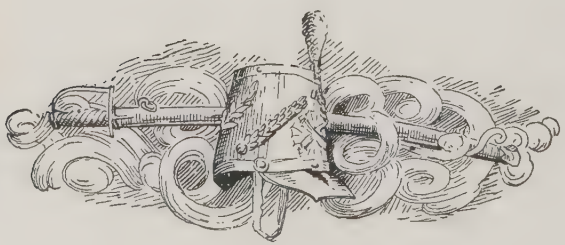
But the Walloon guards still stood unshaken and immovable. D'Enghien observed, not without some uneasiness, their haughty and undaunted bearing. Their formation was that of the famous *Tercios*, which had been regarded as invincible since the great days of Pavia and St. Quentin. The guns that had been released and the guns that had been captured were now at D'Enghien's command, and he at once opened them upon the dense mass ; while the cavalry, which had lately wound round it, now darted into the mass under the

guidance of the young chief. Then it was that the old warrior, the Conde de Fuentes, proved how much the power of mind can triumph over the infirmities of body. He allowed the French cavalry to advance within a few yards, when he opened out his infantry and unmasked a battery that dealt death and destruction from its fire, while formidable volleys from the musketeers on either flank accompanied this roar of cannon. D'Enghien was repulsed in the greatest disorder; and had Fuentes been provided with any cavalry to second his brave and exemplary tactics, he would have snatched the victory from his young assailant.

The young Prince, therefore, required all the leisure that followed the Spanish fire, to rally his men and to call up other cavalry to his assistance; when, undismayed, he led them in person to the charge a second time against the hitherto invincible, impenetrable, immovable battalions of Spanish infantry. Though all the *élan* and perseverance of bravery of the French at Rocroy were required to reap the fruits of the conflict, it was the guns that did the work, when for the third time the Prince dashed into the mass, and found it decimated by the number of soldiers that had fallen, among whom their brave commander, Fuentes, lay dead in his litter, expiring of several wounds. The Spanish officers threw away their arms and asked for quarter, but, in the confusion, suspecting some treachery, resumed them, and ordered their men to fire; who opened so tremendous a discharge at quarter distance, that it was a perfect miracle that D'Enghien escaped alive. At the same moment Gassion joined the young Duke, and announced to him that the rout of the enemy was general; and that even General Beck's corps, who had not entered into the battle, had fled, leaving some of their guns behind them. The young hero, assured of the result of this his first and most splendid battle, then threw himself on his knees at the head of his army, and, in a spontaneous burst of youthful piety and gratitude, returned public thanks to the great Giver of Victory.

This signal success gained for him at a bound the first military reputation in Europe. France was in ecstasy at a victory gained by a Prince of the Royal Blood; and the inci-

dent came opportunely to inaugurate the reign of Louis XIV. The battle had been fought on the very day that committed the body of his father to the Royal vault at St. Denis. The broken litter on which the old Conde de Fuentes had expired was for a long time preserved at Chantilly as a noble trophy of the family of Condé. Twenty-four cannon and 300 standards were the fruits of the victory: and of the famous Spanish infantry that had been overthrown there were 9,000 left dead on the field, and 7,000 taken prisoners; amongst whom Don Francisco de Melo, the Commander-in-Chief, had been included; but he found means during the fray to throw away his General's staff, and to escape. The bâton became a glorious trophy of the day. M. le Duc himself had received three ball-strokes in the course of the engagement, none of which was of importance; but his horse was wounded by two balls. In war success is "the one thing needful," and how attained is comparatively unimportant; nevertheless the vanity of the nation exalted the young conqueror a little too highly. The great effect of the victory of Rocroy in military history is, that it absolutely extinguished the renown of Spanish tactics.—Sir E. Cust.



TURENNE.

MARSHAL TURENNE was the greatest of the French generals of the seventeenth century, and his campaigns are still models for the student of the art of war. Henry de la Tour, Viscount of Turenne, was the second son of Henry de la Tour d'Auvergne, Duke of Bouillon, and of Elizabeth, daughter of William I., Prince of Orange. He was born at Sédan, France, on the 16th of September, 1611, and from childhood presaged his destination to the military profession. He was carefully educated in the Reformed religion, and at the age of fifteen he went to Holland, where he studied the art of war under his maternal uncles, Prince Maurice, of Nassau, and Prince Frederic Henry.

In 1630 Turenne was called to France, and received the command of a French regiment. He gained brilliant distinction in several campaigns in Lorraine, Germany and Flanders. Cardinal Richelieu offered him one of his nieces in marriage; but his attachment to the Reformed religion caused him to decline the proposal. In 1639 he commanded with success in Italy, and firmly established his fame as a general. In 1642 he conquered Roussillon, and was appointed by Richelieu to the command of the army in Italy, though his brother, the Duke of Bouillon, had just been arrested for conspiracy against the cardinal.

Two years later, when Mazarin had succeeded to Richelieu's place, he removed Turenne from Italy, but gave him the title of Marshal of France, and the command of the French

armies in Germany. Turenne had the misfortune to be surprised and defeated by General Mercy at Marindal, in May, 1645; but, after a skillful retreat, he was able to avenge this, three months later, at Nordlingen, where Mercy was killed. In 1646 Turenne made a junction with the Swedish army under Wrangel, after a march of one hundred and fifty leagues, and obliged the Duke of Bavaria to solicit peace. When that prince afterwards broke his treaty, Turenne gave him a defeat and drove him entirely out of his dominions.

The civil war of the Fronde against the ministry of Mazarin broke out in 1649. Turenne was first engaged against the Court, being influenced by the Duchess of Longueville, with whom he was violently in love. He was obliged to fly to Flanders, where he took a command in the Spanish army, and in 1652 defeated Condé at Gien and St. Antoine. When the troubles of the Fronde were over, Turenne returned and became chief commander of the royal armies. In 1654 and 1655 he commanded against the Spaniards and the Low Countries, gained the battle of the Dunes, and conquered the greater part of Flanders. The Peace of the Pyrenees, in 1660, closed this war.

Turenne, in 1653, had married the daughter of the Marshal Duke de la Force, a Protestant. Louis XIV., having taken the reins of government into his own hands, made Turenne Marshal-General of the armies of France. When hostilities with Spain were renewed in 1667, Turenne ran through another rapid career of victories in Flanders, the King being, however, in nominal command. The Spaniards were obliged to beg for peace again in the next year. In 1668 Turenne abjured Calvinism, and was reconciled to the Church of Rome. The Catholics represent this change as the result of real conviction, while the Protestants attribute it to ambitious views.

When Louis XIV., in 1672, resolved upon the conquest of Holland, Turenne commanded the army to which the King attached himself. The campaign was one of conquest almost without resistance. In the following year he marched with inferior forces against Montecuculi, the Imperialist general, in Westphalia. He also pursued to the gates of Berlin the Elector of Brandenburg, who had come to the relief of the

Dutch, and obliged him to sue for peace. While the King was conquering Franche-Comté, Turenne was employed in defending the frontiers, in which office he displayed every resource of a consummate warrior. He passed the Rhine at Philipsburg, in June, 1674; forced the town of Sintzheim, and attacked the Imperial army commanded by Caprara and the Duke of Lorraine, which he defeated, and pushed to the Main. He then turned to the Prince of Bournonville, who was advancing with fresh troops, defeated him, and prevented his junction with the other army. The Emperor assembled 70,000 men, entered Alsace, and blockaded Brisac and Philipsburg. Turenne had only 20,000 effectives, but received a supply of cavalry from Condé. With these he marched over snow-clad mountains, and was in the midst of the enemy's quarters in Upper Alsace, when they thought him in Lorraine. He succeeded in dispersing the great force opposed to him without any considerable engagement, saved Alsace, and forced the Germans to repass the Rhine.

Turenne was enabled to effect these astonishing results by the unbounded confidence reposed in him by his soldiers. The glory acquired by him in the campaign was the more solid, as he had acted chiefly from his own suggestions, in contradiction to the repeated orders of Louvois, Louis' minister of war. It was, however, tarnished by the cruel devastation of the Palatinate, in which, however, he merely obeyed the injunctions of the minister. The action is thus mentioned by Voltaire, who certainly has not exaggerated its horrors: "After the battle of Sintzheim, Turenne carried fire and sword through the Palatinate, a level and fertile country, covered with opulent towns and villages. The Elector-Palatine saw from his castle of Mannheim two towns and twenty-five villages on fire. In despair, he challenged Turenne to single combat, by a letter filled with reproaches. The marshal, having sent the letter to the King, who forbade his acceptance of the challenge, replied with a vague compliment, which signified nothing. It was his usual manner to express himself with moderation and ambiguity. With the same coolness he burnt the mills and part of the corn-fields of Alsace, to cut off the supply of the enemy. He afterwards per-

mitted his cavalry to ravage Lorraine. He rather chose to be called the father of the soldiers who were intrusted to him, than of the people, who, according to the laws of war, are always made the sacrifice."

The extraordinary success of Turenne caused the Imperial Court to call its best general to oppose him, and Montecuculi was summoned for that purpose. These two masters of war, after a variety of skillful movements, were about to come to an engagement, when Turenne, reconnoitring for a place to fix a battery, on July 27, 1675, was struck by a cannon-ball, and killed on the spot, in the sixty-fourth year of his age. The highest honors were paid by the King to his remains, which were interred at St. Denis, the burial-place of the kings of France. When, in the madness of the French Revolution, the bodies of those sovereigns were torn from their tombs, the remains of Turenne were respected by the mob. In 1800 they were removed, by the order of Napoleon, to the Hôtel des Invalides in Paris, where they still rest.

Turenne concealed a great soul under a rude and vulgar appearance. His temper was cool; his manners were modest and simple. He was not always successful in war, and, as he himself acknowledged frankly, committed faults; but by always repairing them, and doing much with small means, he was deservedly considered the ablest general in Europe, when the art of war was more studied than ever before. His character and career had much resemblance to that of the Duke of Marlborough in the next century.

Siege of Dunkirk.

The terms of the treaty that Cromwell had made with Mazarin stipulated distinctly for the siege of Dunkirk; and that it should be delivered up, when taken, to England. The delay of the performance of this agreement excited the anger of the Protector, and he urged its fulfillment. With great exertions Turenne's army was increased to 16,000 men; but it was the month of May before he took the field, and before the enemy had left their winter quarters. In considering the enterprise, he saw the great risk of undertaking a siege of Dunkirk without first having possession of Furnes, Bergues,

and Gravelines ; besides the difficulty of procuring provisions, and especially forage for the cavalry, so early in the season.

Considerable expectations, however, had been raised in Brussels as to the intentions of the French Maréchal, and it was rumored that he contemplated some siege of importance. The doubts on this subject very much disquieted the Spaniards, who had no infantry to spare for garrisons, and who did not know which to strengthen. Dunkirk they considered to be perfectly out of danger, although the engagement made for its capture by Cromwell was well known to their diplomacy. In consequence some outworks, which had been commenced to strengthen the *tracé* of that town betwixt the Canal of Bergues and the town, were left unfinished. The whole country, however, was reconnoitred by the Lieutenant-General de Bellefonds, and it was reported to be difficult even to discover the means of approach. Information at length arrived that the enemy had abandoned a redoubt near Bergues ; and Turenne immediately rode forth to inspect for himself whether the army could march by that way. He found 3,000 English, and about the same number of French, under M. de Castelnau, upon the dyke ; and the Spaniards, unprepared for the appearance of an enemy from behind them, had begun visibly to abandon their forts on the side of Mardyk; so that the Viscount, knowing the desire of the King to act with good will for the attainment of Dunkirk, sent a man to swim the canal and communicate orders of march to M. de Castelnau; which brought up the whole of his army the next morning on the side of the dunes.

As soon as the garrison of Dunkirk heard of this march, they opened all the sluices, so that a wide-spread inundation completely washed the walls. All the detachments of troops that were within call were drawn within them, so that 2,200 foot, and 700 or 800 horse were collected by the Marquis de Lède, who, as an officer of considerable reputation for the defence of fortified places, had been named commander. He had only just returned from Brussels, whither he had gone to represent that he was ill-garrisoned and ill-supplied with every kind of munition. The news that Turenne had actually invested the place took Don John by surprise ; and as the

British navy commanded the sea-board, it was felt that the only available succor to be sent was by immediately carrying down the army to interrupt the siege: but it was the 12th of June before this resolve could be carried into effect.

The Maréchal pitched his tent on the sandy shore above high tide. The King came up as soon as he was apprised of the march of the army, and took up his quarters in Mardyk. The principal part of the French army was encamped in the sand-hills, divided from the English line by the Canal de Bergues. It was difficult to establish bridges of communication, because of the interruptions from the garrison. The English ships brought from Calais all the siege materials and supplies; and as soon as these were landed, the Viscount threw up his lines of circumvallation and contravallation, which he united to the sea on either side by strong stockades, fixed by strong iron chains which the English sailors prepared against the highest tides, and which effectually closed the flanks from being turned by the besieged. Nevertheless, after these works were completed, the sorties from the garrison so impeded the trenches that the entire body of English troops, 6,000 strong, under Major-General Morgan, who were experienced in forming field-works, were concentrated to act against these sorties. About the fifth or sixth night they had repulsed one from the garrison, and were led to make a dashing attempt to follow the besieged into the town, and even succeeded in getting past the palisades; but they failed to make any lodgment. By the eighth or ninth day, when the besiegers had already reached the glacis of the counterscarp, the report came in that the Spanish army was advancing by way of the estrang from the side of Nieuport.

It was June 12th, and the Maréchal immediately carried forth a body of cavalry to reconnoitre, and found the enemy marking a camp at Zudcote. He engaged the troops of the advance; and a skirmish commenced, during which the Prince de Condé and the Maréchal d'Hocquincourt came to the front. Don John, Caracena, Gumarre, De Boutteville, the Duke of York, and many superior officers, were got together, when, like all renegades, D'Hocquincourt was the most urgent to charge the enemy; and, notwithstanding that it was repre-

sented to him that there was no object to be obtained by it, he would not be restrained, but carried forward the advanced guard against the advanced picket, when he received a gun-shot in the stomach that killed him on the spot. Condé, seeing him fall dead, went forward forthwith to save such papers as he might have had in his pocket, even if he could not recover the body. But all the general officers, at great risk to themselves, joined in the effort to succeed in this object, and the Maréchal's body was recovered, and carried away to be buried at Furnes.

Turenne, feeling convinced that he was about to be exposed to an attempt on the part of the Spanish army to force his lines, resolved to be beforehand with them. He ordered his army to be prepared for marching; and the commanders were summoned to headquarters to learn the reasons of the movement. On receiving this notice, Lockhart, with true Anglo-Saxon frankness, returned for answer, "That he would obey the Maréchal's orders, and learn his reasons after the battle." The Spanish army, on the other hand, encamped with their right to the shore and their left resting on the Canal of Furnes. Their infantry were formed up in front, and their cavalry in the second line. Don John commanded the right wing and Condé the left. There were several enclosures on this flank, between the canal and the sand-hills, having copse and ditches, which last were full of water. Prince Condé, with his experience, immediately set his men to work to make temporary bridges across them to liberate his communications; this attracted the attention of Turenne, convinced him of Condé's whereabouts, and directed the point of attack.

At an hour before daybreak a portion of French and English were marched into the defences to prevent a sally from the garrison; and at the same time ten French and six English battalions, with fifty-four squadrons of light cavalry, and four of gendarmes, in all, 9,000 foot and 5,000 or 6,000 horse, with ten guns, which were divided five to either flank, marched towards the Spanish camp. The Spanish army had 9,000 or 10,000 horse and 5,000 foot, but no artillery, as M. de Turenne had previously been advised, and the infantry was in one single line. Don Gaspard Bonifacio, in command of the post,

stood on the highest sand-hill, with Don Francisco de Menesez *en potence* facing the shore. The Duke of York, at the first alarm of the advance of the King's army, repaired to the outposts, and distinctly recognized the intention of making the attack; and, from his knowledge of the French troops, pointed out to Don John the Gardes Françaises, and the Swiss, and the regiments of Picardy, etc., from their standards, and his own countrymen from their scarlet uniforms.

The English, commanded by Lockhart and Morgan, marched first into action to assail the high sand-hill; and M. de Castelnau, with some horse, flanked them on the shore; while several light ships of the English fleet plied cannon-shot upon the Spanish regiments of Bonifacio and Menesez. Lieutenant-Colonel Fenwick, commanding Lockhart's regiment, halted a moment at the foot of the hill, to allow his men to take breath, when Morgan relates that the opposing soldiers began "chaffing" each other; on which the Major-General told them to cease, for that in a minute or two they would be cutting each other's throats, when his men threw up their caps in the air, saying, "We will obtain better caps before night," and then followed the General up the slope against the Spaniards. Fenwick fell dead before they reached the top, when Major Hinton led the men forward with much boldness and courage, so that Bonifacio was precipitated from the top to the bottom, with the loss of seven out of the eleven captains who served under him, besides many men. Don John called on the Duke of York to go to the assistance of his men, thus severely assailed by the English, who met them descending the sand-hill at the head of the Spanish cavalry guard. Nevertheless the musketry fire of the English was so well poured in that they proved unassailable, and the Spaniards were a second time overthrown, with the single loss of Captain Berkley, wounded, on the side of the English.

In the meanwhile Castelnau, with the French horse, charged the right flank of the Spaniards so vigorously as to overthrow two Spanish battalions, and penetrated between the two Spanish lines. The Marquis de Crequi, with the Guards, and Swiss, and the regiments of Picardy, and of Turenne, now assailed the flank of Condé, and succeeded at

the first impulse in driving it back. The Prince seeing that he was ill-supported, rallied his foot and made head with his cavalry, and in the charge had a horse killed under him. However, at the critical moment, the Viscount, who had seen the check that happened to De Crequi, brought up several battalions, with which he almost enveloped the entire wing where Condé commanded, and opened against them so deadly a fire that the whole body got into confusion, and were glad to escape by way of the bridged enclosures which his providence had prepared. But 3,000 or 4,000 laid down their arms, including the Count de Meilles, who died of his wounds, De Coligni, De Boutteville, and De Romanville, who all sacrificed themselves to protect the Prince. Don John, Caracena, and the Dukes of York and Gloucester, escaped by the way of the shore.

Turenne, however, was not very careful to follow the fugitives, as he was more solicitous to save the works of the siege; and he dispatched immediately the whole of his reserve, under the Marquis de Richelieu, sending orders that no pursuit should be made beyond Furnes; thus he was enabled on the morning of the 15th of June to renew the siege from the very point at which he had left it. His greatest personal loss in the battle was that of the Marquis de Castelnau, who was killed before he had been able to receive the information that the King had made him a Maréchal of France. Ten days after the battle (on the 24th) Dunkirk surrendered upon terms; and the garrison, who had lost their Governor, the Marquis de Lède, the day previous, was marched away to St. Omer. Louis XIV. and his whole Court entered the town in triumph, at the head of the English troops, to whom he made over the place according to treaty.—Sir E. Cust.

FÉNELON OF CAMBRAY.

FÉNELON, Archbishop of Cambray, is familiarly known throughout Christendom as one of the most charitable and lovable of men of all time. He was descended from an ancient and illustrious family which contributed many celebrities to both Church and State in France, but he alone has attained to a wider fame.

François de Salignac de Lamothe Fénelon was born August 6, 1561, at the Chateau de Fénelon, near Sarlat in Perigord, in the southwest of France. His father, Count Pons de Salignac, had eleven children by his first marriage; but of his second, François was the only issue. This favorite child of his old age was carefully educated at home till he was twelve years of age. Surrounded with models of classical antiquity, he soon manifested remarkable genius, as well as refined and delicate taste.

Fénelon was sent to Paris to pursue philosophic studies and commence a course of theology in the Collège du Plessis, to fit him for his future calling. He performed the same feat as Bossuet by preaching before a distinguished audience at the age of fifteen. His father was now dead, and his uncle, the Marquis de Fénelon, who was noted for both piety and heroism, fearing the glare of premature fame, withdrew the fervid student from the Jesuit College, as too stimulating to his genius. He caused him to enter the seminary of St. Sulpice,

where for a time he might imitate the "silence of Jesus." Here Fénelon took holy orders, and gained for himself the friendship and esteem of that most worthy man, Trouson, the superior of the seminary.

The Congregation of St. Sulpice had established a mission in Canada, and Fénelon's religious zeal inspired him with the design of consecrating himself to this work; but he was thwarted in this by the fears of his family for his delicate constitution. Some have indeed asserted that he did sail to Canada and was actually engaged in missionary labor. Careful investigation, however, has shown that the De Salignac, who was employed in the Indian mission, was an elder brother bearing almost exactly the same name. The more distinguished younger brother next turned his thoughts to the missions of Greece and the Levant, where numerous associations of sacred and profane history, of St. Paul and Socrates, the Church of Corinth and the Parthenon appealed powerfully to his devout and poetical imagination; but this tempting project was also frustrated.

Fénelon now turned away from distant missions and devoted himself to a labor which he considered no less useful. This was the instruction of a community of "New Catholics," which had been founded for the protection and instruction of women converted from Protestantism. The duties of this employment, into which he threw himself heart and soul for the next ten years, prepared him for the composition of his first work, "A Treatise on the Education of Girls," in which he points out with great detail and remarkable delicacy the special wants and infirmities of women, the needs and characteristics of children, and the proper training to fit them for a good and useful life. This remarkable work was dedicated to the Duchess of Beauvilliers, at whose request it had been written. It was long a favorite guide of education in the noblest families of France.

In the modest obscurity of his ministry Fénelon had already formed a strong attachment to the Dukes of Beauvilliers and Chevreuse, and enjoyed with them the hallowing influences of a friendship founded on virtue, which could withstand alike the frowns or the favors of royalty. With

Bossuet, however, he formed an attachment destined to be less durable. Admitted to familiarity with this great man, he studied his life and character, imbibed some part of his polemical spirit, and drew inspiration for his second great work, the "Ministry of Pastors." This treatise was directed against the Protestant view of the priesthood, yet was moderate in tone. The subject, the nature of the work, and the all-powerful support of Bossuet induced the king to entrust Fénelon with the charge of a new mission in Poitou.

Louis XIV. had now revoked the Edict of Nantes in his determination to impose uniformity of belief on every conscience in his dominions, and to overcome the resistance which grew from this oppression, supported his missions with the sword. Fénelon stipulated that his work should be one of peace and mercy, without any show of military terrorism, and that he should be allowed to choose his fellow-workers. These two points being conceded, he started for his new sphere of action, and succeeded in shedding a halo of love around his labors; yet he afterwards acknowledged the difficulty of changing the views of a whole people. After more than a year thus spent, he returned to his former more congenial duties among the "New Catholics."

But suddenly he was called from this privacy through the influence of his friend, the Duke of Beauvilliers, who was, in 1689, appointed the governor of the Duke of Burgundy, son of the Dauphin and grandson of Louis XIV. The favor of Madame Maintenon, the king's second wife, gained for Fénelon the preference as tutor to the young prince. These faithful friends, seconded by the efforts of a few worthy men, commenced the noble task of training up a king. History attests that never has a more perfect combination of will and effort been witnessed, or attended with more beneficent results. Fénelon was the life and soul of that combination. He was transported with his high ideal of a monarch perfect in wisdom and virtue. He saw the happiness and prosperity of France in the education of her king; and indeed, the ineffaceable traces of that education in some of the writings of Fénelon, show us the masterpiece of a genius consecrated to the welfare of men. He possessed in a remarkable degree the

power of explaining the hardest subjects in the most clear and explicit terms. His royal pupil was a remarkably passionate and impetuous boy. The sweetness and grace of Fénelon had abundant opportunity for exercise, and indeed were successful far beyond what is usual in such cases. His educational genius gained him the admiration of courtiers and the favor of Madame Maintenon in spite of her reserved and distant manner; but Louis, although he entertained a certain amount of respect and esteem for the man to whose care he had entrusted the education of his grandson, never had a true liking for Fénelon. It has been thought that the graceful, brilliant conversational power of the tutor grated upon a prince, who wished only his own pre-eminence to be recognized. It may be also that the transparent purity of his conduct was a reproach to the king, who was now seeking to expiate his earlier sensual indulgence.

Fénelon had maintained at Court the utmost disinterestedness; he had passed five years there in the eminent position of preceptor to the Dauphin's son, without asking or receiving any token of royal favor. At last Louis XIV., who knew how to reward faithful service in a princely manner, determined to make amends for this oversight, and appointed the Abbé Archbishop of Cambray. That moment of good fortune and preferment was also the one at which Fénelon was destined to be struck down by a blow, from the effects of which he never recovered, at least so far as court favor was concerned.

Though required by his duties to live amid the glitter and formal etiquette of the Court, the sensitive soul of Fénelon had been reaching after a lively and spiritual devotion. He thought he recognized the realization of his aspirations in the principles enunciated by Madame Guyon, the apostle of the Quietist mysticism of the seventeenth century. This system maintains that true religion consists in that tranquillity and repose of mind which results from a contemplation of the Deity and complete submission to His will. This pious lady had great persuasive power and undeniable talent, and exerted a remarkable influence upon the mind of Fénelon. At first she was persecuted, arrested and imprisoned for her peculiar

doctrines of grace and divine love. Then she was admitted to the private circle of the Duke of Beauvilliers, patronized by Madame Maintenon, and authorized to give instruction at St. Cyr. Being, however, suspected by Bossuet, she was arraigned and condemned.

The Bishop of Meaux had no appreciation of these mystic subtleties of divine love, with which the lively and tender imagination of Fénelon was easily touched. He required that the new archbishop should publicly condemn the errors of Madame Guyon. Fénelon refused on the plea of conscience and delicacy, fearing to compromise opinions which were dear to him, and wishing to spare the feelings of a lady with whom he was on terms of close friendship, and who appeared to him to be culpable only in the exaggeration of her ideas of divine love. The outcome of this conflict was the publication by Fénelon of the famous "Explication des Maximes des Saints sur la Vie Interieur," a work which may be regarded either as an indirect apology or as a diluted edition of Madame Guyon's principles. The appearance of this volume excited astonishment and dissatisfaction, especially among those who were jealous of the rank and genius of the archbishop.

Bossuet, inflexible and regardless of mundane conventionalities where he considered the faith compromised, took the earliest opportunity of denouncing the Archbishop of Cambray as a heretic in the midst of the court of Louis XIV. Misfortunes, according to the proverb, do not come singly. To aggravate the prelate's embarrassing position, his palace at Cambray was accidentally burned to the ground, all his books, manuscripts and papers were destroyed; yet this misfortune only called forth the touching remark :—"Better that my mansion should be consumed by fire than the cottage of a poor laborer." Bossuet still pursued his rival, and Madame Maintenon, who had hitherto been his friend and protector, withdrew her patronage. Fénelon submitted his book to the judgment of the Holy See. Bossuet had already prepared a speech in which the most bitter and vehement censure was wrapped up in ostentatious expressions of regret and friendship. A conference was proposed; Fénelon objected; he would defend his book before the tribunal at Rome. He now

received orders to quit the Court and retire to the seclusion of his diocese.

In spite of the manifest desire of Louis, the court at Rome hesitated to condemn at once a prelate so illustrious for piety and learning. This hesitation only gave rise to a keen paper warfare between accuser and accused, and produced an animated tableau between the courts of France and Rome. At length the long-deferred mandate arrived from the Pope, and to this Fénelon submitted with unaffected humility. His long yet meek resistance had irritated Louis, and, notwithstanding his renunciation, there was but little hope of being restored to royal favor; and now an unexpected event occurred which cut off that hope forever. The "Télémaque" which had been composed for the instruction of the Duke of Burgundy, while Fénelon enjoyed the patronage of the Court, was published a few months after the Quietist discussion through abuse of trust by a servant who had been ordered to make a copy of it. Several passages in the book were supposed to be directed against Louis himself, and Fénelon was regarded as a detractor of the king's glory who added injury to ingratitude. Fénelon protested his respect for the personal virtues of the monarch, but to no avail. The book was suppressed in France, but was rapidly circulated in Holland and throughout Europe. It was impossible for the author to write of kings and peoples without allusions which might be converted into reflections upon his contemporaries. Unprejudiced minds felt that as long as there were vices among men, so long would the history of the past be a satire on the present. The work, however, had made an impression on many which had never been intended by its author, who, feeling this, quietly retired to his diocese.

Cambray being situated on the French frontiers, Fénelon was visited by many illustrious foreigners. His name was known far and near. His acts of benevolence were munificent. In 1709 he fed the French army at his own expense. His political opinions were liberal. He had always considered it just that no taxes should be raised without the consent of a parliament, and that the people should have a voice in the government; and it was expected that the Duke of Bur-

gundy, his pupil, would act in accordance with his preceptor's views. But all hopes of this kind were cut off by the sudden death of that prince. His patron, the Duke of Beauvilliers, also died in 1714, and the archbishop then wrote "Our best friends are the source of our greatest sorrows." Fénelon himself died 17th of January, 1715.

Fénelon wrote numerous works, the most popular being "Télémaque," which has been translated into every language, and read throughout the civilized world. If Fénelon sometimes sadly called to mind the glories of the court of Louis XIV., he had good reason to console himself with the thoughts of the happiness which he spread around him in the duties of his ministry by acts of kindness and inexhaustible charity. He was a true patriot, but free from that narrow-mindedness which can see nothing good beyond the frontiers of one's own country. His generous soul sought to diffuse itself through the world and to promote the happiness of all men. "I love my family more than I love myself; I love my country more than my family, and the human race more than my country." This bespeaks a cosmopolitan spirit. These are the words of a man who belongs to every country where his worth is known, and where his beautiful character has inspired the souls of men.

Ancient Tyre.

Near this delightful coast, the island on which Tyre is built emerges from the sea. The city seems to float upon the waters, and looks like the sovereign of the deep. It is crowded with merchants of every nation, and its inhabitants are themselves the most eminent merchants of the world. It appears, at first, not to be the city of any particular people, but to be common to all as the centre of their commerce. There are two large moles, which, like two arms stretched out into the sea, embrace a spacious harbor, which is a shelter from every wind. The vessels in this harbor are so numerous as almost to hide the water in which they float; and the masts look at a distance like a forest. All the citizens of Tyre apply themselves to trade, and their wealth does not render them impatient of that labor by which it is increased. Their

city abounds with the finest linen of Egypt, and cloth that has been doubly dyed with the Tyrian purple—a color which has a lustre that time itself can scarce diminish, and which they frequently heighten by embroidery of gold and silver. The commerce of the Phœnicians extends to the straits of Gades; they have even entered the vast ocean by which the world is encircled, and made long voyages upon the Red Sea to islands which are unknown to the rest of mankind, from whence they bring gold, perfumes, and many animals that are to be found in no other country. . . .

"By what means," said I to Narbal, "have the Phœnicians monopolized the commerce of the world, and enriched themselves at the expense of every other nation?"

"You see the means," answered Narbal; "the situation of Tyre renders it more fit for commerce than any other place; and the invention of navigation is the peculiar glory of our country. If the accounts are to be believed that are transmitted to us from the most remote antiquity, the Tyrians rendered the waves subservient to their purpose long before Typhis and the Argonauts became the boast of Greece; they were the first who defied the rage of the billows and the tempest on a few floating planks, and fathomed the abysses of the ocean. They reduced the theories of Egyptian and Babylonian science to practice, regulating their course, where there was no landmark, by the stars; and they brought together innumerable nations which the sea had separated. The Tyrians are ingenious, persevering and laborious; they have, besides, great manual dexterity, and are remarkable for temperance and frugality. The laws are executed with the most scrupulous exactness; and the people are, among themselves, perfectly unanimous, and to strangers they are, above all others, friendly, courteous and faithful. Such are the means, nor is it necessary to seek for any other, by which they have subjected the sea to their dominion, and included every nation in their commerce. But if jealousy and faction should break out among them; if they should be seduced by pleasure or by indolence; if the great should regard labor and economy with contempt, and the manual arts should no longer be deemed honorable; if public faith should not be kept with the stranger,

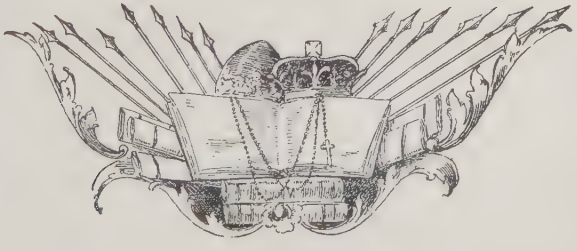
and the laws of a free commerce should be violated; if manufactures should be neglected, and those pains spared which are necessary to render every commodity perfect of its kind, that power which is now the object of your admiration would soon be at an end."

"But, how," said I, "can such a commerce be established at Ithaca?"

"By the same means," said he, "that I have established it here. Receive all strangers with readiness and hospitality; let them find safety, convenience and liberty in your ports; and be careful never to disgust them by avarice or pride. He that would succeed in a project of gain must never attempt to gain too much; and upon proper occasions must know how to lose. Endeavor to gain the good-will of foreigners; rather suffer some injury than offend them by doing justice to yourself; and especially do not keep them at a distance by haughty behavior. Let the laws of trade be neither complicated nor burdensome; but do not violate them yourself, nor suffer them to be violated with impunity. Always punish fraud with severity; nor let even the negligence or prodigality of a trader escape, for follies as well as vice effectually ruin trade, by ruining those who carry it on. But, above all, never restrain the freedom of commerce, by rendering it subservient to your immediate gain; the pecuniary advantages of commerce should be left wholly to those by whose labor it subsists, lest this labor, or want of a sufficient motive, should cease; there are more than equivalent advantages of another kind, which must necessarily result to the prince, from the wealth which a free commerce will bring into his state; and commerce is a kind of spring, which to divert from its natural channel is to lose. There are but two things which invite foreigners—profit and conveniency. If you render commerce less convenient, or less gainful, they will insensibly forsake you; and those that once depart will never return, because other nations, taking advantage of your imprudence, will invite them to their ports, and a habit will soon be contracted of trading without you.

"It must, indeed, be confessed, that the glory even of Tyre has for some time been obscured. O my dear Tele-

machus, hadst thou beheld it before the reign of Pygmalion, how much greater would have been thy astonishment! The remains of Tyre only are now to be seen; ruins which have yet the appearance of magnificence, but will shortly be mingled with the dust. O unhappy Tyre! to what a wretch art thou subjected; thou, to whom, as the sovereign of the world, the sea so lately rolled the tribute of every nation! Both strangers and subjects are equally dreaded by Pygmalion; and instead of throwing open our ports to traders of the most remote countries, like his predecessors, without any stipulation or inquiry, he demands an exact account of the number of vessels that arrive, the countries to which they belong, the name of every person on board, the manner of their trading, the species and value of their commodities, and the time they are to continue upon his coast; but this is not the worst; for he puts in practice all the little artifices of cunning to draw the foreign merchants into some breach of his innumerable regulations, that under the appearance of justice he may confiscate their goods. He is perpetually harassing those persons whom he imagines to be most wealthy; and increasing, under various pretences, the incumbrances of trade by multiplying taxes. . . . And thus commerce languishes; foreigners forget, by degrees, the way to Tyre, with which they were once so well acquainted; and if Pygmalion insists on a conduct so impolitic and so injurious, our glory and our power will be transferred to some other nation, which is governed upon better principles."—*From Fénelon's Telemachus.*



GUSTAVUS VASA was the founder of modern Sweden, delivering it from the yoke of Denmark, and making important social and political reforms. He was born in the province of Upland, on the 12th of May, 1495, and was the eldest son of Eric Johanson Vasa, Governor of the island of Aland. The son's name was originally, according to Swedish practice, Gustavus Ericsson. In his childhood he was sent to the court of Steno Sture the Elder, to be brought up as a foster-son, according to a custom of those times among the nobility. At the age of thirteen, he was sent to the collegiate school of Upsal ; but he did not remain there long.

Sweden was then under the domination of Christian II., the tyrannical King of Denmark, called the Nero of the North. At the age of nineteen, Gustavus was installed at the court of the Regent Steno Sture the Younger, and took part in battles against the Danes. About 1518 Christian invaded Sweden to subjugate the revolted Swedes; but he was defeated in a battle in which Gustavus carried the Swedish standard to victory. During the negotiations for peace, Christian, by treachery, obtained possession of Gustavus and five other Swedes, and took them as hostages to Denmark. After Gustavus had been deprived of liberty for a year, he escaped

in disguise and entered the free city of Lubeck, the rulers of which protected him and refused to deliver him to his Danish enemy. Here he remained many months, heard Luther preach, and became acquainted with the Reformed religion. In May, 1520, he returned to Sweden, determined to liberate his native country from the oppressive power of the Danes. He endeavored to incite the people to revolt, but was hunted by Danish officers, and saved himself from imminent danger by working in disguise on farms and in mines.

In the spring of 1520, the Danish king came with a fleet and besieged Stockholm for many months. That capital surrendered in September, 1520, to King Christian, who had promised a general pardon. In November the Danish king arrested many Swedish nobles and Senators, some of whom were accused of heresy, as being adherents of Luther. About ninety persons, including the father of Gustavus, were executed by order of the king. This massacre was called the Blood-Bath of Stockholm. A price was set on the head of Gustavus, but he escaped many perils, and in 1521 the Swedes chose him for their leader. He defeated the Danes in several battles, and soon made himself master of all Sweden, except Calmar and Stockholm, which, on account of their insular position, could not be taken without a fleet, which he did not possess. He negotiated with the rulers of Lubeck, who supplied him with ten ships. The tyrannical Christian was deposed by his Danish subjects about the end of 1522. Gustavus captured Stockholm in 1523, and was elected King of Sweden by the Diet in the same year.

King Gustavus found his kingdom demoralized and disorganized. The nobles had great power, and they abused it by oppressing the peasants. The clergy were wealthy and were devoted to the Romish Church. Gustavus began his reforming operations with the Church. He was determined to make Sweden a Protestant country for several reasons. He wanted the lands of the Church to enrich the crown and the State; and he wished to diminish the power of the priests because they desired to maintain the union of Denmark, Sweden and Norway, which he had broken, and were hostile to him. He reduced the enormous revenues of the bishops,

compelled them to surrender their castles, and closed many monasteries. The Bible was translated into Swedish, and the Lutheran Church became the established Church of Sweden. In 1528 a national council adopted Lutheranism.

Gustavus married Catharina of Saxe-Lunenburg, and after her death, Margareta Lejonhufvud, a Swedish lady. By favoring the middle classes and negotiating treaties of commerce with France, Russia and Holland, he became the founder of Swedish commerce. At the Diet of Westeräs, in 1544, the monarchy was definitely declared to be hereditary. This was a victory over the nobles, who aimed to make the government an oligarchy, and were turbulent subjects. Law, order and a national spirit were encouraged and developed by Gustavus, who established schools throughout the kingdom. The exactions and oppressive acts of the nobles provoked a serious insurrection of the peasants in 1537. Their leaders organized marauding bands, which infested the forests and made raids on the castles and manors. This rebellion lasted about two years. Gustavus generally avoided foreign war; but he waged war against Russia in 1555–1557. In the latter part of his life he married a third wife—Catharina Stenbock. In order to provide for each of his sons—Eric, John, Magnus and Charles—he divided Sweden into four dukedoms, and gave almost sovereign power to each duke. This proved a most unwise arrangement, and brought much evil upon the country as well as himself. The latter part of his reign was disturbed by the dissensions and misconduct of his sons. He died in September, 1560 and was succeeded by his son Eric.

The Rising of the Swedish Peasants.

Gustavus Vasa was received by the assembled men of Mora with every token of reverence and joy. They swore obedience and loyalty; two hundred placed themselves under his command, and sixteen picked peasant lads were appointed for his body-guard. To encourage his people, he soon after, being already a thousand men strong, undertook an expedition to Fahlun, where the steward and several of Christian's partisans were made prisoners, and the shops of the foreign traders given

up to the plunder of his followers, while the King's contributions from the whole district were taken up and distributed as pay.

The fame of Gustavus had spread far and wide, and many fugitives, who had before been groping about among the wild beasts of the forest, now hastened forward to join themselves to his troop. Their numbers soon increased to three thousand men, and the whole of Dalarna acknowledged his dominion. He then marched to Helsingland, but the people there either dared not or would not assist him; but the whole of Gestrikland and the town of Gefle joined him, and the persecuted noblemen from Stockholm and the rest of the kingdom crowded to his standard. As Gustavus was on his way back to Dalarna, he was met by the report that the troops whom he had left there had been beaten to a man by the Danes; in alarm he hastened his march, and, as he came nearer, found to his relief that, on the contrary, it was the Danes who had been beaten by the Dalmen.

The Danish party, headed by Gustaf Trolle and Jöns Beldenack, had hoped to quell the insurrection in the very beginning; and therefore, with a hastily assembled troop of six thousand men, marched towards Dalarna. The Dalmen encamped on the north, the Danes on the south side of the Brunback river, and contemplated each other with no friendly glances. Bishop Beldenack, who had not forgotten how often his countrymen had been put to flight by these white-coated peasants now lying on the opposite side of the stream, asked some of his Swedish partisans, "how many men they thought the valleys could muster?" "Twenty thousand men at the least," they answered, "for the old men there are as active as the young." "But what do they live on?" asked the Bishop. "On bread and water," was the answer; "and when corn fails they mix their bread with ground bark; nor do they care much for either cold or heat, hunger or thirst." Then said the Bishop: "A people who eat wood and drink water, the very devil himself, far less man, will not be able to overcome."

Meanwhile the Dalmen began by a continued firing across the river to disturb the Danes, who were obliged to retire;

but Peter Svensson, who saw this, had no intention of letting them escape so easily; he marched down the river to another ferry six miles below, and there crossing, fell on the Danes unexpectedly at Söunebohed, just as they were preparing to break up. Some part of his troop, whom he had left behind, crossed at Brunbäck Ferry, and attacked the enemy on their side. The assault was violent and well-conducted; the greater part of the Danes fell before the arrows and clubs of the Dalmen; many were chased into the river, where they were drowned, and the rest pursued as far as the province of Westmanland. Didrik Slaghök and Jöns Beldenack did not stop till they got to Westerås. The Dalmen rejoiced in the signal success, and to this very day the songs composed about it may be heard in the valleys.

> Thus we drove the Jutes into Brunbäck's wave,
> Thus the water sealed their doom.
> We grieve for this, that the river gave
> Not Christian's self a tomb.

Gustavus sought meanwhile to improve the Dalmen in the art of war; he taught them to sharpen the points of their arrows, that they might take better effect on the armor of their adversaries; he caused long lances to be made for a certain number of his troop, that they might be able to keep off the attack of the horsemen, and drilled them besides to keep compact squares, turn to right and left, and so on. He was very severe towards those who showed insubordination, either in discipline or in plundering the peasants; he himself examined into and judged the transgression, and death was often the reward of such wild offenders; but, on the other hand, none could be more anxious or eager for all that regarded their interests or well-being, sparing on his part neither pains nor trouble to see that they should want for nothing. By these means he was both loved and esteemed, and none either desired or ventured to do anything against his will.

On the 23d of April, the valiant St. George's Day, he mustered his whole army by Romfertuna Church, divided it into squares, and then into two main bodies, of which he confided the one to Lars Olsson, the other to Lars Eriksson, who were

to bear the command of each. He next made a formal declaration of war against King Christian, and on the 29th of April marched down to Balundsäs, east of Westeräs, intending, on the following day, to attack the town. But the Danes, proud of their victory at Köping, said contemptuously, "that even if it should rain Dalmen for three days, they would cut them all to pieces," and with similar expressions they rushed out of the town, hoping at once to drive back the advancing Swedes.

Gustavus was but half way through Balunds Forest, when he heard the sound of the battle already begun; he hurried on, the Danish shot was flying on every side, and struck his companions; in vain his men besought him to shun the danger for his own person, he was not to be restrained; but the victory was almost already won before he arrived. When the Danish horsemen had ridden against the Dalmen, Lars Olsson had made them put their new lances to profit; in vain the riders sought to press through the thick-set hedge of pointed spears which stretched before them; the horses stumbled and fell, pierced by the long lances, and brought down their riders in their fall, who, all clad in harness as they were, were stung by the newly-pointed Dal arrows. Thus four hundred fell; the rest turned in affright, threw themselves on their own infantry, which was trodden under foot and put in confusion. The battle was lost; the Danes fled to the town, where they sought to make a second resistance, and the garrison of the castle, to assist them, set the nearest wooden houses on fire; but they were followed through its streets by Lars Olsson and Lars Eriksson, who pursued them to the bridge, crossing the river which runs on the other side, where many of them, in the confusion, were drowned. Others crowded into the convent by the bridge, seeking to confess and receive absolution before they should be cut down by the pursuing Swedes. The Danes had thrown up fortifications beyond the bridge, and there the fight concluded. The victors extinguished the fire in the town, and Lars Eriksson and his troop rejoined Gustavus, carrying with them the Danish cannon, which had been taken in their violent skirmish in the street.

The miners and peasants, however, who remained in the

town, unaccustomed to discipline and order, thinking themselves quite secure, dispersed to plunder the store-houses. Others went down into the cellars to make acquaintance with what liquor they might contain; and some merry fellows among them carried a great wine barrel up to the Council Hall, placed it on the middle of the floor, themselves in a circle round it, and broached it with songs and merriment. The Danes, remembering what had happened at Köping, collected beyond the river, and prepared themselves to fall on the Swedes by the time they should be intoxicated. But neither had Gustavus forgotten that misfortune, and knowing but too well the want of discipline among the Dalmen, sent Lars Olsson back with his troop to make note of the movement of the Danes; and not before time, for scarce had he reached the market-place, ere he met them fully armed and in good order marching back into the town. A violent struggle now recommenced; but the Danes were again driven back and obliged to betake themselves to their entrenchments beyond the river. Gustavus now entered the town himself; in wrath he learnt the disorder and drunkenness of the peasants, and reproached them in sharp and serious terms. He descended into the cellars, struck himself the staves off some barrels, letting the wine and ale flow in streams, and desired his servants to do the same. "I would rather see meat and wine wasted," he said, "than the blood of my soldiers."

The news of this victory spread far and near; gentle and simple crowded to join the young and fortunate leader; amongst others, Arwid Westgöthe, who afterwards became one of Gustavus' bravest and most trustworthy officers. The army was now divided. Orebro was to be besieged by Olof Bonde; Westeräs by Lambrecht Mattsson; Nyköping by Lars Hard. The people rose on every side against the Danes; the Södermanlanders went of their own accord to Hörningsholm, took it by storm, and cut down or took prisoners the whole garrison.

Lars and Eriksson were sent to Upsala, who on their way thither raised the people and took them in their train. The Archbishop was not in the town, and the terrified canons sent a message to the two generals, desiring them to desist from

their hostilities, as the festival of St. Erik was now to be celebrated, and his bones to be carried between Old and New Upsala. These officers replied, "It is the province of Swedish men, and not foreigners, to carry the sacred remains of the patron of the kingdom; they would, therefore, do their best to be present in Upsala for the solemnity;" and with these words the envoy of the canons was obliged to return.

Gustavus Vasa, ariving at Upsala, went to the chapter-house and there made a serious and severe oration to the assembled canons. He represented to them their own and their Archbishop's continual disloyalty to the kingdom and its natural Governors, and promised them that if they followed the same plan with him, they should certainly not go unpunished. "Am I to consider you," he asked, "as Danes or Swedes? Will you swear loyalty to me and the kingdom, and show yourselves as faithful Swedish subjects?" The terrified canons asked permission to write to their Archbishop to hear his opinion. To this Gustavus consented, and sent by the same messenger a letter to Gustaf Trolle, in which, in serious but respectful terms, he exhorted him to think of the welfare of the kingdom, and contribute to rescue it from oppression and misery. A priest carried the letters to Stockholm. "I shall bring Gustaf Eriksson the answer myself," said the Archbishop, when he had read them. The messenger was imprisoned; and, with three thousand infantry and five hundred horse, Trolle immediately set out for Upsala.

Gustavus Vasa was sitting at supper when a deserter from Trolle's party entered in haste, and related that the Danish army was but three miles from the town. He would not, however, believe this; another soon followed, confirming the report of the first, and bringing along with him sixteen horses which had been taken from Trolle's people. Still he was not to be persuaded; but an hour after, one of his own spies returned and brought the same news. Gustavus had but seven hundred infantry and one hundred cavalry with him, his peasants having got leave to return home and sow their fields. He afterwards confessed that had Trolle then, without delay, attacked the town, he would himself have shared the fate of Bengt Bjugg; but the Archbishop was fortunately per-

suaded that Gustavus had the whole Swedish army with him, and therefore did not venture an immediate attack, but permitted his people to rest that night three miles from the town.

Early in the morning Gustavus rode up the high sand hill on which the Castle of Upsala now stands; he thence, in the light of the rising sun, watched the enemy marching past Dannemark Church, and saw that resistance with his little troop would be vain; he therefore thought it most advisable to retire till he should have re-assembled his peasants. When Trolle heard this, he sent Staffan Henrikson, a bold warrior, with two hundred cavalry, in pursuit of the Swedes, whom they overtook at Läby Ford. The infantry were already over; Gustavus himself was in the midst of the stream with his body-guard, when one of them, seeing the enemy in pursuit, set up a loud cry of alarm, and rode over Gustavus and his horse. The cavalry, still waiting to cross, seeing the danger of their leader, turned to receive the pursuers with such vigor that Staffan Henrikson returned to Upsala with the loss of seventy men. Gustavus got safe out of the water, and this peril. He re-assembled his peasants and pitched his camp at Rymningen Forest; and this is the first and last time that Gustavus Vasa ever showed negligence and imprudence.

Gustaf Trolle did not await his return, but marched back with his troops to Stockholm; and Gustavus, informed of this, sent Lars Olsson and Eriksson, with a choice body, to lie in ambush for him at Lindesund Mills. The brave Staffan, however, saved Trolle by his vigilance; ever on the alert, he rode before the troops, noting every mark on their path, and not far off the road discovered the remains of an ox lately killed, which the Swedish soldiers had been eating. Suspecting that there was something under this, he galloped back to Trolle, and the whole party pursued another route to Stockholm, thus avoiding the ambuscade of the Swedes. These, enraged that their enemies should have escaped them, followed with the greatest energy; they were warmly received, but the valor of the Danes was fruitless; they were forced to flight, and were hotly pursued. Lars Olsson noted Trolle as he rode; he galloped towards him, and, when sufficiently near, slung his sword with all his might at the Archbishop, but he

bowed himself hastily on his horse's neck, the sword flew over his head, and struck a courtier riding before him. Thus Trolle escaped to Stockholm; but scarce a seventh of his troop remained, so great was the loss he had sustained. He was but ill received by the Danish lords, Didrik Slaghök and Beldenack, who reproached him first for having permitted Gustavus Vasa to escape from Upsala, and afterwards for leaving that town himself without any necessity. Thus the proud Gustaf Trolle was obliged to put up with the reproaches and contempt of these favorites of Sigbrit; the traitor to his country was despised even by those whom he sought to assist.

Some days after, Gustavus Vasa arrived with his army before Stockholm. He marched to the northern side, and led them up on the high sand-hill, called Brunkeberg, on which many gallows remained standing from the murderous day which followed on Christian's coronation, and on which yet hung the bodies of Swedish men. Gustavus turned to his followers: "There you see," said he, "the traces of Danish Government." The gallows were speedily broken down, and the bodies laid to their long-denied rest in the bosom of their mother-earth.—A. FRYXELL.

GUSTAVUS ADOLPHUS.

GUSTAVUS ADOLPHUS is the favorite national hero of Sweden, and, as the champion of Protestantism in the Thirty Years' War, has been called "The Lion of the North." "He was," says Schiller, "incontestably the first commander of his century, and the bravest soldier in the army he had created. In everything their law-giver was also their example."

Gustavus Adolphus was the second king of that name in Swedish history. He was born at Stockholm, on the 9th of December, 1594, and was the eldest son of Charles IX., and a grandson of Gustavus Vasa. His mother was Christina, of Schleswig Holstein. He was carefully educated by tutors named John Skytte and the Count de la Gardie. He learned Latin, which was then the universal language of diplomacy, and could converse fluently in four languages besides his own. He was, also, sufficiently acquainted with Greek to be able to read Xenophon in the original. At an early age he was accustomed to public affairs. At the audiences given to foreign ambassadors, his father required him to reply on behalf of the crown of Sweden when he was but ten years old.

When Christian IV. of Denmark declared war against Sweden, in April, 1611, Gustavus was sent to collect troops for the relief of Kalmar, then the most important Swedish seaport, which Christian had besieged and which he soon took. Charles IX. died October 30, 1611, and, for two months after his death,

GUSTAVUS ADOLPHUS PRAYING BEFORE THE BATTLE OF LÜTZEN.

Sweden was without a king, for Gustavus was but seventeen years old, and the age of legal authority for kings had been fixed at twenty-four. In December, 1611, the Diet declared him to be of full age, and he took his father's title "Elected King and Hereditary Prince of the Swedes, Goths and Vandals."

At his accession, Sweden was involved in war against the king of Denmark, who possessed the three southern provinces of the Swedish peninsula, Blekingen, Holland and Schonen. Few kings have inherited a kingdom in a more critical condition. His chief minister and adviser was the Chancellor Axel Oxenstierna, one of the greatest statesmen of modern times. These two now sat down to play in earnest the great game of war against all the powers of northern Europe. The stake was the very national existence of Sweden. In the beginning of 1612, Christian, of Denmark, occupied the two most important fortresses of Sweden, Kalmar and Elfsborg. The war was ended in January, 1613, by a treaty, according to which Christian restored Kalmar and Elfsborg, and Gustavus paid him one million dollars (*rikstalers*). Among the enemies of Gustavus was Sigismund, the Catholic king of Poland, who was a son of John, king of Sweden, and still claimed the crown of that country, though he had been forced to resign on account of his adherence to Catholicism. Charles IX. and Sigismund had fought against each other for the possession of Livonia. The Swedish king had also begun the conquest of the Baltic provinces of Russia, and in 1611 had penetrated as far as Novgorod. In 1614, Gustavus marched to Narva and took Augdoff by storm. He gained several victories in the campaign of 1615, and in February, 1617, concluded a peace by which Russia ceded to Sweden the provinces of Carelia and Ingria. "Now," said Gustavus, "Russia cannot launch a boat on the Baltic without our permission." The ground on which St. Petersburg now stands then passed to the crown of Sweden.

Meanwhile Sigismund left no artifice untried to shake the allegiance of the Swedes to Gustavus, to cool the ardor of his friends and to embitter his enemies. In 1617 Sigismund, having formed an alliance with Austria and Spain, invaded the Swedish part of Livonia. Gustavus, who had no allies, was

not well prepared for war, and after two campaigns in which no important victories were gained, the conflict was suspended by an armistice to July, 1621. The marriage of Gustavus Adolphus with Maria Eleanora, the daughter of the Elector of Brandenburg, in 1620, gave him a new link with German Protestantism. Gustavus is said to have sacrificed his earlier attachment to the Countess of Brahe on account of the critical condition of his kingdom at his accession. His European reputation was founded in the Polish war, which was renewed in 1621. Gustavus raised an army of 24,000 men and opened the war by the siege of Riga, which, after an obstinate resistanee, surrendered in September. Sigismund, who was then obliged to wage war against the Turks also, was glad to conclude a new armistice (June, 1622), which left Sweden in full possession of Livonia, and several places in Kurland. The armistice was prolonged, by mutual agreement, to June, 1625.

After the Thirty Years' War began, Gustavus said, in 1624, that he would enter the war for the defence of the Protestant cause in Germany only on stringent conditions; he must be assured of having a port to the south of the Baltic, or on the North Sea; he should have a large subsidy from England or France; and he should have the command of all the forces to be raised by himself or his allies. England and the other allies declined to accept his terms. Gustavus and Richelieu were probably the only rulers of Europe who realized that this war was a life and death struggle with the House of Hapsburg. In 1625 the war against Sigismund being renewed, Gustavus soon captured all the strong places in Kurland. He defeated the Polish General Sapieha, in a pitched battle at Wallhof, in January, 1626. In June of that year he sailed with 150 ships to West Prussia, which then belonged to Poland. His siege of Dantzic, the richest city of eastern Europe, was without success; but he took Dirschau, and conquered nearly all of West Prussia in 1626. In the next year he continued the siege of Dantzic, and, during its progress, he was twice severely wounded. The fleet of Dantzic defeated the Swedish fleet and broke the blockade in November, 1627.

In the meantime Christian, of Denmark, who had been chosen leader of the army of the Protestant allies, was utterly

defeated by Tilly, at Lutter, in August, 1626. In the autumn of that year Wallenstein with an Imperial army stood on the edge of the Baltic, prepared to conquer Denmark, and make himself admiral of the Baltic, in fact as well as in name. In April, 1628, Gustavus and Christian signed a treaty by which the latter promised to exclude from the Sound and the Baltic all foreign ships except those of Holland. The Swedish king forced Wallenstein to raise the siege of Stralsund in July, 1628, and thus allied himself with a German town against the Emperor Ferdinand. In September, 1629, Sweden and Poland concluded a truce for six years.

Gustavus now prepared for the inevitable German war, which he began without any powerful ally. His own dominions were not able to supply the troops needed, and, therefore, he raised about 40,000 men in foreign countries. In June, 1630, he landed in Germany with about 15,000 men, and before the end of the year other regiments followed, making the total about 40,000. His artillery and engineers were superior to those of the enemy. In this department Gustavus Adolphus stands out as an innovator in the art of war. He also made improvements in tactics, and placed his reliance on rapidity of movement. "The old Spanish system of *weight* gave place before the new Swedish system of *mobility*." His troops were better armed than his enemies, and he was careful to provide warm clothing for them. To him also is attributed the creation of uniforms, field hospitals and traveling medicine chests. He also watched strictly over the morals of his soldiers. He was ably assisted by his subordinate officers. Among his best generals were Horn, Bauer and Forstenson.

No opposition was made to the advance of Gustavus, who, in his first campaign of eight months, from July, 1630, to February, 1631, took eighty strong places in Pomerania and Mecklenburg. A year and two months passed before Gustavus could draw the Imperial General Tilly to meet him in a pitched battle, for Tilly hoped that the discipline of the Swedish army would give way under the pressure of hunger. On the 13th of January, 1631, a treaty of alliance was concluded between Sweden and France, whose policy was then dominated by the great Richelieu. According to its terms Louis XIII.

agreed to pay Gustavus 400,000 dollars a year for six years, while Sweden was required to keep in the field an army of 36,000 men. This alliance, the object of which was declared to be "the protection of their common friends, the security of the Baltic, the freedom of commerce, and the restitution of the oppressed members of the empire," was of inestimable advantage to Gustavus. "Even in prestige," says the historian Fletcher, "the chosen ally of the most Christian king was a very different person from the king of snows and ice. And money was of more importance than prestige." At last, in July, 1631, the cautious Tilly, who had 22,000 men, attacked the Swedish army of about 16,000 at Werben, but was compelled to retreat after he had lost about 6,000 killed and wounded.

On the 1st of September, 1631, John George, Elector of Saxony, signed a treaty of offensive and defensive alliance with Gustavus, who was promptly reinforced by about 18,000 Saxons. One week after the signing of the treaty Gustavus attacked, near Leipsic, the imperial army commanded by Tilly (who had 32,000 men), and achieved a complete victory. The Swedes captured all Tilly's artillery and plundered his camp. Gustavus lost in this battle about 2,000 men. The loss of the other army is variously reported at 7,000 or 10,000, besides prisoners. This action, which is sometimes called the battle of Breitenfeld, made Gustavus the champion of Protestantism. He had about 26,000 men when, on the 17th of September, he quitted Halle and marched into Franconia. In October the strong fortress of Marienburg was taken by storm and immense treasure was obtained by the Swedes, who now rested for a month at Würzburg. Tilly had raised another army of 40,000 men; but his superiors ordered him not to risk a battle. Gustavus marched to Frankfort-on-the-Main, which surrendered without fighting in November, 1631. He was then joined by the Landgrave of Hesse with 14,000 men. On the 12th of December, after a siege of two days, Mayence was taken, and here Gustavus resolved to take up his winter quarters. He held a splendid winter court, to which came many German princes and ambassadors from England and France. At the end of 1631 the Swedish king, now thirty-seven years

old, had eight armies on foot, with an effective strength of about 100,000 men.

On the 5th of April, 1632, Gustavus, with about 36,000 men, attacked Tilly's army of 30,000, strongly entrenched on the river Lech, near Nordheim. After a fight of six hours Tilly was mortally wounded, and his army retreated in the night. The Swedes lost here 2,000, and the other army 3,000. Gustavus hoped the enemy would risk a battle to defend Munich, but they did not; and, on the 7th of May, the magistrates of Munich brought him the keys of their city. Here he remained three weeks, making friends among all classes. On the 9th of June he entered Nuremberg, which was well fortified and devoted to the Protestant cause. A few days later Wallenstein, commanding an army of about 65,000 men, marched against Nuremberg. He would not risk a battle with the Swedes, but designed to starve them. After a siege of two months the Swedes and the people of the city suffered severely from famine. Gustavus who, on the 12th of August, was reinforced by 30,000 men, was obliged by the want of food, to force an action. He ordered an assault on the entrenched camp of the enemy. For twelve hours the Swedes, who had to charge up-hill, stormed with courage against fearful odds; but they were repulsed with heavy loss. Gustavus, knowing that Wallenstein was not able to take Nuremberg, retired in good order September 8, leaving 4,000 men to defend the city.

He, himself, soon marched with 18,000 men to the defence of Saxony, which Wallenstein had invaded. On the 16th of November, 1632, he attacked Wallenstein (who had about 25,000) at Lützen. They fought nine hours with doubtful result. Gustavus, who rode ahead of his men, was killed, and the flower of his army was cut to pieces; but at night the Imperial army retreated and the Swedes remained masters of the field. Gustavus Adolphus died at the early age of thirty-eight. He left a daughter, Christina, who became Queen of Sweden.

In person Gustavus Adolphus was majestic and graceful, tall, and inclined to stoutness. His complexion was florid; his nose, aquiline ; his hair, light ; his countenance was attractive, and his manners affable ; he was quick-tempered, highly

courageous and thoroughly religious. Like his contemporary Oliver Cromwell, he combined greatness as a military leader with statesmanship of the first order. He improved the art of war by substituting for unwieldy masses a flexible formation in three lines. He greatly improved the efficiency of the artillery, giving to it a quickness and dexterity before deemed impracticable. But his genius as a warrior was subordinate to his efforts on behalf of his country. He seems to have aimed at establishing a Swedish empire somewhat similar to the present German empire, yet more comprehensive. Such a government would have been better for the welfare of Europe than the ascendancy of Austria. Schiller, in his "History of the Thirty Years' War," while acknowledging the genius and able leadership of the Swedish king, yet with national prejudice against a foreigner, attempts to show that "his sudden disappearance secured the liberties of Germany." It would be more correct to say that the premature death of Gustavus Adolphus gave Germany over to barbarism, dissension and desolation, from which she but slowly recovered.

The Battle of Lützen.

The celebrated Swedish astronomer, Tycho Brahe, had announced on the appearance of a new star in Cassiopeia, in the year 1572, "that a northern prince might be expected to arise who should greatly assist the interests of the more pure religion, and that the precise culmination of this astral influence should be perceived by the generality of mankind in the year 1632, or thereabouts." Gustavus Adolphus being in the zenith of his glory, in the very year indicated, many were led to recur to this prediction, and to cast in their minds to what it was now about to lead.

The Swedish army marched from the valley of the Danube to Arnstadt, where it rested for six days. The King had brought the Chancellor with him from Nuremberg, to confer with him at greater leisure as to the prospects of the war. But here Oxenstierna took his last farewell of his respected sovereign and early friend, and returned to Nuremberg; while the King carried the army forward to Erfurt, where he found his Queen Eleanora, who received him on foot in the market-place,

attended by her train of ladies; and here, two days later, he took a most affectionate leave of her also, who was never again to behold him, save in his coffin at Weissenfels. In two days and a half His Majesty, by easy marches, reached Naumburg on the 1st of November, which town on his approach he found barred against him by an officer of Pappenheim's; on which Gustavus sent Colonel Brandstein, at the head of a body of musketeers, who, on reaching the gate of the city, and finding some hesitation in its being opened, applied a petard to the portcullis, and, opening his way, entered the town sword in hand. The inhabitants of the country through which Gustavus Adolphus had marched flocked around his path in crowds, to look upon the great hero who a short year before had alighted in that same region, appearing among them like a protecting angel. Shouts of joy everywhere attended his progress. The people knelt before him, and struggled for the honor of touching the sheath of his sword, or kissing the hem of his garment. The characteristic modesty of the "Lion of the North" disliked these tributes of veneration, which a grateful and admiring multitude paid him, saying, "Is it not as if this people would make a god of me? Our affairs indeed prosper; but I fear the vengeance of Heaven will fall upon me for this presumption, and soon reveal to this multitude my human weakness and mortality."

Wallenstein, having besieged and captured Leipzig, had, on the 28th of October, effected a junction with Pappenheim at Merseburg. While the two Imperial leaders were concocting their future plan of operations, word came that the King of Sweden had arrived on the banks of the Saal. It became necessary, therefore, to bring matters to the hazard of a battle, in order that the Imperialist army might secure winter-quarters. Duke Bernhard of Saxe Weimar, who had been hovering about Wallenstein's movements, had now joined the King, so that Gustavus was at the head of 20,000 veterans. However, he consulted both Bernhard and Kniphausen as to their opinion of his hazarding a battle; and it was resolved that His Majesty had better not do so with such odds of numbers against him, principally on the judgment of the older general, Kniphausen, who laid it down that "no com-

mander ought to encounter an enemy superior to him in strength, unless compelled to do so by some pressing necessity. Now, your Majesty is neither circumscribed in space, nor in want of provisions, forage, or warlike stores." In consequence of this decision, the army was ordered, on the 3d of November, to throw up entrenchments, in order to await some reinforcements expected under the Duke of Lunenburg. This precaution of the King's deceived the Imperialist General, who thought that Gustavus was forming his entrenched camp near Naumburg.

But Pappenheim, with 8,000 men, was detached to Halle. This fact was made known to the King of Sweden by an intercepted letter from General Colloredo on the very day that the detachment marched off. Other divisions of the army were found also to have moved into cantonments between the Unstruth and the Saal. On hearing of this act of his adversary, the King thought himself released from Kniphausen's arguments, and to be at liberty to follow his own inclination to bring Wallenstein to battle. At one hour after midnight, on the 5th of November, the whole Swedish army was accordingly put in motion as far as Pegau, where it stopped four hours before daylight to take some repose and refreshment; and Gustavus here received from some of the country people the gratifying assurance that the Imperialist army was quiet, and had made no counter-movement. He formed the idea on the spur of the moment to advance and surprise the detachments in their quarters before it could be possible for the commanding officers to collect any mass together. He therefore demanded the road to Lützen, and was informed that it was close under his eyes, and the army was therefore ordered to march "right shoulders forward," and to bend its course towards that place, supposed to be five miles distant. It proved, however, to be more than eight miles off; and the greater part of the day was expended in struggling through the ploughed ground, making but an inconsiderable advance.

At length they attained to Rippach, a village in which was a regiment of Imperial cuirassiers, and another of Croatians. The King immediately opened some field-pieces, under whose fire he attacked the flank, while he went forward

and dislodged the enemy out of their quarters: but yet it was thought that the success was unimportant, and that this furtive night-march of the whole Swedish army was a somewhat rash proceeding; so that Kniphausen again intruded his counsel to the King for a retreat. The King however replied, with a tone of decision somewhat more arbitrary than was customary with him, "that the die was now cast; that he could not bear to have Wallenstein under his beard and not make a swoop upon him; for," said he, "I long to unearth him, and see how he can acquit himself in a champaign country." The motions of the Swedish army had been, however, now recognized; and the light troops of the Duke of Friedland, nnder the command of the Croatian General Isolani, dashed forward to occupy the villages on the plain of Lutzen. Wallenstein at the same time dispatched an officer to recall Pappenheim, with orders to allow nothing to impede his return. As soon as he had sent off his message, and recovered a little his presence of mind, he began to scan anxiously the nature of the ground occupied by himself, or possessed by Gustavus, and to reconnoitre the battle-field.

A large highway from Lützen to Leipzig bisects the plain in a line that extends from west to east; on the southern side of which lay the Swedes, and on the north the Imperialists. Two ditches, one on each side, ran parallel to this road, on the sides of which, here and there, were old willow-trees. The soil is a deep rich mould, somewhat heavy to the tread of horse and foot. On Wallenstein's right, near the town of Lützen, was an eminence, on which some windmills stood. It does not appear that Gustavus employed the time of the evening of the 5th in forming any artificial defences; but the Duke of Friedland had ordered that the ditches on the roadside should be deepened and widened; and he fixed two large batteries on the windmill hill. Gustavus ordered his army to be prepared to attack two hours before daybreak; but the morning was so intensely dark, owing to a heavy mist, that it was scarcely possible to discern an object at two pikes' distance. The King had passed his night in his coach with Kniphausen and Duke Bernhard, for the old campaigner was not the proprietor of a tent, or of any field equipage—a neglect

which is not generally the characteristic of an old soldier. Gustavus was early on horseback, and ordered his chaplain to perform Divine service. He declined to take any refreshment—another grievous omission in an old soldier. When invited to put on his steel breastplate, according to custom, he refused, saying, "The Lord is my armor;" and this would have been a weakness, but that it is believed that a wound which he had formerly received prevented his wearing it; and he was therefore only clad in a new plain cloth doublet, and an elk-skin surtout. "God with us," was the countersign of the Swedes; "Jesu Maria," was that of the Imperialists.

It was past eight o'clock (some say eleven) before the fog lifted; and the King immediately mounted his horse, and made a short address to the several divisions of his army. Drawing his sword for action, Gustavus placed himself at the head of the right wing. Wallenstein opened upon his advance a heavy fire of artillery; to which the King could ill reply, from the fact that, although the Swedish guns were more in number than those of his adversary, yet they were all of light calibre, and many of them merely made of leather. The ditches of the road were a formidable obstacle for any troops to surmount, for they were lined with musketeers, who exceedingly incommoded the cavalry in their advance. But at length the "commanded" musketeers of the Swedes cleared the high road, and crossed it. But the brigades that followed the advance found the passage of the road so hazardous, that they seemed to pause; whereupon Gustavus, quickly observing this hesitation, snatched a partisan from one of the colonels, to lead them across. "If," said he, with severity, "after having passed so many rivers, scaled so many walls, and fought so many battles, your old courage has failed you, stand still but a moment, and see your master die in the manner we all ought to be ready to do;" and he essayed to leap the ditch before them. "Stop, sire," said the men; "for Heaven's sake spare your invaluable life; do not distrust us; the business shall be completed."

Having now passed the ditches with them, he observed opposite to him three dark masses of Imperial cuirassiers, clad

in iron; and, turning to Colonel Stalhaus, an officer of considerable repute, he said, "Charge those black fellows; for they are men that will undo us—as for the Croatians, I mind them not." Stalhaus executed the royal order with great alacrity; but the Croatians suddenly changed their direction, to fall upon the baggage, and had actually reached the King's coach, which only escaped capture in the great disorder. The trenches being passed, the Swedes pressed forward with such irresistible impetuosity that the first, second, and third Imperial brigades were forced to fly; but Wallenstein came down to their aid in person, and at the sound of his voice the fugitives were stopped. Three regiments of cavalry now arrived to cover their re-formation, and they in their turn pressed vigorously against the Swedes, who were forced to retire again beyond the trenches; and a Swedish battery on the further side was captured.

The King was at the moment on the right, when word was brought him that his left wing had been driven back across the trenches. Leaving, therefore, Gustavus Horn to maintain the conflict on the right, he galloped at the head of the regiment of Steinboch to repair the disorder. As he passed along, a cuirassier corporal, of Piccolomini's regiment, remarking that every one respectfully made way for him, and therefore thinking he must be an officer of consequence, immediately ordered a musketeer to fire at him. The soldier fired as he was ordered, and Gustavus received his first wound in his left arm. With his accustomed resolution he concealed the fact from the men around him; but, at length, perceiving his strength to fail, he whispered to the Duke of Lunenburg, "Cousin, I perceive myself to be grievously wounded; lead me to some place of safety." At the same moment an Imperial squadron came rushing up, and, in the confusion of the moment, the King received a second shot, in the back; when he turned to the same prince, saying, "Brother, I have enough; look you to your own life;" and at the same instant he fell to the ground. His few personal attendants remained at his side to tend and protect him; but the troops that accompanied him were dispersed. A desperate struggle, however, still took place around his body; when a German page, refus-

ing to tell his royal master's rank, was shot through the body. But the dying hero, taking up the question, said, "I am the King of Sweden, and seal with my blood the Protestant religion and the liberties of Germany." A shot from a pistol, and a sword-thrust, soon terminated the life of the royal sufferer, who could only add, "My God! my God! Alas! my poor Queen," and expired.

The sight of the King's charger covered with blood proclaimed to the army that "the Lion of the North had fallen." Duke Bernhard of Saxe Weimar immediately assumed the command, and ordered an advance to secure possession of the royal body. The soldiers fought for it like enraged lions, for every one seemed to have the ambition to expire by the side of their royal leader; but it could not at that time be obtained. The fight was for some time maintained with resistless impetuosity, and the yellow guard of the King was nearly cut to pieces. It was not till the fury of the battle was past, that, after a long search, the royal corpse was discovered, covered with wounds and blood, trampled under horses' hoofs, stripped and naked, and scarcely to be recognized. After the victory of Lützen the King's body rested for a time on a great stone, which still exists on the field, and is called "the stone of the Swede." The body was afterwards carried from the field in state, attended by the whole army, and conducted to Weissenfels, where it was entrusted to the care of Queen Eleanora, and the loving wife attended it to Sweden, when it was deposited in the royal vault at Stockholm, amidst the tears of the Swedish nation; and the sight of the coffin still excites the sympathies of after generations, who will never cease to appreciate Gustavus' great worth, devotion, and most just claims to immortality.—Sir E. Cust.

WALLENSTEIN.

ALBRECHT VON WALLENSTEIN, Duke of Friedland, was the most imposing figure on the Imperialist side in the Thirty Years' War. The facts of the latter part of his career have been disputed among historians; but though Schiller took an unfavorable view, some investigators defend the warrior's honor. He was the third son of Wilhelm, Baron von Wallenstein, or Waldstein, and Margaret Smirricka, Baroness Smirriez. He was born in his father's castle of Hermanie, in Bohemia, on the 15th of September, 1583. From his earliest youth he displayed the spirit of independence and haughtiness which were his characteristic throughout life. At the age of seven, being chastised by his mother for a boyish fault, he cried out indignantly, "Why, am I not a prince? Nobody should dare to lay hands on me." His uncle having once reproached him with being as proud as a prince, he coolly answered, "What is not, may yet be." His greatest enjoyment was to associate with the military friends of his father.

Albrecht's mother died in 1593, and his father two years later; and, although he was the youngest son, he inherited considerable estates. His parents had been Hussites or Bohemian Protestants, but after their death his uncle placed him under tuition of the Jesuits. Afterwards he studied for some time at the University of Altdorf, and also in Italy. In his

youth he contracted a belief in astrology, and in later years the astrologer Seni was one of his principal counsellors. Anxious to signalize himself by military deeds, Wallenstein left Italy and went to Hungary, where the Imperial armies were fighting against the Turks. At the siege of Gran he was in the foremost storming party, and General Basta, the commander-in-chief, appointed him captain on the walls of the conquered fortress.

In 1606 Wallenstein married Lucretia Nikessin, Baroness of Landeck, who died in 1614, leaving him fourteen large estates in Moravia. In 1617 he raised a body of two hundred dragoons, with which he assisted the Archduke Ferdinand of Austria, Duke of Styria, who was at war with the Venetians. He saved the fortress of Gradisca, which was hard pressed by the enemy. By paying his soldiers well, and keeping open table, Wallenstein became the idol of the Styrian army, and in a short time he found himself at the head of several thousand men. When the campaign was closed toward the end of 1617, to the advantage of the Archduke Ferdinand, the Emperor Matthias made him his chamberlain and colonel in his armies, and soon afterwards created him Count. After the overthrow of King Frederic, of Bohemia, the estates of his adherents were confiscated, and the greater part were either sold by the Emperor Ferdinand II., or given as rewards to his faithful servants. Ferdinand sought to combine generosity and interest by selling the lands at a low price. The reward of Wallenstein was the lordship of Friedland, worth about 600,000 gulden, for which he paid one-fourth of its value; and he bought more than sixty other lordships and estates, the value of which was estimated, at a very low rate, at 7,290,228 gulden. Of this sum Wallenstein paid but a fraction, his sacrifices and services being taken into account. He must, at the present value of money, have acquired, in consequence of the Bohemian war, $1,500,000,000.

In 1621 this wealthy warrior, thus loaded with spoils, took the field against Bethlem Gabor, the prince of Transylvania, who stood on the frontiers of Germany, and was desirous to effect a junction with John George, Margrave of Brandenburg, then encamped near Jagerndorf. Wallenstein successively

defeated both his adversaries, prevented their junction, and forced Gabor to sue for peace, which was granted on condition that he should give up his claim to the crown of Hungary. Bethlem Gabor, however, again took up arms, but was totally defeated by Wallenstein. As a reward for this victory the Emperor created him Prince in 1623, and in the following year conferred upon him the title of Prince of the Holy Roman Empire.

The Danes had now entered into the prolonged struggle between the Catholics and Protestants in Germany. Wallenstein offered the Emperor to raise and maintain on the field an army of 40,000 men at his own expense, on condition that he was to have the uncontrolled command of them, and the privilege of indemnifying himself from the territories that they conquered. The Emperor, after much hesitation, accepted these terms, and Wallenstein raised his army of volunteers, gained repeated victories over the Danes and their allies, and overran nearly the whole north of Germany, though he was checked by the heroic resistance of the town of Stralsund. But the violence of his proceedings, and his haughty demeanor, excited the jealousy of many of the Catholic princes against him. He often endeavored to check the rapacity of his lieutenants, and severely punished several Italian and Spanish officers, who in revenge called him "the tyrant." Wallenstein, indeed, showed an aversion to the foreigners, especially Italians and Spaniards, who crowded to the court and army; and a hatred of priests, especially the Jesuits, who were powerful at the Imperial court. In consequence of this influence the Emperor deposed him from his command in 1629. Wallenstein retired with calmness, relying on the promises of his favorite astrologer that he would soon be gloriously restored. This actually took place in 1632.

The Swedish hero, Gustavus Adolphus, had appeared in the meantime on the scene of war, and had crushed the Imperialist army. Tilly, the Emperor's favorite general, had been killed in action with the Swedes. Ferdinand, now trembling for his personal safety, implored Wallenstein to resume the command. He consented, but on terms of even more haughty independence than before. Such was the con-

fidence that the soldiery placed in him, and such was the magic of his name, that the warlike youth of Germany crowded round his standard, together with Frenchmen, Irishmen, Scotchmen, Walloons, Poles, Hungarians and Cossacks, and in a short time he encountered the Swedes at the head of a powerful and well-equipped army. He had the advantage over Gustavus and his Saxon allies in the early part of the campaign. He recovered several provinces from them, and defeated Gustavus, when the Swedish King attacked his camp at Nuremberg. Wallenstein, however, lost the great battle of Lützen in which Gustavus fell, November 10, 1632.

Wallenstein re-organized his army in Bohemia, and was expected by the Austrian Court to press hard on the German Protestants and Swedes, now that they were deprived of their great leader. He, however, remained inactive, and was accused by his enemies at Vienna of intriguing with the Swedes, with the view of making himself King of Bohemia. On the 25th of February, 1634, Gordon, an unsuspected enemy of Wallenstein's, and commandant of Eger, gave a splendid entertainment to officers of the army, at which the Duke was not present on account of ill health. After dinner an armed band rushed in, and the friends of Wallenstein fell beneath their swords. Wallenstein heard the cries of the murdered men. He opened a window and asked a sentinel what it meant. Suddenly Captain Butler, at the head of thirty Irishmen, rushed into his apartment; and while his men shrank back at the sight of their great commander, who stood before them defenceless and in his night-dress, Butler advanced and cried out, "Art thou the traitor that is going to ruin the Emperor?" With these words he thrust at his commander with his sword. Wallenstein, without uttering a word, opened his arms and received the deadly blow in his breast. Some authorities have given Devereux as the name of his assassin. Both were engaged in the plot. His murderers were rewarded by the Emperor, and the vast possessions of the Duke were confiscated.

Wallenstein, though the most successful commander on the Imperialist side, was hated by the Court on account of the comparative liberality of his religious opinions. Historians

have differed as to the reasonableness of the suspicions that were entertained of his loyalty; but there can be no difference of opinion as to "the deep damnation of his taking off." A successful military leader, possessed of unbounded ambition, finding himself distrusted by the Emperor, might readily incline to seize and claim the crown of his native land.

Wallenstein Restored to Command.

It was now the policy of the Duke of Friedland to raise up a third party in Germany, which might place itself, through the fortune of war, in his own hands, and at once gratify his revenge against the ingratitude of the Emperor, and the neglect of the Swedish Monarch; and in the ruin of both he sought to obtain the kingdom of Bohemia, and his native province, Moravia. It really was, indeed, with the same object that he had acted so as to induce the King of Denmark to declare war against Sweden, after the King had overrun and reduced Pomerania. None of these negotiations, however, had any successful result; for Gustavus Adolphus continued, without any serious opposition, his successful inroad into Germany. And when the Imperialist army, under his old associate Tilly, was worsted at Breitenfeld, in September, 1631, the Duke of Friedland's friends and bribed adherents in Vienna uttered loud complaints at this disgraceful negligence; and a thousand voices sounded in the ears of the Emperor, "Had Wallenstein commanded, matters would never have come to this."

The immediate pressure of necessity finally overcame the consideration of mortified pride in Ferdinand; and deeply sensible of his own personal humiliation in the act, the Emperor empowered the friends of the Duke of Friedland to sound him as to his willingness to return to the command of the Imperial armies. Wallenstein was at this moment suffering from gout, in his palace near Prague, and on this excuse, as well as from necessity or policy, he again declined the invitation to attend the Imperial Court. He had sufficient self-command to conceal his inward exultation at the opening of the negotiation, and in this moment of long-desired vengeance to assume the mask of indifference. The Duke of Eggenburg,

Baron de Questenberg, and Werdenberg, were the Imperial deputies who were authorized by the Emperor to make known his desire to have him back at the head of his armies, and to offer him a salary of 100,000 florins a month, with the supreme command. But Wallenstein long resisted the urgent entreaties of these mediators. "Too long," he said, "had he tasted the pleasures of ease and independence, to sacrifice to the vain phantom of glory the uncertain favor of princes." But when the Saxon army was already on its march toward Prague, Wallenstein removed from the Bohemian capital with his whole court, and repaired to Znaim, in Moravia, to be altogether out of the way of this invasion. The progress of the enemy, however, increased the pressure of Ferdinand's difficulties, and the terrified Emperor sent the Duke of Eggenburg, for the third and last time, to persuade his friend, the Duke of Friedland, to yield to his necessity. But the wily Wallenstein said, "he never could trust to a restoration to command which he owed to the Emperor's necessity, and not to his sense of justice."

The Duke of Eggenburg, at length driven to play a last card, assumed a loftier tone, and threatened the Imperial resentment if the General longer persisted in his refusal. "Ferdinand required his services as his benefactor; and as Emperor he demanded them."—"Whatever price Wallenstein might demand for his obedience, the Kaiser would readily agree to; but if he demurred any longer, the weight of the Imperial indignation would crush the refractory servant." The Duke of Friedland well knew that the whole of his extensive possessions were open and utterly exposed to the power of the Emperor, and was convinced that he had now tested the weakness and despair which dictated the offer, and that he had held back sufficiently to attain, if indeed it were ever possible, to the summit of his desires. His affected reluctance now appeared to be overcome, and he made a show of yielding to the persuasions of Eggenburg; but he insisted on some conditions for his obedience, that might be written down and settled before he accepted the command. "The Duke of Friedland required the uncontrolled command over all the German armies of Austria and Spain, with unlimited power

to reward and punish. Neither the King of Hungary (whom the Emperor had wished to be installed in the highest command), nor even the Emperor himself, was ever to appear in his army, much less to exercise the slightest authority in it. No commission, no pension, nor letter of grace, was to be granted by the Kaiser without Wallenstein's approval. As an ordinary reward for his allegiance, an Imperial hereditary estate in Austria was to be assigned to him. As the extraordinary reward of success in the field he required that he should be lord paramount over the conquered countries, and that all conquests and confiscations should be placed entirely at his disposal. He insisted that all means and moneys for carrying on the war should be solely at his command; and, at the conclusion of peace, he demanded the assurance that the Duchy of Mecklenburg should be admitted to his capitulation."

In vain did Eggenburg entreat Wallenstein to moderate his demands, which the Emperor could not grant without being deprived of all Imperial authority over his armies. He even condescended to suggest that his son, the King of Hungary, might remain with the army to learn the art of war under Wallenstein. The Duke of Friedland was not, as has already been clearly manifested, a man of much Christian or loyal sentiment, and, with much profaneness and greater presumption, he declared, "Never will I submit to any colleague in my office—no, not even if it were God himself with whom I should have to share my command." It would seem that in the depths of his despair the Emperor did not consider the conditions of his subject so arrogant as they probably afterwards appeared to him when he had recovered his position; at all events he did not hesitate to accept them, and a compact in the sense of them was duly signed on the 15th of April, 1632.

Wallenstein did not delay to fulfill the promises which he had made. The fundamentals of the enterprise having, in truth, been long laid, and the machinery having been well prepared for the purpose, both were soon put in motion. As soon as the news transpired that the Duke of Friedland was about to levy troops, crowds of soldiers offered their services

to try their fortune under this favorite and experienced general. Many who had served under him formerly, and gone into retirement, came forth again, ready to share with him both booty and glory. The great pay he promised attracted others, and the regular and plentiful supply thus secured to the mercenary, as it was to be paid by the peasant, was an irresistible inducement to all classes to embrace the military life, instead of being the victims of its oppression. All the Imperial provinces were called upon to assist in the equipment. No class in Austria was exempted from this taxation; no dignity or privilege could be claimed free from capitation. Wallenstein lavished money out of his own purse to hasten the armament. By his bounty and dexterity he drew to his standard all the disbanded veteran troops that had ever served under the Imperial ensigns; and he took especial care to attract every commander of note, of which sort there were many, whose swords and consciences were always ready for sale. Though he was wont to punish with more than Roman rigor, yet it was recognized that he rewarded with more than Roman profusion; for which reason all who were conscious of military merit delighted to serve under him. Nor was the Court of Vienna idle in its co-operation. Orders were given to supply the army with every necessary that could be imagined; and the provinces were all required to make liberal contributions. The Kings of Spain and Hungary yielded considerable sums to the same object. The Duke of Friedland and Mecklenburg did not hesitate to treat with several foreign states in his own name, to solicit men and money. The Duke of Lorraine transmitted supplies, and Poland sent Cossacks, while even the Princes of Italy furnished some military necessaries. At the end of three months 40,000 men, furnished even to superfluity with everything needful for war, commanded by tried and experienced officers, and inflamed by an enthusiasm for their chief which seemed to assure victory, were assembled under his personal command, and reviewed by him at Pilsen, whence he immediately put them in motion, to drive the Saxons out of Bohemia.—Sir E. Cust.

WALLENSTEIN REJECTS THE WARNING OF HIS DEATH.

Wallenstein (*seated at a table*). Commend me to your lord. I sympathize
In his good fortune; and if you have seen me
Deficient in the expressions of that joy,
Which such a victory might well demand,
Attribute it to no lack of good-will,
For henceforth are our fortunes one. Farewell,
And for your trouble take my thanks. To-morrow
The citadel shall be surrendered to you
On your arrival.

[*The Swedish Captain retires. The Countess Tertsky enters, stands before Wallenstein; at length he starts, sees her, and recollects himself.*

Wal. Com'st thou from her? Is she restored? How is she?

Coun. My sister tells me she was more collected
After her conversation with the Swede.
She has now retired to rest.

Wal. The pang will soften.
She will shed tears.

Coun. I find thee altered, too,
My brother! After such a victory
I expected to have found in thee
A cheerful spirit. O remain *thou* firm;
Sustain, uphold us! For our light thou art,
Our sun.

Wal. Be quiet. I ail nothing. Where's
Thy husband?

Coun. At a banquet—he and Illo.

Wal. (*rises and strides across the room*). The night's far spent. Betake thee to thy chamber.

Coun. Bid me not go; O let me stay with thee!

Wal. (*moves to the window*). There is a busy motion in the heaven,
The wind doth chase the flag upon the tower,
Fast sweep the clouds, the sickle of the moon,
Struggling, darts snatches of uncertain light.
No form of star is visible! That one
White stain of light, that single glimmering yonder,

Is from Cassiopeia, and therein
Is Jupiter. (*A pause.*) But now
The blackness of the troubled element hides him!

[*He looks vacantly into the distance.*

Coun. (*looks on him mournfully, then grasps his hand*). What art thou brooding on?

Wal. Methinks
If but I saw him 'twould be well with me.
He is the star of my nativity,
And often marvellously hath his aspect
Shot strength into my heart.

Coun. Thou'lt see him again.

Wal. (*remains for a while with absent mind, then assumes a livelier manner and turns suddenly to the Countess*). See him again? O never, never again.

Coun. How?

Wal. He is gone—is dust.

Coun. Whom meanest thou then?

Wal. He, the more fortuuate! yea, he hath finished!
For him there is no longer any future:
His life is bright—bright without spot it was,
And can not cease to be. No ominous hour
Knocks at his door with tidings of mishap.
Far off is he, above desire and fear;
No more submitted to the change and chance
Of the unsteady planets. O 'tis well
With *him!* but who knows what the coming hour
Veil'd in thick darkness brings for us?

Coun. Thou speak'st
Of Piccolomini. What was his death?
The courier had just left thee as I came.

[*Wallenstein makes signs to her to be silent.*

Turn not thine eyes upon the backward view.
Let us look forward into sunny days,
Welcome with joyous heart the victory,
Forget what it has cost thee. Not to-day,
For the first time, thy friend was to thee dead;
To thee he died when first he parted from thee.

Wal. I shall grieve down this blow, of that I'm conscious.
What does not man grieve down? From the highest,
As from the vilest thing of every day

He learns to wean himself; for the strong hours
Conquer him. Yet I feel what I have lost
In him. The bloom is vanished from my life,
For Oh! he stood beside me, like my youth,
Transformed for me the real to a dream,
Clothing the palpable and familiar
With golden exhalations of the dawn.
Whatever fortunes wait my future toils,
The *beautiful* is vanished—and returns not.
Coun. O be not treacherous to thy own power.
Thy heart is rich enough to vivify
Itself. Thou lov'st and prizest virtues in him,
The which thyself didst plant, thyself unfold.
Wal. (*stepping to the door*). Who interrupts us now at this late hour?
It is the Governor. He brings the keys
Of the Citadel. 'Tis midnight. Leave me, sister!
Coun. O 'tis so hard to me this night to leave thee—
A boding fear possesses me!
Wal. Fear! Wherefore?
Coun. Should'st thou depart this night, and we at waking
Never more find thee!
Wal. Fancies!
Coun. O, my soul
Has long been weighed down by these dark forebodings.
And if I combat and repel them waking,
They still rush down upon my heart in dreams.
I saw thee yesternight with thy first wife
Sit at a banquet gorgeously attired.
Wal. This was a dream of favorable omen,
That marriage being the founder of my fortunes.
Coun. To-day I dreamed that I was seeking thee
In thy own chamber. As I entered, lo!
It was no more a chamber;—the chartreuse
At Gitschin 'twas, which thou thyself hast founded,
And where it is thy will that thou should'st be
Interred.
Wal. Thy soul is busy with these thoughts.
Coun. What, dost thou not believe that oft in dreams
A voice of warning speaks prophetic to us?
Wal. There is no doubt that there exists such voices
Yet I would not call them

Voices of warning that announce to us
Only the inevitable. As the sun,
Ere it is risen, sometimes paints its image
In the atmosphere, so often do the spirits
Of great events stride on before the events,
And in to-day already walks to-morrow.
That which we read of the fourth Henry's death
Did ever vex and haunt me like a tale
Of my own future destiny. The king
Felt in his breast the phantom of the knife,
Long ere Ravaillac armed himself therewith.
His quiet mind forsook him: the phantasma
Started him in his Louvre, chased him forth
Into the open air: like funeral knells
Sounded that coronation festival;
And still with boding sense he heard the tread
Of those feet that even then were seeking him
Throughout the streets of Paris.

Coun. And to *thee*
The voice within thy soul bodes nothing?

Wal. Nothing.
Be wholly tranquil.

Coun. And another time
I hastened after thee, and thou ran'st from me
Through a long suite, through many a spacious hall,
There seemed no end of it: doors creaked and clapped:
I followed panting, but could not o'ertake thee:
When on a sudden did I feel myself
Grasped from behind—the hand was cold that grasped me—
'Twas thou, and thou didst kiss me, and there seemed
A crimson covering to envelop us.

Wal. That is the crimson tapestry of my chamber.

Coun. (*gazing on him.*) If it should come to that—if I should see thee,
Who standest now before me in the fullness
Of life— [*She falls on his breast and weeps.*

Wal. The Emperor's proclamation weighs upon thee—
Alphabets wound not—and he finds no hands.

Coun. If he *should* find them my resolve is taken—
I bear about me my support and refuge. [*Exit Countess.*

SCENE II.—*Wallenstein, Gordon.*

Wal. All quiet in the town?
Gor. The town is quiet.
Wal. I hear a boisterous music! and the Castle
Is lighted up. Who are the revellers?
Gor. There is a banquet given at the Castle
To the Count Tertsky, and Field Marshal Illo.
Wal. In honor of the victory. This tribe
Can show their joy in nothing else but feasting.
[*Rings. The Groom of the Chamber enters.*
Unrobe me. I will lay me down to sleep.
[*Wallenstein takes the keys from Gordon.*
So we are guarded from all enemies,
And shut in with sure friends.
For all must cheat me, or a face like this
[*Fixing his eye on Gordon.*
Was ne'er a hypocrite's mask.
[*The Groom of the Chamber takes off his mantle, collar, and scarf.*
Wal. Take care—what is that?
Groom. The golden chain is snapped in two.
Wal. Well, it has lasted long enough. Here—give it.
[*He takes and looks at the chain.*
'Twas the first present of the Emperor.
He hung it round me in the war of Friule,
He being then Archduke; and I have worn it
'Till now from habit—
From superstition if you will. Belike.
It was to be a talisman to me,
And while I wore it on my neck in faith,
It was to chain to me all my life long,
The volatile fortune, whose first pledge it was.
Well, be it so! Henceforward a new fortune
Must spring up for me! for the potency
Of this charm is dissolved.
[*Groom of the Chamber retires with the vestments. Wallenstein rises, takes a stride across the room, and stands at last before Gordon in a posture of meditation.*
How the old time returns upon me! I
Behold myself once more at Burgau, where

We two were pages of the Court together.
We oftentimes disputed: thy intention
Was ever good; but thou were wont to play
The moralist and preacher, and would'st rail at me—
That I strove after things too high for me,
Giving my faith to bold, unlawful dreams,
And still extol to me the golden mean.
—Thy wisdom hath been proved a thriftless friend
To thy own self. See, it has made thee early
A superannuated man, and (but
That my munificent stars will intervene)
Would let thee in some miserable corner
Go out like an unattended lamp.
Gor. My Prince!
With light heart the poor fisher moors his boat,
And watches from the shore the lofty ship
Stranded amid the storm.
Wal. Art thou already
In harbor then, old man? Well! I am not.
The unconquered spirit drives me o'er life's billows;
My planks still firm, my canvas swelling proudly,
Hope is my goddess still, and youth my inmate;
And while we stand thus front to front, almost
I might presume to say, that the swift years
Have passed by powerless o'er my unblanched hair.
[*He moves with long strides across the hall, and remains on the opposite side over against Gordon.*
Who now persists in calling fortune false?
To me she has proved faithful, with fond love
Took me from out the common ranks of men,
And like a mother goddess, with strong arm
Carried me swiftly up the steps of life.
Nothing is common in my destiny,
Nor in the furrows of my hand. Who dares
Interpret then my life for me as 'twere
One of the undistinguishable many?
True, in this present moment I appear
Fall'n low indeed; but I shall rise again.
The high flood will soon follow on this ebb;
The fountain of my fortune, which now stops
Repressed and bound by some malicious star,
Will soon in joy play forth from all its pipes.

Gor. And yet remember I the good old proverb,
"Let the night come before we praise the day."
I would be slow from long-continued fortune
To gather hope: for hope is the companion
Given to the unfortunate by pitying Heaven.
Fear hovers round the head of prosperous men;
For still unsteady are the scales of fate.

Wal. (*smiling*). I hear the very Gordon that of old
Was wont to preach to me, now once more preaching;
I know well that all sublunary things
Are still the vassals of vicissitude.
The unpropitious gods demand their tribute.
This long ago the ancient Pagans knew:
And therefore of their own accord they offered
To themselves injuries, so to atone
The jealousy of their divinities:
And human sacrifices bled to Typhon.

[*After a pause, serious, and in a more subdued manner.*

I too have sacrificed to him—For me
There fell the dearest friend, and through my fault
He fell! No joy from favorable fortune
Can over-weigh the anguish of this stroke.
The envy of my destiny is glutted:
Life pays for life. On his pure head the lightning
Was drawn off which would else have shattered *me*.

SCENE III.—*To these enter Seni.*

Wal. Is not that Seni? and beside himself,
If one may trust his looks! What brings thee hither
At this late hour, Baptista?

Seni. Terror, Duke!
On thy account.

Wal. What now?

Seni. Flee ere the day break!
Trust not thy person to the Swedes!

Wal. What now
Is in thy thoughts?

Seni (*with louder voice*). Trust not thy person to these Swedes.

Wal. What is it then?

Seni (*still more urgently*). O wait not the arrival of these Swedes!

An evil near at hand is threatening thee
From false friends. All the signs stand full of horror!
Near, near at hand the net-work of perdition—
Yea, even now 'tis being cast around thee!

Wal. Baptista, thou art dreaming!—Fear befools thee.

Seni. Believe not that an empty fear deludes me.
Come, read it in the planetary aspects;
Read it thyself, that ruin threatens thee
From false friends!

Wal. From the falseness of my friends
Has risen the whole of my unprosperous fortunes.
The warning should have come before! At present
I need no revelations from the stars to know that.

Seni. Come and see! trust thine own eyes!
A fearful sign stands in the house of life—
An enemy; a fiend lurks close behind
The radiance of thy planet—O be warned!
Deliver not thyself up to these heathens
To wage a war against our holy church.

Wal. (*laughing gently*). The oracle rails that way! Yes, yes! Now
I recollect. This junction with the Swedes
Did never please thee—lay thyself to sleep,
Baptista! Signs like these I do not fear.

Gor. (*who during the whole of this dialogue has shown marks of extreme agitation, and now turns to Wallenstein*). My Duke and General! May I dare presume?

Wal. Speak freely.

Gor. What if 'twere no mere creation
Of fear, if God's high providence vouchsafed
To interpose its aid for your deliverance,
And made that mouth its organ.

Wal. You're both feverish!
How can mishap come to me from the Swedes?
They sought this junction with me—'tis their interest.

Gor. (*with difficulty suppressing his emotion*). But what if the arrival of these Swedes—
What if this were the very thing that winged
The ruin that is flying to your temples?

[*Flings himself at his feet.*

There is yet time, my Prince.

Seni. O hear him! hear him!

Gor. (*rises.*) The Rhinegrave's still far off. Give but the orders,
This citadel shall close its gates upon him.
If then he will besiege us, let him try it.
But this I say: he'll find his own destruction
With his whole force before these ramparts, sooner
Than weary down the valor of our spirit.
He shall experience what a band of heroes,
Inspirited by an heroic leader,
Is able to perform. And if indeed
It be thy serious wish to make amends
For that which thou hast done amiss—this, this
Will touch and reconcile the Emperor,
Who gladly turns his heart to thoughts of mercy;
And Friedland, who returns repentant to him,
Will stand yet higher in his Emperor's favor,
Than e'er he stood when he had never fallen.

Wal. (*contemplates him with surprise, remains silent awhile, betraying strong emotion*). Gordon—your zeal and fervor lead you far.
Well, well—an old friend has a privilege.
Blood, Gordon, has been flowing. Never, never
Can the Emperor pardon me: and if he could,
Yet I—I never could let myself be pardoned.
Had I foreknown what now has taken place,
That he, my dearest friend, would fall for me,
My first death-offering: and had the heart
Spoken to me, as now it has done—Gordon,
It may be I might have bethought myself.
It may be too, I might not. Might or might not,
Is now an idle question. All too seriously
Has it begun, to end in nothing, Gordon.
Let it then have its course. [*Stepping to the window.*
All dark and silent—at the Castle, too,
All is now hushed—Light me, Chamberlain!

[*The groom of the Chamber, who had entered during the last dialogue, and had been standing at a distance and listening to it with visible expressions of the deepest interest, advances in extreme agitation, and throws himself at the Duke's feet.*

And thou too! But I know why thou dost wish
My reconcilement with the Emperor.
Poor man! he hath a small estate in Cärnthen,

And fears it will be forfeited because
He's in my service. Am I then so poor,
That I no longer can indemnify
My servants? Well! To no one I employ
Means of compulsion. If 'tis thy belief
That fortune has fled from me, go! Forsake me.
This night, for the last time, mayst thou unrobe me,
And then go over to thy Emperor.
Gordon, good night! I think to make a long
Sleep of it: for the struggle and the turmoil
Of this last day or two were great. May't please you!
Take care that they awake me not too early.

—SCHILLER, *translated by* COLERIDGE.

KING JOHN.

MANY of the rulers who have been the means of conferring the greatest blessings on their countries have been men of wicked lives or worthless character. In some cases their very faults have been overruled by Divine Providence for the welfare of their people and the whole human race. Such was the case with the solitary King of England bearing the name of John.

Richard, Cœur de Lion, who left no heir, bequeathed his throne to his brother John, Duke of Montaigue. John was born 1166 A.D.; surnamed Sansterre, or Lackland. He was not the lineal heir, for his elder brother, Geoffrey, had left a son, Arthur, Duke of Bretagne, now a lad of but twelve years of age. A council held at Northampton confirmed the choice of Richard I., and John was crowned at Westminster in 1199.

Philip of France embraced the cause of the young Duke Arthur, took him under his protection, and sent him to Paris to be educated with his own son. War was declared. After some fruitless conferences, a treaty of peace was concluded, by which they adjusted the limits of all their territories; mutually secured the interests of their vassals; and, to render the union more durable, John gave his niece, Blanche of Castile, in marriage to Prince Louis, Philip's eldest son. Nine barons of the King of England, and as many of the King of France, were guarantors of this treaty; and all of them swore,

that if the sovereign violated any article of it, they would declare themselves against him, and uphold the cause of the injured monarch.

The young Duke of Bretagne, who was now rising to man's estate, led a small army into Poitou, but was defeated by John at the castle of Mirabeau. Arthur was confined in the castle of Falaise. Here John had a conference with his nephew, and represented to him the folly of his pretensions. The brave, though imprudent, youth maintained the justice of his cause; asserted his claim, not only to the French provinces, but the crown of England. John, sensible from these symptoms of spirit, that the young prince, though now a prisoner, might hereafter prove a dangerous enemy, cast him into the dungeon of Rouen. Arthur was never more heard of. It has been said that John slew him with his own hand. Shakespeare, who has depicted dramatically the occurrences of this period, represents Arthur as dying by a leap from the castle walls. Arthur's sister, Eleanor, called the Maid of Bretagne, was imprisoned within Bristol Castle till her death.

All men were struck with horror at John's inhumanity; and from the moment of Arthur's murder, the king, detested by his subjects, retained a very precarious authority over both the people and the barons in his dominions. John, having divorced Joanna, married Isabella of Angoulême, the affianced wife of the Earl of Marcha. He espoused Isabella, regardless of the menaces of the Pope, who denounced these irregular proceedings, and of the resentment of the injured earl, who sought means of punishing his powerful and insolent rival. He and his brother excited commotions in Poictou and Normandy, and King John soon found himself stripped of his provinces of Normandy, Anjou, and Maine.

The See of Canterbury, which possessed the primacy of England, having fallen vacant, the monks nominated John de Gray, Bishop of Norwich, and a favorite of the king; Pope Innocent III. chose Stephen Langton. The monks yielded to the Pope; but John, defying the pontiff, drove them from their abbeys and seized their treasures, because they had not supported his favorite, De Gray. This conduct drew upon the country the terrors of an interdict. The nation was suddenly

deprived of all external exercise of its religion; the altars were despoiled of their ornaments; the crosses, the relics, the images, the statues of the saints, were laid on the ground; and, as if the air itself was profaned, and might pollute them by its contact, the priests carefully covered them up, even from their own approach and veneration. The use of bells entirely ceased in all the churches. For six years there was no public worship in the land (1208 to 1214). The people groaned under the curse; but the king, unmoved, visited Scotland, Ireland, and Wales, exacting homage and imposing tribute. Innocent next excommunicated the hardened king.

The Pope at last called upon Philip of France to dethrone the impious monarch; and then John yielded. He took an oath of fealty to the Pope, agreeing to pay to the Roman coffers 1,000 merks as yearly rent for his kingdoms of England and Ireland. He also summoned four men from each county to meet to assess the damages due to the clergy. This assembly proved to be the germ of the future House of Commons. Notwithstanding John's submission to the Pope, the French king proposed to cross the Straits of Dover. His fleet, however, was scattered by William Longsword, Earl of Salisbury, who commanded the navy of England. John, in the flush of this success, sailed to Poitou; but his ally, the Emperor Otho, being defeated, he sought and obtained a truce for five years.

The Norman barons of England had ceased to care for foreign conquests, and when John sought to punish them for refusing to go abroad, they swore to suffer no longer. When John heard their demands, he cried, "As well may they ask my crown!" But he had to deal with stern and resolute men. The barons chose Robert Fitz-Walter as their general, and proceeded to levy war against the king. They seized London, and this forced John to compliance. He, however, tried every expedient to elude the blow, but found himself at last obliged to submit at discretion. A conference between the king and barons was appointed at Runnymede, near Windsor. The two parties encamped apart, like open enemies, and after a debate of a few days, John, with a facility somewhat suspicious, signed and sealed the charter which was required

of him, June 19th, 1215. This famous deed, commonly called Magna Charta, still preserved in the British Museum, secured the freedom of elections to the clergy; all check upon appeals to Rome was removed, by the allowance granted every man to depart the kingdom at pleasure. No "freeman should be arrested, imprisoned, outlawed, or dispossessed of land, except by the lawful judgment of his peers." The barons obliged the king to agree that London should remain in their hands, and the Tower be consigned to the custody of the primate.

John seemed to submit passively to all these regulations; but when the barons had departed, he raved like a madman, and cursed the day he was born. He retired to the Isle of Wight, as if desirous of hiding his shame and confusion; but in this retreat he meditated the most fatal vengeance against all his enemies. The first tidings the barons heard were, that the tyrant, having raised an army of mercenaries, was laying waste the land. In despair, the barons called on Louis of France to aid them. Louis landed at Sandwich, and John was marching to meet him; but on the shores of the Wash he saw his money, his jewels, and the records of the kingdom, swept away by the rising tide; and the affliction of this disaster, and vexation from the distracted state of his affairs, increased the sickness under which he already labored. He reached the castle of Newark, and was there obliged to halt. He died October 19th, 1216, aged forty-nine. During his reign London Bridge was completed, and the custom of annually electing a Lord Mayor and two Sheriffs of London was begun. By his last wife, Isabella, he left three sons and three daughters.

John's character was nothing but a complication of vices, equally mean and odious; ruinous to himself and destructive to his people. Cowardice, inactivity, folly, levity, licentiousness, ingratitude, treachery, tyranny, and cruelty; all these qualities appear in the several incidents of his life. A rebellious son to a loving father, a bad brother and the supposed murderer of his nephew, a greedy oppressor of the people, clergy and nobles, he was the worst king England ever had; yet from his reign sprang the House of Commons, the right of trial by jury, and the Great Charter.

Magna Charta.

From the moment of his landing in England Stephen Langton had taken up the constitutional position of the Primate in upholding the old customs and rights of the realm against the personal despotism of the kings. As Anselm had withstood William the Red, as Theobald had withstood Stephen, so Langton prepared to withstand and rescue his country from the tyranny of John. He had already forced him to swear to observe the laws of Edward the Confessor; in other words, the traditional liberties of the realm. When the baronage refused to sail for Poitou, to help to reconquer his French dominions, Langton compelled the King to deal with them not by arms, but by process of law. But the work which he now undertook was far greater and weightier than this. The pledges of Henry the First had long been forgotten when the Justiciar brought them to light; but Langton saw the vast importance of such a precedent. At the close of the month he produced Henry's charter in a fresh gathering of barons at St. Paul's, and it was at once welcomed as a base for the needed reforms. From London Langton hastened to the King, whom he reached at Northampton on his way to attack the nobles of the north, and wrested from him a promise to bring his strife with them to legal judgment before assailing them in arms.

With his allies gathering abroad, John had doubtless no wish to be entangled in a long quarrel at home, and the Archbishop's mediation allowed him to withdraw with seeming dignity. After a demonstration therefore at Durham, John marched hastily south again, and reached London in October. His Justiciar at once laid before him the claims of the Council of St. Alban's and St. Paul's; but the death of the Justiciar, Geoffry Fitz-Peter, at this juncture, freed him from the pressure which his minister was putting upon him. "Now, by God's feet," cried John, "I am for the first time King and Lord of England," and he entrusted the vacant justiciarship to a Poitevin, Peter des Roches, the Bishop of Winchester, whose temper was in harmony with his own. But the death of Geoffry only called the Archbishop to the

front, and Langton at once demanded the King's assent to the Charter of Henry the First.

In seizing on this Charter as a basis for national action Langton showed a political ability of the highest order. The enthusiasm with which its recital was welcomed showed the sagacity with which the Archbishop had chosen his ground. From that moment the baronage was no longer drawn together in secret conspiracies by a sense of common wrong or a vague longing for common deliverance: they were openly united in a definite claim of national freedom and national law. Secretly, and on the pretext of pilgrimage, the nobles met at St. Edmundsbury, resolute to bear no longer with John's delays. If he refused to restore their liberties, they swore to make war on him till he confirmed them by Charter under the King's seal, and they parted to raise forces with the purpose of presenting their demands at Christmas. John, knowing nothing of the coming storm, pursued his policy of winning over the Church by granting it freedom of election of bishops, while he embittered still more the strife with his nobles by demanding scutage (or commutation money instead of military service, from the northern nobles who had refused to follow him to Poictou. But the barons were now ready to act, and early in January, 1215, they appeared in arms to lay, as they had planned, their demands before the King.

John was taken by surprise. He asked for a truce till Eastertide, and spent the interval in fevered efforts to avoid the blow. Again he offered freedom to the Church, and took vows as a Crusader, against whom war was a sacrilege; while he called for a general oath of allegiance and fealty from the whole body of his subjects. But month after month only showed the King the uselessness of further resistance. Though Pandulf, the Pope's legate, was with him, his vassalage had as yet brought little fruit in the way of aid from Rome; the commissioners whom he sent to plead his cause at the shire-courts brought back news that no man would help him against the charter that the barons claimed; and his efforts to detach the clergy from the league of his opponents utterly failed.

The nation was against the King. But he was far indeed

from being utterly deserted. His ministers still clung to him—men such as Geoffrey de Lucy, Geoffrey de Furnival, Thomas Basset, and William Briwere, statesmen trained in the administrative school of his father, and who, dissent as they might from John's mere oppression, still looked on the power of the Crown as the one barrier against feudal anarchy: and beside them stood some of the great nobles of royal blood: his father's bastard, Earl William of Salisbury, his cousin Earl William, of Warenne, and Henry Earl of Cornwall, a grandson of Henry the First. With him too remained Ranulf, Earl of Chester, and the wisest and noblest of the barons, William Marshal, the elder Earl of Pembroke. William Marshal had shared in the rising of the younger Henry against Henry the Second, and stood by him as he died; he had shared in the overthrow of the regent, William Longchamp, and in the outlawry of John. He was now an old man, firm to recall the government to the path of freedom and law, but looking for reforms rather in the bringing constitutional pressure to bear upon the King than in forcing them from him by arms.

But cling as such men might to John, they clung to him rather as mediators than adherents. Their sympathies went with the demands of the barons, when the delay which had been granted was over, and the nobles again gathered in arms at Brackley in Northamptonshire to lay their claims before the King. Nothing marks more closely the absolutely despotic idea of his sovereignty which John had formed than the passionate surprise which breaks out in his reply. "Why do they not ask for my kingdom?" he cried. "I will never grant such liberties as will make me a slave!" The imperialist theories of the lawyers of his father's court had done their work. Held at bay by the practical sense of Henry, they had told on the more headstrong nature of his sons. Richard and John both held with Glanvill that the will of the prince was the law of the land; and to fetter that will by the customs and franchises which were embodied in the barons' claims seemed to John a monstrous usurpation of his rights.

But no imperialist theories had touched the minds of his people. The country rose as one man at his refusal. At the close of May London threw open her gates to the forces of the

barons, now arrayed under Robert Fitz-Walter, as "Marshal of the Army of God and Holy Church." Exeter and Lincoln followed the example of the capital; promises of aid came from Scotland and Wales; the northern barons marched hastily under Ustace de Vesci to join their comrades in London. Even the nobles who had as yet clung to the king, but whose hopes of conciliation were blasted by his obstinacy, yielded at last to the summons of the "Army of God." Pandulph, indeed, and Archbishop Langton still remained with John, but they counselled, as Earl Ranulf and William Marshal counselled, his acceptance of the charter. None, in fact, counselled its rejection, save his new Justiciar, Peter des Roches, and other foreigners, who knew the barons proposed driving them from the land. But even the number of these was small; there was a moment when John found himself with but seven knights at his back, and before him a nation in arms. Quick as he was, he had been taken utterly by surprise. It was in vain that, in the short respite he had gained from Christmas to Easter, he had summoned mercenaries to his aid, and appealed to his new suzerain, the Pope. Summons and appeal were alike too late. Nursing wrath in his heart, John bowed to necessity, and called the barons to a conference on an island in the Thames, between Windsor and Staines, near a marshy meadow by the river side, the meadow of Runnymede. The King encamped on one bank of the river, the barons covered the flat of Runnymede on the other. Their delegates met on the 15th of July in the island between them; but the negotiations were a mere cloak to cover John's purpose of unconditional submission. The Great Charter was discussed and agreed to in a single day.—J. R. GREEN.

JOHN HAMPDEN.

JOHN HAMPDEN was a private English gentleman, who, by his firm resistance to the illegal encroachments of the King, established anew the principles of British liberty, and won undying fame. He was born in London, in 1594, and was descended from an ancient family settled at Great Hampden in Buckinghamshire. When he was but three years old, his father's death left him heir to an ample fortune. At the age of fifteen he entered Magdalen College, Oxford. After a course of three years at that university, he commenced the study of law. For some time he indulged himself in the unrestrained course of life usual among country gentlemen, till, at length, the serious aspect of the times, and probably his personal connections, brought him to a greater strictness of conduct. He was cousin-german, on his mother's side, to Oliver Cromwell, and with him attached himself to the party in opposition to the Court. In 1619 he married Elizabeth Symeon.

In 1621 Hampden entered public life, first representing Grampound in the later Parliaments of James I., and afterwards Wendover, in the earlier Parliaments of Charles I. He was a member of each succeeding Parliament till his death. For some years, though a uniform opposer of arbitrary practices in Church and State, he acted no very distinguished

part in public affairs. In 1627 King Charles, after dissolving Parliament, attempted to raise money by a forced loan, but Hampden refused to lend a farthing, and was imprisoned. More than seventy landed gentlemen followed his example. He was liberated in time to appear in the next Parliament, which extorted from the King the "Petition of Right." The King then tried to rule without Parliament, and eleven years passed before another was summoned.

Hampden lived quietly on his estates. He was, however, so determined in the cause of liberty that he was one of those who, in 1637, had engaged a ship to expatriate themselves to New England, rather than submit to the tyrannical proceedings of the Star Chamber and ecclesiastical courts. After the prohibition of the intended emigration, followed his resistance to the illegal demand of ship-money. This money was to be applied, not to the equipment of a fleet, as it always had been, but to the support of a standing army. Concerning Hampden's action in this matter, Lord Clarendon says, that "he grew the argument of all tongues, every man inquiring who and what he was, that durst, at his own expense and peril, support the liberty and property of the kingdom, and rescue his country, as he thought, from being made a prey to the court." It was after the declaration of the judges in favor of the King's right to levy ship-money, that Hampden refused the payment. He was prosecuted in the Court of Exchequer, and he himself, with his counsel, for twelve days, argued the case against the Crown lawyers before the twelve judges. It was decided against him by seven of the number; but the victory, in the popular opinion, was on his side, and his reputation was raised to such a height by this noble struggle that he thenceforth received the appellation of Patriot Hampden.

From this period he was a leading man in the great contest between the Crown and the people; and, according to Lord Clarendon, "his power and interest were greater to do good or hurt than any man's in the kingdom, or than any man of his rank hath had in any time." He was a member of the Long Parliament, and was appointed to watch the King's motions in Scotland, and to treat on the part of the Parlia-

ment with that nation. Hampden was also on the committee for preparing the charge against Lord Strafford, and arranging the evidence, by which that nobleman was brought to the block. In the same year Hampden married his second wife, Letitia Vachell, who survived him many years.

The breach of the Parliament with the King steadily widened, and Hampden's conduct was so obnoxious that he was one of the five members whom, in 1640, Charles caused to be accused of high treason, and attempted in person to seize in the House. When the Civil War began, Hampden accepted the command of a regiment of foot in the Parliamentary army, under the Earl of Essex; but his military career only permitted him to make a brief display of the same courage in the field which he had shown in civil debate. Prince Rupert, the nephew of the King, led the Royalist cavalry, and having beat up the quarters of the Parliament troops near Thame in Oxfordshire, on June 18, 1643, Hampden eagerly joined a few cavalry who were rallied in haste, and proceeded to Chalgrave field, where the enemy faced about. In the skirmish that ensued, he received a shot in the shoulder, which broke the bone; and after suffering extreme agony for six days, his wound proved fatal. He died praying for his country.

John Hampden was of a cheerful and affable disposition, and of high moral character. Lord Clarendon, the royal apologist, summed up an elaborate view of his qualities with the strong sentence that "he had a head to contrive, a tongue to persuade, and a hand to execute any mischief;" but Lord Macaulay more justly discerns in Hampden "that sobriety, that self-command, that perfect soundness of judgment, that perfect rectitude of intention, to which the history of revolutions furnishes no parallel, or furnishes a parallel in Washington alone." In St. Stephen's Hall, at Westminster, the statue of John Hampden stands as the noblest type of Parliamentary opposition.

The Impeachment of the Five Members.

Charles had a last chance of regaining the affection of the English people. If he could have resolved to give his confi-

dence to the leaders of the moderate party in the House of Commons, and to regulate his proceedings by their advice, he might have been, not, indeed, as he had been, a despot, but the powerful and respected king of a free people. The nation might have enjoyed liberty and repose under a government, with Falkland at its head, checked by a constitutional opposition, under the conduct of Hampden. It was not necessary that, in order to accomplish this happy end, the King should sacrifice any part of his lawful prerogative, or submit to any conditions inconsistent with his dignity. It was necessary only that he should abstain from treachery, from violence, from gross breaches of the law. This was all that the nation was then disposed to require of him. And even this was too much.

For a short time he seemed inclined to take a wise and temperate course. He resolved to make Falkland Secretary of State, and Culpeper Chancellor of the Exchequer. He declared his intention of conferring, in a short time, some important office on Hyde. He assured these three persons that he would do nothing relating to the House of Commons without their joint advice, and that he would communicate all his designs to them in the most unreserved manner. This resolution, had he adhered to it, would have averted many years of blood and mourning. But "in a very few days," says Clarendon, "he did fatally swerve from it."

On the 3d of January, 1642, without giving the slightest hint of his intention to those advisers whom he had solemnly promised to consult, he sent down the Attorney-General to impeach Lord Kimbolton, Hampden, Pym, Hollis, and two other members of the House of Commons, at the bar of the Lords, on a charge of high treason. It is difficult to find in the whole history of England such an instance of tyranny, perfidy and folly. The most precious and ancient rights of the subjects were violated by this act. The only way in which Hampden and Pym could legally be tried for treason at the suit of the King, was by a petty jury on a bill found by a grand jury. The Attorney-General had no right to impeach them. The House of Lords had no right to try them.

The Commons refused to surrender their members. The

Peers showed no inclination to usurp the unconstitutional jurisdiction, which the King attempted to force on them. A contest began, in which violence and weakness were on the one side, law and resolution on the other. Charles sent an officer to seal up the lodgings and trunks of the accused members. The Commons sent their sergeant to break the seals. The tyrant resolved to follow up one outrage by another. In making the charge, he had struck at the institution of juries. In executing the arrest, he struck at the privileges of Parliament. He resolved to go to the House in person, with an armed force, and there to seize the leaders of the Opposition, while engaged in the discharge of their parliamentary duties.

Lady Carlisle conveyed intelligence of the design to Pym. The five members had time to withdraw before the arrival of Charles. They left the House as he was entering New Palace Yard. He was accompanied by about two hundred halberdiers of his guard, and by many gentlemen of the court armed with swords. He walked up Westminster Hall. At the southern door of that vast building, his attendants divided to the right and left, and formed a lane to the door of the House of Commons. He knocked, entered, darted a look towards the place which Pym usually occupied; and, seeing it empty, walked up to the table. The Speaker fell on his knee. The members rose and uncovered their heads in profound silence, and the King took his seat in the chair. He looked round the House. But the five members were nowhere to be seen. He interrogated the Speaker. The Speaker answered that he was merely the organ of the House, and had neither eyes to see, nor tongue to speak, but according to their direction. The baffled tyrant muttered a few feeble sentences about his respect for the laws of the realm and the privileges of Parliament, and retired. As he passed along the benches, several resolute voices called out audibly, "Privilege!" He returned to Whitehall with his company of bravoes, who, while he was in the House, had been impatiently waiting in the lobby for the word, cocking their pistols, and crying, "Fall on." That night he put forth a proclamation, directing that the posts should be stopped, and that no person should, at his peril, venture to harbor the accused members.

Hampden and his friends had taken refuge in Coleman street. The city of London was indeed the fastness of public liberty; and was, in those times, a place of at least as much importance as Paris during the French Revolution. The city, properly so called, now consists in a great measure of immense warehouses and counting-houses, which are frequented by traders and their clerks during the day, and left in almost total solitude during the night. It was then closely inhabited by three hundred thousand persons, to whom it was not merely a place of business, but a place of constant residence. This great body had as complete a civil and military organization as if it had been an independent republic. Each citizen had his company; and the companies, which now seem to exist only for the delectation of epicures and of antiquaries, were then formidable brotherhoods, the members of which were almost as closely bound together as the members of a Highland clan. How strong these artificial ties were, the numerous and valuable legacies anciently bequeathed by citizens to their corporations abundantly prove. The municipal offices were filled by the most opulent and respectable merchants of the kingdom. The pomp of the magistracy of the capital was second only to that which surrounded the person of the sovereign. The Londoners loved their city with that patriotic love which is found only in small communities, like those of ancient Greece, or like those which arose in Italy during the middle ages. The numbers, the intelligence, the wealth of the citizens, the democratic form of their local government, and their vicinity to the Court and to the Parliament, made them one of the most formidable bodies in the kingdom. Even as soldiers, they were not to be despised. In an age in which war is a profession, there is something ludicrous in the idea of battalions composed of apprentices and shop-keepers, and officered by aldermen. But, in the early part of the seventeenth century, there was no standing army in the island; and the militia of the metropolis was not inferior in training to the militia of other places. A city which could furnish many thousands of armed men, abounding in natural courage, and not absolutely untinctured with military discipline, was a formidable auxiliary in times of internal dissension.

The people of this great city had long been thoroughly devoted to the national cause. Great numbers of them had signed a protestation, in which they declared their resolution to defend the privileges of Parliament. Their enthusiasm had of late begun to cool. The impeachment of the five members, and the insult offered to the House of Commons, inflamed it to fury. Their houses, their purses, their pikes, were at the command of the Commons. London was in arms all night. The next day the shops were closed; the streets were filled with immense crowds. The multitude pressed round the king's coach, and insulted him with opprobrious cries. The House of Commons, in the meantime, appointed a committee to sit in the city, for the purpose of inquiring into the circumstances of the late outrage. The members of the committee were welcomed by a deputation of the common council. Merchant Tailors' Hall, Goldsmiths' Hall, and Grocers' Hall were fitted up for their sittings. A guard of respectable citizens, duly relieved twice a day, was posted at their doors. The sheriffs were charged to watch over the safety of the accused members, and to escort them to and from the committee with every mark of honor.

A violent and sudden revulsion of feeling, both in the House and out of it, was the effect of the late proceedings of the king. The Opposition regained in a few hours all the ascendancy which it had lost. The constitutional royalists were filled with shame and sorrow. They felt that they had been cruelly deceived by Charles. They saw that they were unjustly, but not unreasonably, suspected by the nation. Clarendon distinctly says, that they perfectly detested the counsels by which the king had been guided, and were so much displeased and dejected at the unfair manner in which he had treated them, that they were inclined to retire from his service. During the debates on this subject they preserved a melancholy silence.

The Commons, in a few days, openly defied the king, and ordered the accused members to attend in their places at Westminster, and to resume their parliamentary duties. The citizens resolved to bring back the champions of liberty in triumph before the windows of Whitehall. Vast pre-

parations were made both by land and water for this great festival.

The king had remained in his palace, humbled, dismayed, and bewildered; "feeling," says Clarendon, "the trouble and agony which usually attend generous and magnanimous minds upon their having committed errors;" feeling, we should say, the despicable repentance which attends the bungling villain, who, having attempted to commit a crime, finds that he has only committed a folly. The populace hooted and shouted all day before the gates of the royal residence. The wretched man could not bear to see the triumph of those whom he had destined to the gallows and the quartering block. On the day preceding that which was fixed for their return, he fled, with a few attendants, from that palace which he was never to see again till he was led through it to the scaffold.

On the 11th of January, the Thames was covered with boats, and its shores with a gazing multitude. Armed vessels decorated with streamers were ranged in two lines from London Bridge to Westminster Hall. The members returned by water in a ship manned by sailors who had volunteered their services. The trainbands of the city, under the command of the sheriffs, marched along the Strand, attended by a vast crowd of spectators, to guard the avenues to the House of Commons; and thus, with shouts and loud discharges of ordnance, the accused patriots were brought back by the people whom they had served, and for whom they had suffered. The restored members, as soon as they had entered the House, expressed, in the warmest terms, their gratitude to the citizens of London. The sheriffs were warmly thanked by the Speaker in the name of the Commons; and orders were given that a guard, selected from the trainbands of the city, should attend daily to watch over the safety of the Parliament.

The excitement had not been confined to London. When intelligence of the danger to which Hampden was exposed reached Buckinghamshire, it excited the alarm and indignation of the people. Four thousand freeholders of that county, each of them wearing in his hat a copy of the protestation in favor of the privileges of Parliament, rode up to London to defend the person of their beloved representative. They came

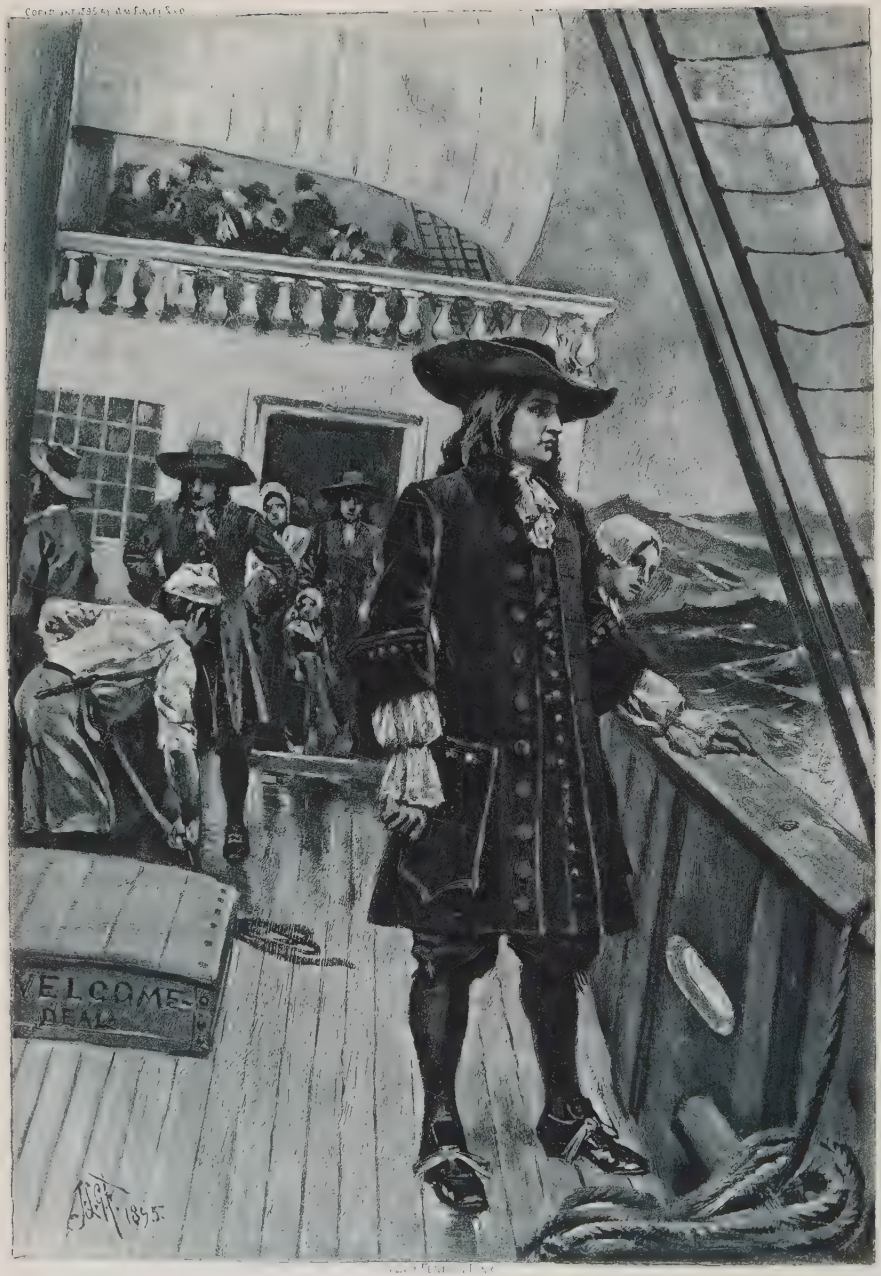
in a body to assure Parliament of their full resolution to defend its privileges. Their petition was couched in the strongest terms. "In respect," said they, "of that latter attempt upon the honorable House of Commons, we are now come to offer our service to that end, and resolved, in their just defence, to live and die."

A great struggle was clearly at hand. Hampden had returned to Westminster much changed. His influence had hitherto been exerted rather to restrain than to moderate the zeal of his party. But the treachery, the contempt of law, the thirst for blood, which the king had now shown, left no hope of a peaceable adjustment. It was clear that Charles must be either a puppet or a tyrant, that no obligation of love or of honor could bind him, and that the only way to make him harmless was to make him powerless.

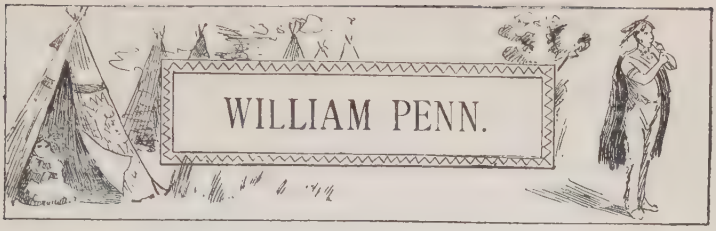
The attack which the king had made on the five members was not merely irregular in manner. Even if the charges had been preferred legally, if the grand jury of Middlesex had found a true bill, if the accused persons had been arrested under a proper warrant, and at a proper time and place, there would still have been in the proceeding enough of perfidy and injustice to vindicate the strongest measures which the Opposition could take. To impeach Pym and Hampden was to impeach the House of Commons. It was notoriously on account of what they had done as members of that House that they were selected as objects of vengeance; and in what they had done as members of that House, the majority had concurred. Most of the charges brought against them were common between them and the Parliament.

The proceedings of the king against the five members, or rather against that Parliament which had concurred in almost all the acts of the five members, was the cause of the civil war. It was plain that either Charles or the House of Commons must be stripped of all real power in the State. The best course which the Commons could have taken would perhaps have been to depose the king; as their ancestors had deposed Edward the Second and Richard the Second, and as their children afterwards deposed James. Had they done this, had they placed on the throne a prince whose character and

whose situation would have been a pledge for his conduct, they might safely have left to that prince all the constitutional prerogatives of the crown; the command of the armies of the State; the power of making peers; the power of appointing ministers; a veto on bills passed by the two Houses. Such a prince, reigning by their choice, would have been under the necessity of acting in conformity with their wishes. But the public mind was not ripe for such a measure. There was no Duke of Lancaster, no Prince of Orange, no great and eminent person, near in blood to the throne, yet attached to the cause of the people. Charles was then to remain king; and it was therefore necessary that he should be king only in name. A William the Third, or a George the First, whose title to the crown was identical with the title of the people to their liberty, might safely be trusted with extensive powers. But new freedom could not exist in safety under the old tyrant. Since he was not to be deprived of the name of king, the only course which was left was to make him a mere trustee, nominally seized of prerogatives, of which others had the use, a Grand Lama, a Roi Faineant, a phantom resembling those Dagoberts and Childeberts who wore the badges of royalty, while Ebroin and Charles Martel held the real sovereignty of the State.—LORD MACAULAY.



WILLIAM PENN.



WILLIAM PENN was born in London, England, on October 14, 1644. His father, who bore the same name, won great reputation in the military and naval service of his country, and was a favorite officer of the government. The son was remarkable for an amiable and excellent disposition, was docile and uncommonly apt. He entered the University at Oxford at the age of fifteen, matriculating at Christ Church College. He cultivated the acquaintance of those students who were most distinguished for learning and good conduct; among whom was John Locke, afterward celebrated as a philosopher. William Penn also took great delight in manly and athletic exercise, and it is remarkable that the only authentic portrait of this lover of peace represents him as a youth clad in armor.

Penn's course at the University was suddenly terminated. With other students he attended the meeting of a society, then lately formed, who called themselves Friends, but were by others, in derision, termed Quakers. The preacher's discourse made a deep impression upon William, and some of his fellow-students were similarly affected. Dissatisfied with the established form of worship, they withdrew from it, and held their own meetings, in which they engaged in exhortation and prayer. The college authorities, being informed of their proceedings, fined them for non-conformity; but, when the students persisted in their conduct, they were expelled from Christ Church. Penn's father was mortified and grieved. He feared that all prospects of worldly honor, which he had

cherished for his son, would be lost by his perverseness. He first tried persuasion. William listened respectfully and patiently, and answered that he found it impossible to stifle the convictions of his reason, or for any worldly consideration do that which, in his conscience, he believed to be wrong. The vexed and irritated father next employed threats; but these were attended with no better effect than the milder means. At length the offended parent resorted to blows; these being equally unavailing, he gave way to a transport of rage, and drove his son from his house and home. But the father being a man of kindly feelings, though hot and hasty, soon relented and permitted his return.

William Penn was now sent to France, where he was presented to Louis XIV. During the year spent in that country he acquired proficiency in the language and polish of manners. He proceeded to Italy with Lord Robert Spencer, and had reached Turin when he received a letter from his father recalling him home. On his return, in 1664, he was taken to court, where he made a most favorable impression on King Charles II. Soon after he entered, by his father's advice, as a student at Lincoln's Inn, in order that he might acquire a knowledge of law. His father kept a watchful care over him, and perceiving that he was again becoming grave in his deportment resolved to send him to Ireland, where the Duke of Ormond presided over a vice-royal court of great gaiety and splendor.

Whilst Penn was in Dublin, a mutiny broke out in the garrison of Carrickfergus. William joined the forces and displayed so much energy and valor that he was offered a commission as captain of foot. He was eager to accept this; but his father strangely objected. The father had now become Sir William Penn, and, being fully occupied with his naval command, intrusted his son with the management of his estates in Ireland, and young William conducted this business so as to give entire satisfaction. Thomas Loe, a preacher, whom he heard ten years before at Oxford, came to Cork to attend a meeting of Friends in that city. Penn heard Loe again, and the effect was decisive; his religious convictions were awakened and renewed, and he became a

constant attendant at the meetings of the Friends. At one of these meetings he was arrested, with eighteen others, and committed to prison. He was soon released in consequence of a letter which he had written to the Earl of Orrery; but when the report that he had become a Quaker reached his father's ears, he was at once recalled to England. Sir William expostulated with him, but the son remained steadfast in his principles, and his father finding that he could not shake his determination, requested that he would at least conform so far to his wishes as to take off his hat in the presence of the king, the Duke of York and himself. Penn said that he could not comply. Sir William again indignantly expelled his son from the house.

William Penn was now twenty-three years old; but without a profession or pecuniary resources his situation was embarrassing. He was for some time dependent upon the hospitality of his friends, until his mother found means of sending him relief. She interposed with the father, who at length so far relented as to allow his son to return home, but would not see him. The Rev. William Vincent had spoken in the harshest terms of the Society of Friends, and of Penn in particular, stigmatizing him as a Jesuit. Penn answered him in a tract entitled "The Sandy Foundation Shaken." This work gave great offence, and he was imprisoned in the Tower. The Bishop of London was his chief persecutor, and Penn was told that "he should either publicly recant or die." He answered: "All is well; tell my father, who I know will ask thee, these words: that my prison shall be my grave before I will budge a jot; for I owe my conscience to no mortal man." He now published a work, "No Cross, No Crown," which is his ablest literary production. Before his discharge from prison, King Charles sent Dr. Stillingfleet to endeavor to change his views; but Penn told him that the Tower was the worst argument in the world to convince him. He had been confined nearly nine months when, by the intercession of the Duke of York, he was released.

Sir William still refused to see his son; but he signified, through William's mother, his desire that he should again attend to his Irish estates. William, whilst in Ireland,

obtained an order of Council for the release of members of the Society of Friends who had been thrown into prison. He returned to England in 1670, when a final reconciliation with his father took place. A short time after his return, Penn was again arrested for preaching in the streets of London. The jury before whom he was tried, in spite of the menaces of the judge, declared him "Not Guilty." But the unjust magistrate fined each of them forty marks, and, pronouncing Penn guilty of contempt of court, committed him to Newgate prison. Sir William Penn's health had begun to decline, and becoming conscious of his approaching dissolution, he sent the means to release his son from his imprisonment. He also made a dying request that the king and the Duke of York would extend to his son their protection. The answer was consolatory, both promising their compliance. He died on September 16th, 1670, in his fiftieth year, leaving to his son a property yielding an income of £1,500 a year.

Towards the close of this year Penn was again arbitrarily committed to Newgate for six months. During his confinement he continued to employ his pen in defence of his Society. On his release he traveled through Holland and some parts of Germany, on a religious mission. After his return to England he married, in 1672, Gulielma Maria Springett, daughter of Sir William Springett, a lady of extraordinary beauty and merit. He published, during this year, several works, among them being "A Treatise on Oaths" and "England's Present Interests Considered." Two other of his works displayed great ability, "Reason Against Railing and Truth Against Fiction" and "The Counterfeit Christian Detected." Penn now became the acknowledged leader of the Society of Friends.

William Penn had a heavy claim upon the government for the services of his father, amounting to almost £16,000. For this consideration he proposed to purchase the province west of the Delaware river, bounded on the south by Maryland, limited as Maryland on the west, and northward to extend "as far as plantable." The king affixed his signature to his patent on the 4th of March, 1681, and the land was con-

firmed to him under the great seal of England, by the name of Pennsylvania. The professed object of this great enterprise was not only to provide a peaceful home for his own persecuted society, but to furnish an asylum for the good and oppressed of all nations. Penn hoped that there might be room in the wilderness for what he called "The Holy Experiment." Markham immediately sailed as the agent of the proprietary. Early in the following year, Penn prepared for his voyage to America, and was busily employed in drawing up the "Frame of Government" for his people. This instrument, dated the 25th of April, 1682, provided that the government should consist of the governor and freemen of the Province, in form of Provincial Council and General Assembly with full legislative powers. It gave to William Penn the appointment of the first judges, treasurers, sheriffs, etc., but that of their successors to the governor and council. The privilege was secured to every man of worshiping God according to the dictates of his own conscience.

William Penn set sail, with a large number of Friends, in the ship "Welcome," and arrived at New Castle on the 22d of October (old style), 1682. From Chester he went with a party to the site of his great city, Philadelphia, four miles, as he estimated it, above the mouth of the Schuylkill. Here he was met by Swedes, Dutch, and his friends who had preceded him, and the dusky natives of the wilderness. His intercourse with the Indians was conciliatory and successful. His candor, benignity and justice were so patent, that he at once secured their friendship and reverence. He went among them without reserve, entered their assemblies, sat down with them and partook of their homely hospitality. He was called by them Father Onas. Opposite to what is now Bordentown he had a manor laid out, and on it proceeded to erect his mansion. Late in November he descended the river to meet, in a great council, a number of the Indian tribes under a large elm tree on the north of Philadelphia, and on this occasion formed with them the celebrated treaty which, as Voltaire remarked, was the only treaty that was not confirmed by an oath, and was never broken. He not only paid the Indians

for their land, but he exerted himself to improve their condition in every possible way.

William Penn returned in about two years to England, where his estate required his immediate attention. He had always contributed generously from his large means to the relief of Friends in distress and under oppression. His generosity exceeded his income. In addition to embarrassments of this kind, he had a controversy with Lord Baltimore about the boundaries of their colonies. He was received kindly by the king; but he found that the Friends had been persecuted with increased rigor. James II., on ascending the throne, was an avowed Roman Catholic; he professed to be in favor of universal toleration. William Penn, after a full hearing before the lords of the Committee of Trade and Plantations, won his case against Lord Baltimore. He now again visited Holland and Germany, and the king gave him a commission to consult the Prince of Orange, in order to obtain his concurrence in a general toleration of religious faith and worship. This mission was but partially successful.

Disaffection to the government of King James II. spread widely over England. All who were friendly to him passed under the cloud of general distrust. It was said that Penn was a Jesuit in disguise, that he had been ordained a priest at Rome, and was still one. He felt that he was called upon to defend himself from these charges, which he did in an admirable letter, written in 1688. This letter is a perfect refutation of the calumnies which Macaulay, unfortunately, revived.

When William of Orange came to the English throne, Penn's enemies were numerous and active, malicious and unprincipled. He was accused of treason, and his government taken from him. He was vindicated and cleared of all censure before the king in council. He then began preparations for a voyage to America, but was again arrested. He was brought before the Court of Queen's Bench, Westminster, and was once more discharged. Vexations and persecutions were repeated, and it was not until the 10th of December, 1699, that he arrived, after a three months' voyage, with his family, at Chester. He had been absent fifteen years, and he was received with joy by the inhabitants.

There is no doubt that he intended to make Pennsylvania his permanent home; but he had not been two years a resident in the Province, before he heard that a bill was before the House of Lords for annexing the several proprietary governments to the Crown. His friends in England strongly urged his coming with the least possible delay, and he reluctantly determined to leave his adopted country, once more to resume his post near the English court.

Penn embarked with his family in October, 1701, and arrived in England about the beginning of the year 1702. When Queen Anne declared her intention to maintain the Act of Toleration in favor of the Dissenters, William Penn, heading a deputation of Friends, presented an address expressive of their acknowledgments. The Queen, after the address was read, returned the answer: "Mr. Penn, I am so well pleased that what I have said is to your satisfaction, that you and your friends may be assured of my protection." From this period to the close of his life, Penn remained in England, employing his tongue and his pen in the cause of civil and religious liberty. He maintained an active correspondence with the agents in his provincial government. Towards the close of his long life his memory declined; but his cheerful and benevolent disposition and the amenity of his conversation were apparent to the last. In the seventy-fourth year of his age this great and good man died, on the 4th of July, 1718.

William Penn, the Christian founder of Pennsylvania, was a sincere lover of his race, an advocate and defender of the largest liberty consistent with the order and happiness of society. He was a true and constant friend, a loyal subject, a profound legislator, a wise, just and generous ruler of his people. His name has become a synonym for probity and philanthropy.

The Settlement of Pennsylvania.

Pennsylvania included the principal settlements of the Swedes; and patents for land had been made to Dutch and English by the Dutch West India Company, and afterward by the Duke of York. The royal proclamation soon an-

nounced to all the inhabitants of the province, that William Penn, then absolute proprietary, was invested with all powers and pre-eminences necessary for the government. The proprietary also issued his proclamation to his vassals and subjects. It was in the following words:

"My Friends: I wish you all happiness here and hereafter. These are to lett you know that it hath pleased God in his providence to cast you within my Lott and Care. It is a business, that though I never undertook before, yet God has given me an understanding of my duty, and an honest minde to doe it uprightly. I hope you will not be troubled at your change and the King's choice; for you are now fixt, at the mercy of no Governor that comes to make his fortune great. You shall be governed by laws of your own making, and live a free, and if you will, a sober and industreous People. I shall not usurp the right of any, or oppress his person. God has furnisht me with a better resolution, and has given me his grace to keep it. In short, whatever sober and free men can reasonably desire for the security and improvement of their own happiness, I shall heartily comply with. I beseech God to direct you in the way of righteousness, and therein prosper you and your children after you. I am your true friend, WM. PENN.

"*London, 8th of the month called April, 1681.*"

Such were the pledges of the Quaker sovereign on assuming the government; it is the duty of history to state, that, during his long reign, these pledges were redeemed. He never refused the freemen of Pennsylvania a reasonable desire. . . .

The arrangements for a voyage to his province being finished, Penn, in a beautiful letter, took leave of his family. His wife, who was the love of his youth, he reminded of his impoverishment in consequence of his public spirit, and recommended economy: "Live low and sparingly till my debts be paid." Yet for his children he adds, "Let their learning be liberal; spare no cost, for by such parsimony all is lost that is saved." Agriculture he proposed as their employment. "Let my children be husbandmen and housewives."

Friends in England watched his departure with anxious hope; on him rested the expectations of their society, and their farewell at parting was given with "the innocence and kindness of the child that has no guile." After a long passage, rendered gloomy by frequent deaths among the passengers, many of whom had in England been his immediate neighbors, on October 27, 1682, William Penn landed at Newcastle. . . .

The news spread rapidly that the Quaker king was at Newcastle; and, on the day after his landing, in presence of a crowd of Swedes, and Dutch, and English, who had gathered round the court-house, his deeds of feoffment were produced; the Duke of York's agent surrendered the territory by the solemn delivery of earth and water, and Penn, invested with supreme and undefined power in Delaware, addressed the assembled multitude on government, recommended sobriety and peace, and pledged himself to grant liberty of conscience and civil freedom.

From Newcastle, Penn ascended the Delaware to Chester, where he was hospitably received by the honest, kind-hearted emigrants who had preceded him from the north of England; the little village of herdsmen and farmers, with their plain manners, gentle dispositions, and tranquil passions, seemed a harbinger of a golden age. From Chester, tradition describes the journey of Penn to have been continued with a few friends in an open boat, in the earliest days of November, to the beautiful bank, fringed with pine-trees, on which the city of Philadelphia was soon to rise.

In the following weeks, Penn visited West and East New Jersey, New York, the metropolis of his neighbor proprietary, the Duke of York, and, after meeting Friends on Long Island, he returned to the banks of the Delaware. To this period belongs his first grand treaty with the Indians. Beneath a large elm-tree at Shackamaxon, on the northern edge of Philadelphia, William Penn, surrounded by a few friends, in the habiliments of peace, met the numerous delegation of the Lenni Lenape tribes. The great treaty was not for the purchase of lands, but, confirming what Penn had written, and Markham covenanted, its sublime purpose was the recognition of the equal rights of humanity.

Under the shelter of the forest, now leafless by the frosts of autumn, Penn proclaimed to the men of the Algonquin race, from both banks of the Delaware, from the borders of the Schuylkill, and it may have been, even from the Susquehanna, the same simple message of peace and love which George Fox had professed before Cromwell, and Mary Fisher had borne to the Grand Turk. The English and the Indian should respect the same moral law, should be alike secure in their pursuits and their possessions, and adjust every difference by a peaceful tribunal, composed of an equal number of men from each race.

"We meet"—such were the words of William Penn—"on the broad pathway of good faith and good will; no advantage shall be taken on either side, but all shall be openness and love. I will not call you children, for parents sometimes chide their children too severely; nor brothers only, for brothers differ. The friendship between me and you I will not compare to a chain, for that the rains might rust, or the falling tree might break. We are the same as if one man's body were to be divided into two parts; we are all one flesh and blood."

The children of the forest were touched by the sacred doctrine, and renounced their guile and their revenge. They received the presents of Penn in sincerity, and with hearty friendship they gave the belt of wampum. "We will live," said they, "in love with William Penn and his children as long as the moon and the sun shall endure." This treaty of peace and friendship was made under the open sky, by the side of the Delaware, with the sun, and the river, and the forest for witnesses. It was not confirmed by an oath; it was not ratified by signature and seals; no written record of the conference can be found; and its terms and conditions had no abiding monument but on the heart. There they were written like the law of God, and were never forgotten.

The simple sons of the wilderness, returning to their wigwams, kept the history of the covenant by strings of wampum, and, long afterward, in their cabins, would count over the shells on a clean piece of bark, and recall to their own memory, and repeat to their children, or to the stranger, the words of William Penn. New England had just terminated a disastrous

war of extermination; the Dutch were scarcely ever at peace with the Algonquins; the laws of Maryland refer to Indian hostilities and massacres, which extended as far as Richmond. Penn came without arms; he declared his purpose to abstain from violence; he had no message but peace; and not a drop of Quaker blood was ever shed by an Indian.

Was there not progress from Melendez to Roger Williams? —from Cortez and Pizarro to William Penn? The Quakers, ignorant of the homage which their virtues would receive from Voltaire and Raynal, men so unlike themselves, exulted in the consciousness of their humanity. "We have done better," said they truly, "than if, with the proud Spaniards, we had gained the mines of Potosi. We may make the ambitious heroes, whom the world admires, blush for their shameful victories. To the poor, dark souls round about us we teach their rights as men."—G. BANCROFT.

TRIAL BY JURY.

When Penn and his fellow-religionists went, on the 14th of August, 1670, to their meeting-house in Gracechurch Street, they found the doors guarded by a detachment of soldiers, and were forbidden to enter. Penn, taking off his hat, began to address them, when immediately some constables forced their way through the crowd, and arrested him and another, Captain William Mead, a city draper, who had formerly been a trooper in the Commonwealth's service. On Penn's requiring their authority, they produced a warrant, prepared beforehand, and duly signed by the Lord Mayor, Sir Samuel Starling, before whom the two prisoners were now taken for examination. He ordered the Quaker to remove his hat, and on Penn's refusal threatened to send him to Bridewell, and order him to be well whipped, but being warned that such a course was wholly illegal, he committed the two prisoners to the *Black Dog*, a "sponging-house" of bad repute in Newgate Market, to await their trial at the Old Bailey.

This remarkable trial took place on the 1st of September. Penn's judges were ten in number: the Lord Mayor, four

Aldermen, Sir John Robinson, Lieutenant of the Tower; Sir John Howel, the Recorder; and three Sheriffs. The indictment laid before the jury charged William Penn and William Mead with being accessories in an unlawful and tumultuous assembly, to "the great disturbance of the King's peace, to the great terror and disturbance of many of his liege people and subjects, to the ill-example of all others in the like case offenders, and against the peace of the said lord the King, his crown and dignity."

The Clerk of the Court then said aloud: "What say you, William Penn and William Mead; are you guilty as you stand indicted, in manner and form as aforesaid, or not guilty?"

Penn. It is impossible that we should be able to remember the indictment verbatim, and therefore we desire a copy of it, as is customary on the like occasions.

Recorder. You must first plead to the indictment before you can have a copy of it.

Penn. I am unacquainted with the formality of the law, and, therefore, before I shall answer, I request two things of the court; first, that no advantage be taken against me, nor I be deprived of any benefit which I might otherwise have received; secondly, that you will promise me a fair hearing, and liberty of making my defence.

Court. No advantage shall be taken against you; you shall have liberty; you shall be heard.

Penn. Then I plead Not Guilty—in matter and form.

After a similar procedure had been followed in the instance of William Mead, the court adjourned for two days, and the prisoners were sent back to Newgate.

On the 3d of September the court sat again. The prisoners would have entered with their hats on, but the officer stationed at the door interfered, and removed them. The Lord Mayor, not to lose an opportunity of displaying his zeal, angrily exclaimed: "Sirrah! who bid you put off their hats? Put them on again." They were then placed at the bar, and the Recorder began,—

"Do you know where you are? Do you know this is the King's court?"

Penn. I know it to be a court, and I suppose it to be the King's court.

Recorder. Do you know there is respect due to the court?

Penn. Yes.

Recorder. Why do you not pay it then?

Penn. I do so.

Recorder. Why do you not put off your hat then?

Penn. Because I do not believe that to be any respect.

Recorder. Well, the court sets forty marks a-piece on your heads as a fine for contempt of court.

Penn. I desire it may be observed that we came into court with our hats off—that is, taken off—and if they have been put on since, it was by the order of the Bench, and therefore, not we, but the Bench, should be fined.

After some further interruptions, the first witness was called—James Cook, who said: "I was sent for from the Exchange to go and disperse a meeting in Gracechurch Street, where I saw Mr. Penn speaking to the people, but I could not hear what was said on account of the noise. I endeavored to make way to take him, but I could not get near him for the crowd of people; upon which Captain Mead came to me, about the kennel of the street, and desired me to let him go on, for when he had done he would bring Mr. Penn to me."

Court. What number do you think there might be there?

Cook. About three or four hundred people.

Richard Read summoned and sworn.

Court. What do you know concerning the prisoners at the bar?

Read. My lord, I went to Gracechurch Street, where I found a great crowd of people, and I heard Mr. Penn preach to them; and I saw Captain Mead speaking to Lieutenant Cook, but what he said I could not tell.

Mead. What did William Penn say?

Read. There was such a great noise I could not tell what he said.

Mead. Observe this evidence; he saith he heard him preach; and yet saith he doth not know what he said. Take notice (turning to the jurors), he means now a contrary thing

to what he swore before the Mayor when we were committed. I appeal to the Mayor himself if this be not true.

The Mayor declined to answer. Then the court asked the witness how many persons he supposed to have been present in Gracechurch Street.

Read. About four or five hundred.

Penn. I desire to know of the witness what day it was.

Read. The 14th of August.

Penn. Did he speak to me, or let me know he was there? For I am very sure I never saw him.

The court not allowing this question to be put, another witness was called, whose evidence closed the case for the prosecution. A noise breaking out in the court, Penn desired that silence might be commanded, and then proceeded: "We confess ourselves so far from recanting or declining to vindicate the assembling of ourselves to preach, to pray, or worship God, that we declare to all the world we believe it to be our indispensable duty to meet incessantly on so good an account; nor shall all the powers on earth be able to prevent us."

Sheriff Brown. You are not here for worshipping God, but for breaking the laws.

Penn. I affirm I have broken no laws, nor am I guilty of the indictment that is laid to my charge; and to the end that the Bench, the jury, myself, and those who hear us may have a more direct understanding of this procedure, I desire you would let me know by what law it is you prosecute me, and on what law you ground your indictment.

Recorder. Upon the common law.

Penn. What is that common law?

Recorder. You must not think that I am able to sum up so many years, and ever so many adjudged cases, which we call common law, to satisfy your curiosity.

Penn. This answer, I am sure, is very short of my question; for if it be common, it should not be so very hard to produce.

Recorder. Sir, will you plead to your indictment?

Penn. Shall I plead to an indictment that has no foundation in law? If it contain that law you say I have broken, why should you decline to produce it, since it will be impos-

sible for the jury to determine, or agree to bring in their verdict, who have not the law produced by which they should measure the truth of the indictment.

Recorder (passionately). You are a saucy fellow. Speak to the indictment.

Penn. I say it is my place to speak to matter of law. I am arraigned a prisoner. My liberty, which is next to life itself, is now concerned. You are many against me, and it is hard if I must not make the best of my case. I say again, unless you show me and the people the law you ground your indictment upon, I shall take it for granted your proceedings are merely arbitrary. . . . .

Recorder. The question is, whether you are guilty of this indictment?

Penn. The question is not, whether I am guilty of this indictment, but whether this indictment be legal. It is too general and imperfect an answer to say it is common law, unless we know both where and what it is; for where there is no law there is no transgression; and that law which is not in being, so far from being common law, is no law at all.

Recorder. You are an impertinent fellow. Will you teach the court what law is? It is *lex non scripta.* That which many have studied thirty or forty years to know, would you have me tell you in a moment?

Penn. Certainly if the common law be so hard to be understood, it is far from being very common; but if the Lord Coke in his *Institutes* be of any weight, he tells us that "common law is common right," and common right is the great charter privileges confirmed by various enactments.

Recorder. Sir, you are a very troublesome fellow, and it is not for the honor of the court to allow you to go on. . . . . My Lord, if you do not take some course with this pestilent fellow to stop his mouth, we shall not be able to do anything to-night.

Lord Mayor. Take him away, take him away! Put him into the bale-dock!

And in the midst of an eloquent appeal to the jury, Penn was forcibly removed to the extreme end of the court, where he could neither see nor be seen. A few smart passages of

arms took place between the Recorder and Captain Mead, and he was also placed in close companionship with his fellow-prisoner.

The Recorder then proceeded: "You, Gentlemen of the Jury, have heard what the indictment is; it is for preaching to the people and drawing a tumultuous company after them; and Mr. Penn was speaking. If they shall not be disturbed, you see they will go on. There are three or four witnesses have proved this—that Mr. Penn did preach there, that Mr. Mead did allow of it. After this, you have heard by substantial witnesses what is said against them. Now we are on matter of fact, which you are to keep and to observe, as what hath been fully sworn, at your peril.

Here Penn, from the bale-dock, exclaimed, in his loudest tones: "I appeal to the jury who are my judges, and to this great assembly, whether the proceedings of the court are not most arbitrary and void of all law, in offering to give the jury their charge in the absence of the prisoners! I say it is directly opposed and destructive to the right of every English prisoner, as declared by Coke in the 2nd Institute 29, on the chapter of Magna Charta."

Recorder (with a pleasant stroke of humor). "Why you are present; you do hear. Do you not?"

Penn. No thanks to the court that commanded me into the bale-dock. And you of the jury, take notice that I have not been heard; neither can you legally depart the court before I have been fully heard, having, at least, ten or twelve material points to offer in order to invalidate their indictment.

Recorder (in a tempest of wrath). Pull that fellow down; pull him down. Take them to the hole. To hear them talk doth not become the honor of the court.

After the prisoners had been borne away to the most squalid and noisome of all the dens in England—the "hole" in Newgate—the Recorder commanded the jury to agree in their verdict according to the facts sworn. For this purpose they retired, and meanwhile the court continued sitting, and a breathless crowd remained in mute suspense to await the issue of this important trial.

Thirty minutes passed, and the jury made no appearance.

An hour! It was evident they were not all agreed. The Judges sat on their bench in angry alarm, lest the jury should prove more refractory than they had anticipated; the auditory began to hope that their fellow-countrymen might yet escape an unjust judgment. An hour and a-half elapsed, and the door opened. With a simultaneous movement every eye was directed thitherward. There entered eight of the jurors, saying that they could not agree upon a verdict. The Recorder required the attendance of the other four, and upon their presenting themselves, loaded them with vituperation. Upon their leader and instigator, Edward Bushel, he specially poured out the lava of his wrath.

Recorder. You, sir, are the cause of this disturbance, and manifestly show yourself an abettor of faction. I shall set a mark upon you, sir.

Sir John Robinson. I know you. You have thrust yourself upon this jury.

Bushel. No, Sir John. There were three score before me on the panel, and I would willingly have got off, but could not.

Robinson. I tell you you deserve to be indicted more than any man that has been indicted this day.

The jury again retired; and after another sitting of nearly two hours' duration, returned, and gave in a verdict of "Guilty of speaking in Gracechurch Street." The court endeavored to browbeat them into altering it so as to make the speaking unlawful. "Was it not an unlawful assembly? You mean they were speaking to a tumult of people there?" But Edward Bushel, and three or four equally sturdy patriots, would make no such admission. "We have given in our verdict," said the foreman; "we can give in no other." They were compelled to retire a third time, and being supplied with writing materials, sent in a written verdict, acquitting William Mead, and finding Penn "guilty of speaking to an assembly met together in Gracechurch Street." On reading it the Lord Mayor gave way to an outburst of rage, and pronounced Bushel "an impudent, canting knave." The Recorder was more chary of his words, but gave a forcible expression to his indignation:—"You shall not be dismissed," he said, "till you bring in a verdict which the

court will accept. You shall be locked up, without meat, drink, fire, and tobacco. You shall not think thus to abuse the court. We will have a verdict, by the help of God, or you shall starve for it!"

Penn. The jury, who are my judges, ought not to be thus menaced. Their verdict should be free—not forced.

Recorder. Stop that fellow's mouth, or put him out of court!

Lord Mayor (addressing the jury). You have heard that he preached; that he gathered a company of tumultuous people; and that they not only disobey the martial power, but the civil also.

Penn. That is a mistake. We did not make the tumult, but they that interrupted us. The jury cannot be so ignorant as to think we met there to disturb the peace, because it is well known that we are a peaceable people, never offering violence to any man, and were kept by force of arms out of our own house. You are Englishmen (he said to the jurors), mind your privileges; give not away your rights.

The jury were now locked up, and the prisoners carried back to Newgate. The next morning (Sunday) the court was again crowded, and every person waited with painful expectancy the appearance of the jurors. At seven o'clock their names were called over, and the clerk once more inquired if they had agreed upon a verdict. They replied in the affirmative. "Guilty, or not guilty?" "Guilty of speaking in Gracechurch Street."

Lord Mayor. To an unlawful assembly?

Bushel. No, my lord; we give no other verdict than we gave last night.

Lord Mayor. You are a factious fellow; I'll take a course with you.

Alderman Bladworth. I knew Mr. Bushel would not yield.

Bushel. Sir Thomas, I have done according to my conscience.

Lord Mayor. That conscience of yours would cut my throat.

Bushel. No, my lord, it never shall.

Lord Mayor. But I will cut yours as soon as I can.

Recorder (jocosely). He has inspired the jury; he has the spirit of divination; methinks he begins to affect *me!* I will have a positive verdict, or else you shall starve.

Penn. I desire to ask the Recorder a question. Do you allow the verdict given of William Mead?

Recorder. It cannot be a verdict, because you are indicted for conspiracy; and one being found "Not Guilty," and not the other, it is no verdict.

Penn. If "Not Guilty" be no verdict, then you make of jury and of the Great Charter a mere nose of wax.

Mead. How! Is "Not Guilty" no verdict?

Recorder. No, it is no verdict.

Penn. I affirm that the consent of a jury is a verdict in law; and if William Mead be not guilty, it follows that I am clear, since you have indicted us for conspiracy, and I could not possibly conspire alone.

Once more the ill-fated jurors were compelled to retire, only to persist in the verdict already given. The Recorder, carried by his wrath beyond the limits of decency, exclaimed, "Your verdict is nothing. You play upon the court. I say you shall go and bring in another verdict, or you shall starve; and I will have you carted about the city as in Edward the Third's time."

Foreman. We have given in our verdict, in which we are all agreed; if we give in another, it will be by force, to save our lives.

Lord Mayor. Take them up to their room.

Officer. My lord, they will not go.

The jurors were then forcibly constrained to withdraw, and locked up without food and water. Subjected to so terrible a trial, some of the weaker minds wavered, and would have given way, but were encouraged in their resistance by the resolution of Bushel, and others who, like Bushel, understood the importance of the question at issue. So when on Monday morning, after fasting two days and nights, the court once more summoned the jurors before them, there was not a traitor or a coward among them. They looked wan and worn; but their hearts beat calmly with the consciousness that they were doing their duty, and rendering no trivial service to

their common country. Heroes these, no less than Russell and Sidney, who vindicated on the scaffold their faith in the principles they professed!

Clerk. Gentlemen, are you agreed in your verdict?

Jury. Yes.

Clerk. Who shall speak for you?

Jury. Our foreman.

Clerk. Look upon the prisoners. What say you? Is William Penn guilty of the matter whereof he stands indicted in manner and form, or not guilty?

Foreman. You have our verdict in writing.

Clerk. I will read it.

Recorder. No, it is no verdict. The court will not accept it.

Foreman. If you will not accept of it, I desire to have it back again.

Court. The paper was no verdict, and no advantage shall be taken of you for it.

Clerk. How say you? Is William Penn guilty or not guilty?

Foreman (with unfaltering voice). *Not Guilty.*

Recorder (after a movement of impatience.) I am sorry, gentlemen, you have followed your own judgments and opinions rather than the good advice which was given you. God keep my life out of your hands! But for this the court fines you forty marks a man, and imprisonment in Newgate till the fines be paid.

Penn. Being freed by the jury, I demand to be set at liberty.

Lord Mayor. No; you are in for your fines.

Penn. Fines! what fines?

Lord Mayor. For contempt of court.

Penn. I ask if it be according to the fundamental laws of England that any Englishman should be fined except by the judgment of his peers? Since it expressly contradicts the 14th and 29th chapters of the Great Charter of England, which says, "No free man ought to be amerced except by the oath of good and lawful men of the vicinage."

Recorder. Take him away; put him out of the court.

Penn. I can never urge the fundamental laws of England but you cry out, "Take him away! take him away!" But this is no wonder, since the Spanish Inquisition sits so near the Recorder's heart. God, who is just, will judge you all for these things.

The prisoners and their jurors, persisting in their refusal to pay the fines so illegally inflicted upon them, were removed to Newgate. The latter, at Penn's instigation, immediately brought an action against the Lord Mayor and the Recorder, for having unjustifiably imprisoned them. It was argued on the 9th of November before the twelve Judges, and, by their unanimous opinion, decided in the favor of the appellants. They were instantly set at liberty, and Penn went forth triumphant.

"In the day of courtesan influence, of unblushing venality and vice, the most odious laws might obtain the sanction of a parliamentary majority; judges even might be found to administer them; but after all, it was now discovered, with alarm and indignation, that juries chosen from the body of the nation might refuse to convict under them, and so in reality annul them at the very moment they were brought into action. From that day the jury ceased to be a mere institution—it became a living power in the state; a power not inferior to either King or Commons."—W. H. D. Adams.

CAPTAIN JAMES COOK.

CAPTAIN JAMES COOK, the first English circumnavigator, had risen from humble life and gained a high reputation by his courage, sagacity and nautical skill and important discoveries, before he immortalized his name by carrying the British flag around the globe. He was born at Marton, Yorkshire, October 28, 1728, and was a son of a farm bailiff. His early education was limited, and for several years he followed the sea in the coal trade and obtained the position of mate. When the British navy was enlarged early in 1755, Cook entered as a volunteer. His intelligence and nautical skill attracted the notice of his superiors, by whom he was soon promoted.

In 1759 he took part in the siege and capture of Quebec, and was employed to make a survey of the whole river below Quebec. His chart was executed with such skill that it was published by order of the Admiralty. In September, 1759, Lord Colville appointed him master of his own ship, in which he remained on the Halifax station in the next winter. Here Cook employed his leisure in the study of mathematics and astronomy. In 1760 he helped to recapture Newfoundland from the French. Having returned to England, he married Elizabeth Batts in December, 1762. He was appointed marine surveyor of Newfoundland in April, 1764, and made valuable additions to geography and hydrography.

In 1768 Cook was raised to the rank of lieutenant, and selected to command the "Endeavor," a vessel sent by the government to the South Pacific to observe the transit of Venus (due June 3, 1769) and to make discoveries in geography and other sciences. He was accompanied by Charles Green, astronomer, Solander, a Swedish naturalist, and Sir Joseph Banks, eminent as a patron of scientific men. His crew consisted of forty-one able seamen, besides officers, twelve marines and nine servants. He sailed from Plymouth, August 26, 1768, and on the 13th of November, anchored at Rio Janeiro, where he obtained fresh provisions. On the 11th of January, 1769, he was in sight of Tierra del Fuego, and three days later he entered Strait Le Maire. He doubled Cape Horn about January 22d, and in March he discovered islands in the Dangerous Archipelago, which he named Lagoon, Bow, Bird and Chain Islands. These were mostly inhabited and covered with vegetation. Arriving at Tahiti in April, 1769, he found the natives peaceable, but addicted to stealing. One native, who snatched a musket from a sentinel and ran away, was pursued and shot dead.

On the 3d of June, the sky was clear and the transit of Venus was observed with perfect success at Tahiti. Two of the marines were so captivated with the beauty of Tahiti or of the women that they deserted and took refuge in the mountains, intending to remain on the island; but they were caught and brought back. On the 13th of July the "Endeavor" departed from Tahiti, carrying a native named Tupia, who wished to visit England. Before the end of July, Cook reconnoitered six small islands, which he named "Society Islands." On the 6th of October, 1769, a land of great extent with high mountains in the interior was discovered. This was the north island of New Zealand, the natives of which were hostile and ferocious. Cook, Banks and Solander went ashore and endeavored to open friendly communication with them, but failed. The English killed several of the savages in self-defense. Cook spent several weeks in exploring the coast of the island on all sides, and named the capes and bays.

In April, 1770, Cook resolved to turn northward, and sailed

to Botany Bay, so called by Sir Joseph Banks from valuable additions to the science of botany there made. The eastern coast of Australia was then explored, and the party arrived at York Cape on the 21st of August. Returning by the Cape of Good Hope, Cook arrived in England in June, 1771, having performed his mission with great ability and applause. He was promoted to the rank of Commander in August, 1771.

Soon after his return the government resolved to send an expedition to search for the Southern or Antarctic continent, and Captain Cook was chosen for its commander. He departed in July, 1772, with two vessels, the "Resolution" and "Adventure," and reached the Cape of Good Hope, October 29th. He anchored in Dusky Bay, New Zealand, in March, 1773, after being 127 days at sea, and navigating 3,660 leagues without seeing land. He revisited Tahiti in August, and sailed southward until his progress was arrested by fields or mountains of ice, January 30, 1774. The most southern point he reached was 71°10′, S. latitude, in 106°54′, W. longitude. In July he explored the New Hebrides islands and had some friendly intercourse with the natives. He discovered in September, 1774, a large island, which he named New Caledonia. Having circumnavigated the globe a second time, he arrived at Portsmouth in July, 1775, and was received with every mark of approbation and honor. He had lost only four men in a navigation of 20,000 leagues. Cook was raised to the rank of captain in August, 1775, and elected a Fellow of the Royal Society in 1776. He published a well-written journal of his voyage in two volumes in 1777. "No former expedition," says Jules Verne, "had reaped such a harvest of discoveries, and hydrographical, physical and ethnological observations."

In 1776, Captain Cook was selected to command a third voyage in search of a northwest passage between the Atlantic and the Pacific. He was directed to go to the Cape of Good Hope, and thence proceed southward in search of some islands said to have been seen by the French in latitude 48° S. He was then to steer to Tahiti and sail thence to New Albion, that is, the west coast of North America. He departed in July, 1776, with the "Resolution," and was joined by the "Discovery" at the Cape of Good Hope. It is to the honor of the United States

that its government, after its independence of Great Britain had been declared, ordered its naval commanders not to molest, but to favor in every way, Cook's expedition. After he had visited New Zealand and Tahiti, he discovered in January, 1778, the Sandwich Islands, the natives of which were friendly. Proceeding northward, Cook explored the west coast of North America, and entered Behring Strait. In April, 1778, he penetrated to latitude 70°41′ N., where he was arrested by an insuperable barrier of ice.

He returned to Hawaii about December 1st, and explored the islands of the vicinity. He went ashore with ten men to recover a boat which had been stolen by a native. The English were assailed by a multitude of savages who killed Captain Cook and several of his men on the shore, February 14, 1779. His vessels continued to prosecute discoveries, and returned to England in October, 1780.

The intelligence of the death of the famous circumnavigator was received with great grief, and various honors were paid to his memory. King George III. granted a pension of £200 to his widow, and £25 to each of his children. The value of Cook's discoveries to the British Empire has steadily increased with the lapse of time, and the name of the circumnavigator has become a household word among civilized nations.

Cook's Last Voyage.

On the 2d of January, 1778, Captain Cook resumed his voyage northward, to pursue the grand object of discovering the northwest passage through Behring's Sea. He passed several islands, the inhabitants of which, though at an immense distance from Otaheite, spoke the same language. Those who came on board displayed the utmost astonishment at everything they beheld; and it was evident they had never seen a ship before. The disposition to steal was equally strong in these as in the other South Sea islanders, and a man was killed who tried to plunder the watering party; but this was not known to Captain Cook till after they had sailed. It was discovered that the practice of eating human flesh was prevalent. To a group of these islands (and they were gen-

erally found in clusters) Captain Cook gave the name of the Sandwich Islands, in honor of Earl Sandwich, then at the head of the Admiralty.

The voyage to the northward was continued on the 2d of February, and the long-looked-for coast of New Albion (British America) was made on the 7th of March, the ships being then in latitude 44°33′ north; and after sailing along it till the 29th, they came to anchor in a small cove lying in latitude 49°29′ north. A brisk trade commenced with the natives, who appeared to be well acquainted with the value of iron, for which they exchanged the skins of various animals, such as bears, wolves, foxes, deers, etc., both in their original state and made up into garments. But the most extraordinary sight was human skulls, and hands not quite stripped of the flesh, and which had the appearance of having been recently on the fire. Thieving was practiced at this place in a more skillful manner than they had before remarked; and the natives insisted upon being paid for the wood and other things supplied to the ships, with which Captain Cook scrupulously complied. This inlet was named King George's Sound; but it was afterwards ascertained that the natives called it Nootka Sound. After making every requisite nautical observation, the ships being again ready for sea on the 26th, in the evening they departed, a severe gale of wind blowing them away from the shore. From this period they examined the coast, under a hope of finding some communication with the Polar Sea; and one river they traced as high as latitude 61°30′ north, which was afterwards named Cook's River.

They left this place on the 6th of June, but notwithstanding all their watchfulness and vigilance, no passage could be found. The ships ranged across the mouth of the straits in about latitude 60°, where the natives of the islands, by their manners, gave evident tokens of their being acquainted with Europeans—most probably Russian traders. They put in at Oonalaska and other places, which were taken possession of in the name of the King of England.

Proceeding to the northward, Captain Cook ascertained the relative positions of Asia and America, whose extremities he observed. On the 18th they were close to a dense wall of ice,

beyond which they could not penetrate, the latitude at this time being 70°44′ north. The ice here was from ten to twelve feet high, and seemed to rise higher in the distance. A prodigious number of seals were crouching on the ice, some of which were procured for food. Captain Cook continued to traverse these icy seas till the 29th: he then explored the coasts in Behring's Straits, both in Asia and America; and on the 2d of October again anchored at Oonalaska to refit; and here they had communication with some Russians, who undertook to convey charts and maps, etc., to the English Admiralty; which they faithfully fulfilled. On the 26th the ships quitted the harbor of Samganoodah, and sailed for the Sandwich Islands; Captain Cook purposing to remain there a few months, and then to return to to Kamtchatka. In latitude 20°55′, the island of Mowee (Maui) was discovered on the 26th of November; and on the 30th they fell in with another, called by the natives Owhyhee (Hawaii). This being of large extent, the ships were occupied nearly seven weeks in sailing around it, and examining the coast.

Captain Cook found the islanders more frank and free from suspicion than any he had yet had intercourse with; so that on the 16th of January, 1779, there were not fewer than a thousand canoes about the two ships, most of them crowded with people and well laden with hogs and other productions of the place. A robbery having been committed, Cook ordered a volley of musketry and four great guns to be fired over the canoe that contained the thief; but this seemed only to astonish the natives, without creating any great alarm. On the 17th the ships anchored in a bay called by the islanders Karakakooa. The natives constantly thronged to the ships, whose decks consequently, being at all times crowded, allowed of pilfering without fear of detection; and these practices, it is conjectured, were encouraged by the chiefs. A great number of the hogs purchased were killed and salted down so completely, that some of it was good at Christmas, 1780.

On the 26th Captain Cook had an interview with Terreeoboo, King of the islands, in which great formality was observed, and an exchange of presents took place, as well as an exchange of names. The natives were extremely respect-

ful to Cook; in fact, they paid him a sort of adoration, prostrating themselves before him: and a society of priests furnished the ships with a constant supply of hogs and vegetables, without requiring any return. On the 3d of February, the day previous to the ships sailing, the King presented them with an immense quantity of cloth, many boat-loads of vegetables, and a whole herd of hogs. The ships sailed on the following day, but on the 6th encountered a very heavy gale, in which on the night of the 7th, the "Resolution" sprung the head of her foremast in such a dangerous manner, that they were forced to put back to Karakakooa Bay in order to get it repaired. Here they anchored on the morning of the 11th, and everything for a time promised to go well in their intercourse with the natives.

Cook, aware of the nature of these barbarians, felt no small regret when he found that an affray had taken place between some seamen and the natives. The cause of the disturbance was the seizure of the cutter of the "Discovery" as it lay at anchor. The boats of both ships were sent in search of her, and Captain Cook went on shore to prosecute the inquiry, and, if necessary, to seize the person of the King, who had sanctioned the theft. He left the "Resolution" about seven o'clock, attended by the lieutenant of marines, a sergeant, a corporal, and seven private men. The pinnace's crew were likewise armed, and under the command of Mr. Roberts; the launch was also ordered to assist his own boat. He landed with the marines at the upper end of the town of Kavoroah, where the natives received him with their accustomed tokens of respect, and not the smallest sign of hostility was evinced by any of them; and as the crowds increased, the chiefs employed themselves as before in keeping order. Captain Cook requested the King to go on board the "Resolution" with him, to which he offered few objections; but in a little time it was observed that the natives were arming themselves with long spears, clubs and daggers, and putting on the thick mats which they used by way of armor. This hostile appearance was increased by the arrival of a canoe from the opposite side of the bay, announcing that one of the chiefs had been killed by a shot from the "Discovery's" boat. The women, who

had been conversing familiarly with the English, immediately retired, and loud murmurs arose amongst the crowd. Captain Cook, perceiving the tumultuous proceedings of the natives, ordered Lieutenant Middleton to march his marines down to the boats, to which the islanders offered no obstruction. The captain followed with the King, attended by his wife, two sons and several chiefs. One of the sons had already entered the pinnace, expecting his father to follow, when the King's wife and others hung round his neck, and forced him to be seated near a double canoe, assuring him that he would be put to death if he went on board the ship.

Whilst matters were in this position, one of the chiefs was seen with a dagger partly concealed under his cloak lurking about Captain Cook, and the lieutenant of marines proposed to fire at him; but this the captain would not permit; but the chief closing upon them, the officer of marines struck him with his firelock. Another native grasping the sergeant's musket, was forced to let it go by a blow from the lieutenant. Cook, seeing the tumult was increasing, observed, that "if he were to force the King off, it could only be done by sacrificing the lives of many of his people;" and was about to give orders to re-embark, when a man flung a stone at him, which he returned by discharging small shot from one of the barrels of his piece. The man was but little hurt, and brandished his spear, with threatenings to hurl it at the captain; the latter, unwilling to fire with ball, knocked the fellow down, and then warmly expostulated with the crowd for their hostile conduct. At this moment a man was observed behind a double canoe in the act of darting a spear at Captain Cook, who promptly fired, but killed another who was standing by his side. The sergeant of marines, however, instantly presented, and brought down the native whom the captain had missed.

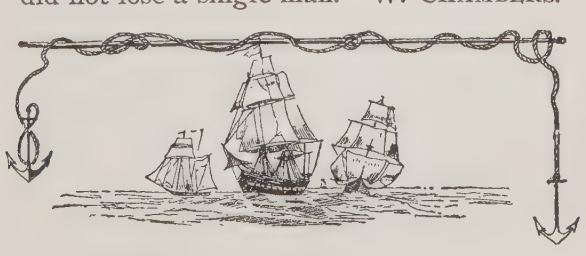
The impetuosity of the islanders was somewhat repressed; but being pushed on by those in the rear, who were ignorant of what was passing in front, a volley of stones was poured in amongst the marines, who, without waiting for orders, returned it with a general discharge of musketry, which was directly succeeded by a brisk fire from the boats. Captain Cook expressed much surprise and vexation: he waved his

hand for the boats to cease firing, and to come on shore to embark the marines. The pinnace unhesitatingly obeyed; but the lieutenant in the launch, instead of pulling in to the assistance of his commander, rowed further off at the very moment that the services of himself and people were most required. The pinnace became so crowded, as to render the men incapable of using their firearms. The marines on shore, however, fired; but the moment their pieces were discharged, the islanders rushed *en masse* upon them, forced the party into the water, where four of them were killed, and the lieutenant wounded.

At this critical period Captain Cook was left entirely alone upon a rock near the shore. He, however, hurried towards the pinnace, holding his left arm round the back of his head, to shield it from the stones, and carrying his musket under his right. An islander, armed with a club, was seen in a crouching posture cautiously following him. This man was a relation of the King's, and remarkably agile and quick. At length he jumped forward upon the captain, and struck him a heavy blow on the back of his head, and then turned and fled. The captain appeared to be somewhat stunned. He staggered a few paces, and, dropping his musket, fell on his hands and one knee; but whilst striving to recover his upright position, another islander rushed forward, and with an iron dagger stabbed him in the neck. He again made an effort to proceed, but fell into a small pool of water not more than knee-deep, and numbers instantly ran to the spot, and endeavored to keep him down; but by his struggles he was enabled to get his head above the surface, and casting a look towards the pinnace (then not more than five or six yards distant), seemed to be imploring assistance. In consequence of the crowded state of the pinnace, the crew of that boat were unable to render any aid. The islanders, perceiving that no help was afforded, forced him under water again, but in a deeper place; yet his great muscular power once more enabled him to raise himself and cling to the rock. At this moment a forcible blow was given with a club, and he fell down lifeless. The savages then hauled his corpse upon the rock, and ferociously stabbed the body all over, snatching the dagger

from each others' hands to wreak their sanguinary vengeance on the slain. The body was left some time exposed upon the rock; and as the islanders gave way, through terror at their own act and the fire from the boats, it might have been recovered entire. But no attempt of the kind was made; and it was afterwards, together with the marines, cut up, and the parts distributed amongst the chiefs. The mutilated fragments were subsequently restored, and committed to the deep with all the honors due to the rank of the deceased. Thus (February 14, 1779), perished in an inglorious brawl with a set of savages, one of England's greatest navigators, whose services to science have never been surpassed by any man belonging to his profession.

The death of their commander was felt to be a heavy blow by the officers and seamen of the expedition. With deep sorrow the ships' companies left Hawaii, the command of the "Resolution" devolving on Captain Clerke, and Mr. Gore acting as commander of the "Discovery." After making some further exploratory searches among the Sandwich Islands, the vessels visited Kamtchatka and Behring's Straits. Here it was found impossible to penetrate through the ice either on the coast of America or that of Asia, so that they returned to the southward. On the 22d of August, 1779, Captain Clerke died of consumption, and was succeeded by Captain Gore, who in his turn gave Lieutenant King an acting order in the "Discovery." After a second visit to Kamtchatka, the two ships returned by way of China, remained some time at Canton, touched at the Cape of Good Hope, and arrived at the mouth of the Thames, 4th of October, 1780, after an absence of four years, two months and twenty-two days, during which the "Resolution" lost only five men by sickness, and the "Discovery" did not lose a single man.—W. CHAMBERS.



BOUGAINVILLE.

THE military glory of the French is universally recognized, but their achievements on the sea are less familiar to the English-speaking world. Yet they have had great sea-captains and enterprising navigators, whose careers rival in interest and importance those of the more famous British seamen.

Louis Antoine de Bougainville was the first French circumnavigator of the globe. He was also distinguished as a soldier, a mathematician and an author. He was born in Paris, November 13, 1729. He was liberally educated and studied law, but soon abandoned that profession, and entered the army in 1753. His mathematical ability was shown by his publishing a treatise on the integral calculus. When he went to London, two years later, as secretary to the French embassy, his scientific attainments caused him to be chosen a member of the Royal Society.

But war with England was declared, and Bougainville, returning to military duty, was sent to Canada, in 1756, as a captain of dragoons. He became the trusted aide-de-camp of Montcalm, and shared the distinction that gallant general won in the war with the English. In 1758 he obtained the rank of colonel and the order of St. Louis. His military career in America was cut short by the capture of Quebec, in 1759; but he continued in service in the Seven Years' War in Europe until the Peace of 1763.

Bougainville now turned his attention to maritime enter-

prise, and conceived the idea of colonizing the Falkland Islands as a suitable resting-place for ships going to the Southern Ocean. A small colony was planted there at his expense in 1763, and increased by further aid in subsequent years from 27 to 150 persons. But the government of Spain claimed the sovereignty of these dreary islands, and Bougainville was ordered by the French administration to relinquish them, with the assurance that he should be recompensed. "This foolish attempt at colonization," says Jules Verne, "was the origin and groundwork of Bougainville's good fortune." By direction of the French Minister of the Marine, Bougainville was to proceed to the colony and formally deliver it up to the Spaniards. He was also commissioned to sail to the East Indies on a voyage of discovery, and for this expedition received the command of the frigate "La Boudeuse," of twenty-six guns, and the store-ship "L'Étoile." The crew of the frigate consisted of 203 sailors, besides 11 officers. Commerçon accompanied the expedition as naturalist.

Bougainville sailed from France in December, 1766, arrived at Montevideo January 31, 1767, and at the Falkland Islands in March of that year. Here he waited about two months for the ship "L'Etoile," and then sailed to Rio Janeiro, where he remained until the middle of July. Various accidents delayed his voyage, but he passed through the Strait of Magellan in January, 1768, after he had reconnoitred several bays, capes and harbors, and had been detained by "detestable weather" and contrary winds. On the 22d of March he discovered four small islands, to which he gave the name Les Quatres Facardins; and on the 2d of April perceived a high and very steep mountain, which he named La Boudeuse. It is the Maitea of modern maps. On the 4th of April, 1768, he arrived at Tahiti, the natives of which treated the French in a very hospitable manner. The "Boudeuse" was surrounded by canoes laden with fowls, cocoanuts, and delicious fruits, which were bartered for various trifles. "The canoes," says Bougainville, "were full of women, who might vie with most Europeans in pleasant features, and who certainly excelled them in beauty of form." In the month of May he sailed among numerous islands, which he named the "Grand

Cyclades," a name which has been superseded by that of New Hebrides.

Bougainville lost sight of the Grand Cyclades on the 29th of May, and continued to sail nearly due west till the 5th of June. He altered his course and sailed northward for three days without seeing land. On the 10th of June he entered a large and beautiful gulf, which he named Cul-de-Sac de l'Orangerie. "I have seldom seen," says he, "a country of a fairer aspect. But the melancholy condition to which we were brought did not permit us to visit this magnificent country." He gave the name of Louisiade to this discovery. Many of his crew were disabled by the scurvy, and all were suffering for want of wholesome food. On the 6th of July he cast anchor on the southern coast of New Ireland, which had been discovered by Schouten. Here he remained many days and obtained a supply of water, wood and other necessaries. He coasted along the shore of New Guinea, or Papua, in August, and about the 1st of September arrived at the Moluccas, where the Dutch governor supplied him with provisions. On the 28th of September he reached Batavia, which he pronounced "one of the finest colonies in the world." After touching at the Isle of France, the Cape of Good Hope, and Ascension Island, he arrived at Saint Malo in March, 1769, having lost only seven men. He published, in 1771, "Voyage autour du Monde," in which his adventures are narrated in a charming style.

During the American Revolution, Bougainville had a high command in several naval battles between the French and English. In the disastrous sea-fight between Rodney and De Grasse, near Dominica, on April 12, 1782, Bougainville, who led the van, rallied eight ships and brought them to a safe place, after De Grasse had surrendered.

After the Peace of 1783, Bougainville returned to Paris, and was made an Associate of the Academy. His project of a voyage of discovery in the Arctic regions received no encouragement from the government. He obtained the rank of Vice-Admiral in 1791, and, having escaped almost miraculously from the massacres of Paris, retired to his estate in Normandy. He was elected to the Institute at its formation, in 1796. He

became a Senator when the Senate was organized by Napoleon, who made him a member of the Legion of Honor, and gave him the title of Count. His honorable career came to an end on the 31st of August, 1814.

The Eden of the South Seas.

The voyagers still pursued a westerly course, and on the morning of the 2d of April, 1768, descried a high and very steep mountain, which they named Le Boudoir or Le Pic de la Boudeuse. As they drew near, they beheld land more to the westward, of which the extent was undefined. They immediately bore down for this; but it was not until the morning of the 4th that they were sufficiently close to hold any communication with the inhabitants. These came off in their skiffs, and presented a small hog and a branch of banana in token of amity; and very soon after, the ships were surrounded with more than one hundred canoes, engaged in a brisk traffic. "The aspect of the coast," says M. de Bougainville, "was very pleasing. The mountains rose to a great height, yet there was no appearance of barrenness, all parts were covered with woods. We could scarcely believe our eyes when we beheld a peak clothed with trees, even to its solitary summit, which rose to the level of the mountains in the interior part of the isle. Its breadth grew gradually less towards the top, and at a distance it might have been taken for some pyramid of a vast height, which the hand of a tasteful decorator had inwreathed with garlands of foliage. As we sailed along the coast, our eyes were struck with the sight of a beautiful cascade, which precipitated itself from the mountain-tops, and threw its foaming waters into the sea. A village was situated at the foot of the waterfall, and there appeared to be no breakers on the shores."

On landing, he was received with mingled demonstrations of joy and curiosity; and the chief of the district forthwith conducted him to his residence. Here he found several women, who saluted him by laying their hands on their breasts, and repeating several times the word *tayo*, which seems to mean "Friend." After having examined the house, the navigator was invited to a repast of fruits, broiled fish,

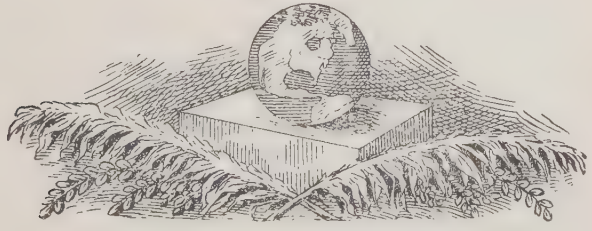
and water, on the grassy turf in front, and he received several presents of cloth and ornaments.

A proposal made by the stranger to erect a camp on shore was received with evident displeasure, and he was informed that though his crew were at liberty to stay on the island during the day, they must retire to their ships at night. On his wishes being further urged, he was asked if he meant to remain forever; to which he answered that he would depart in eighteen days. An ineffectual attempt was made by the natives to reduce the period to nine; but they at last consented, and at once resumed their former amicable bearing. The chief set apart a large shed for the accommodation of the sick; the women and children brought anti-scorbutic plants and shells, when they learned that these were prized by the French; and the males gave their cheerful assistance in supplying the vessels with wood and water. Every house was open to the strangers, and the natives vied with each other in excess of hospitality. They welcomed them with songs and feasts, and exhibited their dances and wrestling-matches before them. "Often, as I walked into the interior," says Bougainville, "I thought I was transported into the Garden of Eden; we crossed grassy plains covered with fair fruit-trees, and watered by small rivulets which diffused a delicious coolness around. Under the shade of the groves lay groups of the natives, all of whom gave us a friendly salutation; those whom we met in the paths stood aside that we might pass, and everywhere we beheld hospitality, peace, calm, joy, and all signs of happiness."

But this paradise was perfect only in appearance; for the possessors of it were such accomplished pilferers, that nothing was safe within their reach. "We were obliged," says he, "to take care even of our pockets, for the thieves of Europe are not more adroit than the inhabitants of this country." Murder, too, was soon introduced into this elysium; several of the islanders were found slain, and evidently by the arms of the Europeans; though the efforts of the captain were in vain exerted to discover the culprits. The natives shortly after withdrew from the neighborhood of the camp, the houses were abandoned, no canoe was seen on the sea, and the whole

island appeared like a desert. The Prince of Nassau, who was sent out with four or five men to search for the people, found a great number of them, with the chief Ereti, about a league distant. The leader approached the prince in great fear; while the women, who were all in tears, threw themselves on their knees and kissed his hands, weeping, and repeating several times, "*Tayo mate!*" (You are our friends, yet you kill us!) The prince succeeded in a short time in inspiring them with confidence, and their former intercourse was renewed, even with greater demonstrations of kindness on the part of the savages.

The bad ground, which in nine days cost him six anchors, proved a powerful reason for shortening his stay. When the chief perceived them setting sail, he leaped into the first canoe he could find on shore and rowed to the vessel, where he embraced his visitors, and bade them farewell in tears. He took by the hand an islander who had come off in one of the skiffs, and presented him to the commander, stating that his name was Aotourou, that he desired to go with him, and begging that his wish might be granted. "Thus," says Bougainville, "we quitted that good people; and I was no less surprised at the sorrow which our departure occasioned to them, than at the affectionate confidence they showed on our arrival." The French navigator testified his sense of the beauty and enchantments of this country by bestowing on it the name of Nouvelle Cythère—an appellation which has been supplanted by the native title of Otaheite (now Tahiti).



PONCE DE LEON.

JUAN PONCE DE LEON, the discoverer of Florida, was born in Leon, Spain, and in his boyhood was a page in the family of Pedro Nuñez de Guzman, Lord of Toral. Leaving this employment, he enlisted in the army and served with distinction in several campaigns against the Moors of Granada. He accompanied Columbus on his second voyage to America, leaving Cadiz on September 25th, 1493; and, having subsequently distinguished himself in the campaign against the Indians of Higuey, he was appointed to the command of the conquered territory, as lieutenant of the Governor of Hispaniola.

Having received intelligence from the natives that the mountains of the neighboring island of Boriquen, or Puerto Rico, abounded with gold, he applied to the governor, Ovando, to make an expedition to the island in search of the precious metal; and, in 1508, he set out in a caravel, accompanied by a few Spaniards, with some Indians, who were to act as interpreters and guides. Ponce landed near the residence of the principal cacique, Agueybaná, who treated him and his followers with great hospitality, and gave them large quantities of gold. Delighted with his success, Ponce returned to Hispaniola, and obtained from the governor permission, as well as the necessary supplies, to undertake the subjugation of the island. Ovando being recalled to Spain by

the home government before Ponce had completed his preparations, was succeeded by Don Diego Columbus. The new governor deprived Ponce of his command; but when Ovando made a favorable representation of his merits, Ponce was re-appointed governor of the island in 1509, and entrusted with its conquest. On his reaching Puerto Rico, the natives, perceiving his hostile intentions, offered a desperate resistance. They were greatly superior in valor to those of Hispaniola, and it was not till after many hard-fought battles, during one of which their cacique, Agueybaná, was slain, that Ponce was able to complete their subjugation. Notwithstanding, however, the dangers he had encountered, and the bravery he had shown in the conduct of this expedition, Ponce was again deprived of his command, and replaced by Juan Ceror.

Incapable of a quiet life, Ponce soon turned his eyes to some other scene of conquest to satisfy his restless activity of spirit. Ponce, to his dying day, always believed that there was yet a third world to be discovered. Imbued with this singular idea, he fondly cherished the hope that he would be the first to discover it. Old age was creeping upon him, and his constitution had been much impaired by the fatigues and privations of former voyages and hard-fought campaigns. He therefore decided to sail first to the Island of Bimini, one of the Bahama group, where, according to a tradition widely current in Spain, was a fountain whose water possessed the power of restoring youth. In search of this marvellous fountain Ponce de Leon set sail, on the 3d of March, 1512, from the port of St. Germain, in the Island of Puerto Rico. He visited all the Bahama Islands, one after another, and drank in vain of every fountain, river, or lake that he found ; his inquiries for the Island of Bimini were also in vain. Ponce, however, was not discouraged ; and, after having his ships repaired, he again put to sea.

Sailing northwest he sighted, on the 27th of March, what he supposed to be an island. From the fact of its being discovered on Easter Sunday, and the ground being covered with beautiful flowers, the new land was called " Pascua Florida." It was in reality the present state of Florida. Ponce took possession of the country in the name of Ferdinand and

Isabella, and, on the strength of this occupation, Spain afterward claimed a vast extent of the North American continent. Not having given up the idea of yet discovering Bimini, Ponce set sail again in search of that island and its much-desired fountain. After some months, however, of unsuccessful cruise along the east coast of Florida, he returned for a short time to Puerto Rico. In 1513 this romantic old knight arrived in Spain and was received at court by King Ferdinand. Having made a full report of his voyage, the king was pleased to appoint him Adelantado of Florida, with directions to colonize the country. In the following year Ponce was entrusted with the command of an expedition which was being fitted out at Seville against the Caribbees. This, however, proving unsuccessful, his influence was greatly impaired, and he retired again to Puerto Rico, where he continued to reside until 1521. Stirred up by the fame acquired by Cortez in Mexico, Ponce once more fitted out two ships, and, having embarked almost the whole of his property, put to sea.

Reaching the western coast of Florida, he attempted to land an armed force. The Indians offered a brave resistance. Sallying forth to defend their shores, they slew many Spaniards. Ponce himself was wounded by an arrow in the side, and obliged to abandon his enterprise. Sailing to Cuba, his wound gradually brought on alarming symptoms, and he expired in 1521. Thus, instead of finding the magical fountain of health, Ponce de Leon found a grave.

Almost all the Spanish expeditions in the New World have a tinge of romance beyond what is found in those of other European nations. Ponce de Leon was a genuine specimen of the Spanish adventurer. In search of an El Dorado, or a miraculous Fountain of Youth, he fearlessly faced every danger. Superstitious to an extreme degree, he yet possessed skill which was ready in each emergency, and in courage the Spanish soldier was never deficient.

The Fountain of Youth.

Juan Ponce de Leon resigned the command of Porto Rico with tolerable grace. He had conceived the idea that there

was yet a third world to be discovered, and he hoped to be the first to reach its shores, and thus to secure a renown equal to that of Columbus.

While considering which way he should strike forth in the unexplored regions around him, he met with some old Indians who gave him tidings of a country which promised, not merely to satisfy the cravings of his ambition, but to realize the fondest dreams of the poets. They assured him that, far to the north, there existed a land abounding in gold and in all manner of delights ; but, above all, possessing a river of such wonderful virtue that whoever bathed in it would be restored to youth ! They added, that in times past, before the arrival of the Spaniards, a large party of the natives of Cuba had departed northward in search of this happy land and this river of life, and, having never returned, it was concluded that they were flourishing in renovated youth, detained by the pleasures of that enchanting country. Some of the ancient Indians declared that it was not necessary to go so far in quest of these rejuvenating waters, for that, in a certain island of the Bahama group, called Bimini, which lay far out in the ocean, there was a fountain possessing the same marvellous and inestimable qualities.

Juan Ponce de Leon listened to these tales with fond credulity. He was advancing in life, and the ordinary term of existence seemed insufficient for his mighty plans. Could he but plunge into this marvellous fountain or gifted river, and come out with his battered, war-worn body restored to the strength and freshness and suppleness of youth, and his head still retaining the wisdom and knowledge of age, what enterprises might he not accomplish in the additional course of vigorous years insured to him !

So fully persuaded was the worthy old cavalier of the existence of the region described to him, that he fitted out three ships at his own expense to prosecute the discovery, nor had he any difficulty in finding adventurers in abundance ready to cruise with him in quest of this fairy-land.

It was on the 3d of March, 1512, that Juan Ponce sailed with his three ships from the Port of St. Germain in the island of Porto Rico. He kept for some distance along the

coast of Hispaniola, and then, stretching away to the northward, made for the Bahama islands, and soon fell in with the first of the group. He was favored with propitious weather and tranquil seas, and glided smoothly with wind and current along that verdant archipelago, visiting one island after another, until, on the fourteenth of the month, he arrived at Guanahani, or St. Salvador's, where Christopher Columbus had first put his foot on the shores of the new world. His inquiries for the island of Bimini were all in vain, and as to the fountain of youth, he may have drunk of every fountain, and river, and lake in the archipelago, even to the salt pools of Turk's island, without being a whit the younger.

Still he was not discouraged; but, having repaired his ships, he again put to sea and shaped his course to the northwest. On Sunday, the 27th of March, he came in sight of what he supposed to be an island, but was prevented from landing by adverse weather. He continued hovering about it for several days, buffeted by the elements, until, in the night of the second of April, he succeeded in coming to anchor under the land in 30° 8′, N. Lat. The whole country was in the fresh bloom of spring; the trees were gay with blossoms, and the fields covered with flowers; from which circumstance, as well as from having discovered it on Palm Sunday (Pascua Florida), he gave it the name of Florida, which it retains to the present day. The Indian name of the country was Cautio.

Juan Ponce landed, and took possession of the country in the name of the Castilian sovereigns. He afterwards continued for several weeks ranging the coasts of this flowery land, and struggling against the gulf-stream and the various currents which sweep it. He doubled Cape Cañaveral, and reconnoitered the southern and eastern shores without suspecting that this was a part of Terra Firma. In all his attempts to explore the country, he met with resolute and implacable hostility on the part of the natives, who appeared to be a fierce and warlike race. He was disappointed also in his hopes of finding gold, nor did any of the rivers or fountains which he examined possess the rejuvenating virtue. Convinced, therefore, that this was not the promised land of

Indian tradition, he turned his prow homeward on the 14th of June, with the intention on the way of making one more attempt to find the island of Bimini.

In the outset of his return he discovered a group of islets abounding with sea-fowl and marine animals. On one of them his sailors, in the course of a single night, caught one hundred and seventy turtles, and might have taken many more, had they been so inclined. They likewise took fourteen sea wolves, and killed a vast quantity of pelicans and other birds. To this group Juan Ponce gave the name of the Portugas, or turtles, which they still retain.

Disheartened at length by the perils and trials with which nature seemed to have beset the approach to Bimini, as to some fairy island in romance, he gave up the quest in person, and sent in his place a trusty captain, Juan Perez de Ortubia, who departed in one of the other ships, guided by the experienced old woman of the isles, and by another Indian. As to Juan Ponce, he made the best of his way back to Porto Rico, where he arrived infinitely poorer in purse and wrinkled in brow, by this cruise after inexhaustible riches and perpetual youth.

Thus ended the romantic expedition of Juan Ponce de Leon. Like many other pursuits of a chimera, it terminated in the acquisition of a substantial good. Though he had failed in finding the fairy fountain of youth, he had discovered in place of it the important country of Florida.—W. IRVING.

PHILIP OF POKANOKET.

THE New England Colonies suffered little from the hostilities of the Indians for half a century after the settlement of Plymouth, in 1620. The treaty Massassoit made with the first settlers, the amicable and humane policy of the colonial government, and the zealous efforts of the ministers to Christianize the Indians, were the principal causes of this peaceful progress. But when the whites greatly outnumbered the Indians in New England, the knowledge of their own strength led them to fancy themselves secure, and encouraged the ruder sort to tyrannize over the red man.

King Philip of Pokanoket was the first of the Indian chiefs who undertook to organize the red men against the whites, and, though he failed eventually in his purpose, his genius is not the less remarkable.

He was the youngest son of Massassoit, and was originally named Pometacom. He succeed his brother, Wamsotta, as Sachem of Pokanoket, in 1657. They had been christened by the English, at the request of their father, and then received the names of the heroes of antiquity, Philip and Alexander.

When Philip formed his plan to unite the tribes of New England against the white invaders of the soil of their fathers, he was successful in securing the assistance of all whom he called upon. His design was made known to the settlers through the treachery of an Indian named Sassamon.

Philip, finding that war would be forced upon him, resolved to be first in the field. His tribe, having sent their wives and children to the Narragansetts for security, commenced hostilities at Swansey. They menaced and insulted the inhabitants, and, after killing some of the cattle in the fields, broke open and robbed the houses. One of the Indians being shot by the English during these proceedings, they took revenge by killing eight of the settlers. Thus commenced King Philip's war, June 24, 1675.

Rapid marches, sudden attacks, merciless cruelty and quick retreat characterized nearly all the Indian operations. The English sent detachments after them; but the ambuscade ensnared the whites, or the foe retreated too rapidly to be overtaken. Parties on their way to church, or families at the fireside, were suddenly attacked and butchered in cold blood. The towns of Taunton, Namasket and Dartmouth were laid in ashes. In July, a party of English surrounded King Philip in a swamp; but the wily chief escaped into the western part of Massachusetts, the country of the Nipmucks, whom he incited to take up arms against the colonists. This tribe set fire to the town of Quaboag, and massacred many of the inhabitants.

The colonists succeeded in forcing the Narragansetts into a treaty, whereby they agreed to surrender any hostile Indians who should retreat to their territory. The eastern tribes, and those on the Connecticut River, joined in the war on the side of Philip. Hadley, Hatfield, Deerfield, Northfield and Sugarloaf Hill bore witness to their treachery and cruelty. In October the Springfield Indians deserted the alliance of the English, and the Narragansetts broke their treaty. The settlers, under the command of Josiah Winslow, marched against the latter, slew a thousand of them, and the remnant of the tribe withdrew to the Nipmuck country. Several open conflicts with the Indians now took place in quick succession, and though the English suffered some severe reverses, their foes were gradually diminishing till but a shadow of their former power remained.

Philip, with a small band of faithful warriors, sought shelter among the Mohawks; but they forced him to fly from

their country, and once more he returned to Mount Hope, in Rhode Island, his favorite place of retreat. His wife and son accompanied him; and they were snatched from his side by a party of English, who narrowly missed taking Philip himself. In August, 1676, his camp, in a swamp, was surprised by the colonists led by Captain Church, and Philip was shot by a treacherous Indian. His youngest son, the last of the family, was sent to the West Indies and died in slavery. The conduct of the colonists during the latter part of the war was as cruel and unsparing as that of the Indians themselves. Philip's body was treated with indignity, being beheaded and quartered by Church's order.

King Philip possessed a bold and active spirit, was cunning and shrewd; but, like the rest of his race, he was incapable of forming a comprehensive idea of the whites and their power of union. He saw their steady increase, and was moved by it to hatred which vented itself in atrocities and bloodshed. He had always rejected all persuasions to Christianity. When Rev. John Eliot once preached before him, he took hold of a button of the good man's coat, and said: "I do not value the Gospel any more than that." Stern and implacable to the last, he fell with his weapon in his hand.

The Fate of Canonchet.

At the time that Philip effected his escape from Pocasset, his fortunes were in a desperate condition. His forces had been thinned by repeated fights, and he had lost almost the whole of his resources. In this time of adversity he found a faithful friend in Canonchet, Chief Sachem of all the Narragansetts. He was the son and heir of Miantonimo, the great Sachem who, after an honorable acquittal of the charge of conspiracy, had been privately put to death at the perfidious instigations of the settlers. "He was the heir," says the old chronicler, "of all his father's pride and insolence, as well as of his malice towards the English;" he certainly was the heir of his insults and injuries, and the legitimate avenger of his murder. Though he had forborne to take an active part in this hopeless war, yet he received Philip and his broken

forces with open arms, and gave them the most generous countenance and support. This at once drew upon him the hostility of the English, and it was determined to strike a signal blow, that should involve both the Sachems in one common ruin. A great force was, therefore, gathered together from Massachusetts, Plymouth and Connecticut, and was sent into the Narragansett country in the depth of winter, when the swamps, being frozen and leafless, could be traversed with comparative facility, and would no longer afford dark and impenetrable fastnesses to the Indians.

Apprehensive of attack, Canonchet had conveyed the greater part of his stores, together with the old, the infirm, the women and children of his tribe, to a strong fortress, where he and Philip had likewise drawn up the flower of their forces. This fortress, deemed by the Indians impregnable, was situated upon a rising mound or kind of island, of five or six acres, in the midst of a swamp; it was constructed with a degree of judgment and skill vastly superior to what is usually displayed in Indian fortification, and indicative of the martial genius of these two chieftains.

Guided by a renegade Indian, the English penetrated, through December snows to this stronghold, and came upon the garrison by surprise. The fight was fierce and tumultuous. The assailants were repulsed in their first attack, and several of their bravest officers were shot down in the act of storming the fortress, sword in hand. The assault was renewed with greater success. A lodgment was effected. The Indians were driven from one post to another. They disputed their ground inch by inch, fighting with the fury of despair. Most of their veterans were cut to pieces; and after a long and bloody battle Philip and Canonchet, with a handful of surviving warriors, retreated from the fort, and took refuge in the thickets of the surrounding forest.

The victors set fire to the wigwams and the fort; the whole was soon in a blaze; many of the old men, the women and the children perished in the flames. This last outrage overcame even the stoicism of the savage. The neighboring woods resounded with the yells of rage and despair, uttered by the fugitive warriors as they beheld the destruction of their

dwellings, and heard the agonizing cries of their wives and offspring. "The burning of the wigwams," says a cotemporary writer, "the shrieks and cries of the women and children, and the yelling of the warriors, exhibited a most horrible and affecting scene, so that it greatly moved some of the soldiers." The same writer cautiously adds, "They were in *much doubt* then, and afterwards seriously inquired, whether burning their enemies alive could be consistent with humanity and the benevolent principles of the gospel."

The fate of the brave and generous Canonchet is worthy of particular mention: the last scene of his life is one of the noblest instances on record of Indian magnanimity.

Broken down in his power and resources by this signal defeat, yet faithful to his ally and to the hapless cause which he had espoused, he rejected all overtures of peace, offered on condition of betraying Philip and his followers, and declared that "he would fight it out to the last man, rather than become a servant to the English." His home being destroyed, his country harassed and laid waste by the incursions of the conquerors, he was obliged to wander away to the banks of the Connecticut, where he formed a rallying point to the whole body of western Indians, and laid waste several of the English settlements.

Early in the spring, he departed on a hazardous expedition, with only thirty chosen men, to penetrate to Seaconck, in the vicinity of Mount Hope, and to procure seed-corn to plant for the sustenance of his troops. This little band of adventurers had passed safely through the Pequod country, and were in the centre of the Narragansett, resting at some wigwams near Pautucket River, when an alarm was given of an approaching enemy. Having but seven men by him at the time, Canonchet dispatched two of them to the top of a neighboring hill, to bring intelligence of the foe.

Panic-struck by the appearance of a troop of English and Indians rapidly advancing, they fled in breathless terror past their chieftain, without stopping to inform him of the danger. Canonchet sent another scout, who did the same. He then sent two more, one of whom, hurrying back in confusion and affright, told him that the whole British army was at

hand. Canonchet saw there was no choice but immediate flight. He attempted to escape round the hill, but was perceived and hotly pursued by the hostile Indians and a few of the fleetest of the English. Finding the swiftest pursuer close upon his heels, he threw off, first his blanket, then his silver-laced coat and belt of peag, by which his enemies knew him to be Canonchet, and redoubled the eagerness of pursuit.

At length, in dashing through the river, his foot slipped upon a stone, and he fell so deep as to wet his gun. This accident so struck him with despair that, as he afterwards confessed, "his heart and his bowels turned within him, and he became like a rotten stick, void of strength."

To such a degree was he unnerved that, being seized by a Pequod Indian within a short distance of the river, he made no resistance, though a man of great vigor of body and boldness of heart. But, on being made prisoner, the whole pride of his spirit arose within him; and from that moment, we find, in the anecdotes given by his enemies, nothing but repeated flashes of elevated and prince-like heroism. Being questioned by one of the English who first came up with him, and who had not attained his twenty-second year, the proud-hearted warrior, looking with lofty contempt upon his youthful countenance, replied, "You are a child—you cannot understand matters of war—let your brother or your chief come—him will I answer."

Though repeated offers were made to him of his life, on condition of submitting with his nation to the English, yet he rejected them with disdain, and refused to send any proposals of the kind to the great body of his subjects; saying that he knew none of them would comply. Being reproached with his breach of faith towards the whites; his boast that he would not deliver up a Wampanoag, nor the parings of a Wampanoag's nail; and his threat he would burn the English alive in their houses, he disdained to justify himself, haughtily answering that others were as forward for the war as himself, "and he desired to hear no more thereof."

So noble and unshaken a spirit, so true a fidelity to his cause and his friend, might have touched the feelings of the generous and the brave; but Canonchet was an Indian; a

being towards whom war had no courtesy, humanity no law, religion no compassion—he was condemned to die. The last words of his that are recorded are worthy the greatness of his soul. When sentence of death was passed upon him, he observed, "that he liked it well, for he should die before his heart was soft, or he had spoken anything unworthy of himself." His enemies gave him the death of a soldier, for he was shot at Stoningham by three young Sachems of his own rank.—W. IRVING.

J. L. VIGER, PINX.

GENERAL BEAUHARNAIS BIDS FAREWELL TO JOSEPHINE.

THE career of the Empress Josephine is not less romantic and pathetic than that of Napoleon. That a West Indian Creole should rise to occupy the throne of one of the most powerful countries in all Christendom at the opening of the nineteenth century would be incredible were it not a fact of history. That after her divorce she should retain her affection for the husband, and that he should continue to visit her are facts equally inexplicable.

Josephine was born in the Island of Martinique, in the West Indies, in June, 1763. Her maiden name was Marie Josephe Rose Tascher de la Pagerie. The surname Pagerie was derived from her father's estate near Blois, in France. He had emigrated to become a naval officer under the Marquis de Beauharnais, who was governor-general of the French Antilles. His wife, Rose Claire des Verges de Sannois, belonged to a family which had similarly emigrated. Josephine was educated in France at the Convent of Port-Royal, and in December, 1779, at the age of sixteen, was married to the Viscount de Beauharnais, the son of her

father's superior officer. The husband was but eighteen years of age, and the young couple went to live in Paris at the house of his mother, Madame de Beauharnais. Here Josephine's grace and loveliness attracted much attention; but her husband's gallantries caused her much grief. Provoked by her complaints of his infidelity, he brought suit for divorce in 1785. But the Court fully exonerated her from his malicious charges, and while granting a separation, ordered him to provide for her support. The Beauharnais family sided with Josephine, who retained the custody of her daughter Hortense, destined to become the Queen of Holland. In June, 1788, Josephine returned to Martinique to visit her mother, then suffering from severe illness. She remained in the island till her safety was threatened by a sudden insurrection of the Colony in 1790, when she escaped to France.

Josephine now became reconciled to her husband, who was active among the Constitutionalists in the movements preceding the Revolution. The family was reunited, and her house became a favorite rendezvous of the politicians and literary men of her husband's party. When France was threatened with invasion after the Revolution had been effected, Viscount de Beauharnais commanded the French Army on the Rhine. But though he had been faithful in his duty, he was thrown into prison, and led to execution during the ascendancy of Robespierre in 1794. Josephine herself was arrested while attempting to release her husband, was placed in the list of the proscribed and narrowly escaped the guillotine. Madame de Fontenay, who had been in prison with her, exerted herself to procure her release, and was successful through the aid of the dreaded Tallien, to whom she herself was afterwards married. The services of Tallien and his wife were afterwards gratefully remembered and rewarded both by Josephine and her son Eugène.

Josephine was indebted to Barras for the restoration of a part of her husband's property; and it was at his house, after the 13th Vendémiaire, she met the young General Bonaparte. The latter became desirous of seeing her, in consequence of her son Eugene, then fifteen years of age, presenting himself before the general to solicit the return of the sword which

had belonged to his father. Bonaparte was favorably impressed towards the widow; and his attachment strengthened at every succeeding interview. She was married to him on the 9th of March, 1796. From that period her history is associated with his, not only personally, but politically. By her influence he gained at once the command of the French army in Italy. At his earnest request she joined him at the seat of war, but was appalled at the sight of the battle-field and returned to Paris. Henceforth it became her practice and delight to encourage him through dangers, and moderate his feelings in the hour of victory. When her husband was raised to the Consulate, her receptions at the Tuileries and Malmaison became celebrated, and her beneficent disposition displayed itself in a thousand ways: to her many exiles owed their restoration to their native land; she encouraged the arts and rewarded industry. Her acts of kindness and benevolence drew from Napoleon the acknowledgment, "I can win battles; but you win hearts."

On the 20th of May, 1804, when Napoleon was raised to the imperial dignity, Josephine was, at the same time, crowned as Empress by Pope Pius VII. Later she was also crowned Queen of Italy at Milan. Napoleon had previously named her son Eugène Beauharnais viceroy of Italy, and married him to the daughter of the King of Bavaria. Josephine had now reached the pinnacle of her greatness, and in spite of Napoleon's continued affection, his ambition demanded a most costly sacrifice. Because she had borne him no children, Josephine's divorce was urged by his sisters and other relatives, and by such statesmen as Fouché and Talleyrand. An heir to the throne was needed for the consolidation of the new dynasty. For a time Napoleon rejected the advice pressed upon him; but in 1809, after the battle of Wagram, he finally decided upon the divorce. He was still waiting for a suitable time to announce it to the Empress, when her recriminations upon his conduct caused him to declare it to her abruptly. Though for a time overwhelmed, she finally consented to sacrifice her feelings on the altar of his ambition. When she was required to read aloud a declaration of assent, she was unable to finish it, and was taken home almost lifeless.

Josephine would not follow the wishes of her children, who were anxious that she should quit France; but retired to her beautiful seat of Malmaison, with the title of empress-queen-dowager, and kept up the semblance of a court. Josephine visited for a short time her daughter-in-law, the vice-queen of Italy, and then returning to the former seat of her happiness, pursued her taste for botany. But she was doomed to see the overthrow of the throne which she had once occupied. She saw the emperor for the last time in January, 1814; on the 4th of April he abdicated. Napoleon's exile to Elba drew from her expressions of the most poignant regret; and it was evident to every one that her health was rapidly declining. The allied sovereigns treated her with the most respectful distinction. The Emperor Alexander sent his own physician, and visited her often in person; but a sudden inflammation of the throat brought her life to an end. Josephine breathed her last in the arms of her children on the 29th of May, 1814, being fifty-one years of age.

Josephine was passionately devoted to Napoleon as a man. The powerful influence she exercised over him was never abused, as the Emperor himself acknowledged, by a word of bad counsel. According to popular reports, it had been predicted twice over, at Martinique and in France, that Josephine would be queen; and as stormy scenes would sometimes occur between her and her husband, she had been heard to exclaim, "They speak of your star, but it is my star that rules these events." And, in fact, Napoleon was greatly indebted to her political talents and her fascinating manners, if not for his elevation to power, at least for his welcome among the influential circles of Parisian society. Though blinded by dynastic ambition, he must have felt eventually that his divorce was as mistaken in policy as it was indefensible and cruel in the execution. It is singular that Josephine, after all, should have given an heir to Napoleon in the person of her grandson, Louis Napoleon, the last Emperor of France.

General Beauharnais Imprisoned and Executed.

M. Beauharnais was an active member of the Girondist party, of which Madame Roland was the soul, and he perished

with them. Many of the Girondists sought safety in concealment and retreat. M. Beauharnais, conscious of his political integrity, proudly refused to save his life by turning his back upon his foes.

One morning Josephine was sitting in her parlor, in a state of great anxiety in reference to the fearful commotion of the times, when a servant announced that some one wished to speak to her. A young man of gentle and prepossessing appearance was introduced, with a bag in his hand, in which were several pairs of shoes. "Citizen," said the man to Josephine, "I understand that you want socks of plum gray."

Josephine looked up in surprise, hardly comprehending his meaning, when he approached nearer to her, and, in an undertone, whispered, "I have something to impart to you, madame."

"Explain yourself," she eagerly replied, much alarmed; "my servant is faithful."

"Ah!" he exclaimed, "my life is at stake in this matter."

"Go, Victorine," said Josephine to her servant, "and call my husband."

As soon as they were alone, the young man said, "There is not a moment to lose if you would save M. Beauharnais. The Revolutionary Committee last night passed a resolution to have him arrested, and at this very moment the warrant is making out."

"How know you this?" she demanded, trembling violently.

"I am one of the committee," was the reply, "and, being a shoemaker, I thought these shoes would afford me a reasonable pretext for advertising you, madame."

At this moment M. Beauharnais entered the room, and Josephine, weeping, threw herself into his arms. "You see my husband," she said to the shoemaker.

"I have the honor of knowing him," was the reply.

M. Beauharnais wished to reward the young man on the spot for his magnanimous and perilous deed of kindness. The offer was respectfully but decisively declined. To the earnest entreaties of Josephine and the young man that he should immediately secure his safety by his flight or concealment, he replied,

"I will never flee; with what can they charge me? I love liberty. I have borne arms for the Revolution."

"But you are a noble," the young man rejoined, "and that, in the eye of the Revolutionist, is a crime—an unpardonable crime. And, moreover, they accuse you of having been a member of the Constitutional Assembly."

"That," said M. Beauharnais, "is my most honorable title to glory. Who would not be proud of having proclaimed the rights of the nation, the fall of despotism, and the reign of laws?"

"What laws!" exclaimed Josephine. "It is in blood they are written."

"Madame," exclaimed the philanthropic young Jacobin, with a tone of severity, "when the tree of liberty is planted in an unfriendly soil, it must be watered with the blood of its enemies." Then, turning to M. Beauharnais, he said, "Within an hour it will no longer be possible to escape. I wished to save you, because I believe you innocent. Such was my duty to humanity. But if I am commanded to arrest you—pardon me—I shall do my duty; and you will acknowledge the patriot."

The young shoemaker withdrew, and Josephine in vain entreated her husband to attempt his escape. "Whither shall I flee?" he answered. "Is there a vault, a garret, a hiding-place into which the eye of the tyrant Robespierre does not penetrate? We must yield. If I am condemned, how can I escape? If I am not condemned, I have nothing to fear."

About two hours elapsed when three members of the Revolutionary Committee, accompanied by a band of armed men, broke into the house. The young shoemaker was one of this committee, and with firmness, but with much urbanity, he arrested M. Beauharnais. Josephine, as her husband was led to prison, was left in her desolated home. And she found herself indeed deserted and alone. No one could then manifest any sympathy with the proscribed without periling life. Josephine's friends, one by one, all abandoned her. The young shoemaker alone, who had arrested her husband, continued secretly to call with words of sympathy.

Josephine made great exertions to obtain the release of her

husband, and was also unwearied in her benefactions to multitudes around her who, in those days of lawlessness and of anguish, were deprived of property, of friends, and of home. The only solace she found in her own grief was in ministering to the consolation of others. Josephine deceived her children in reference to their father's arrest, and led them to suppose that he was absent from home in consequence of ill health. When at last she obtained permission to visit, with her children, her husband in prison, they detected the deceit. After returning from the prison after their first interview, Hortense remarked to her mother that she thought her father's apartment very small, and the patients very numerous. She appeared for a time very thoughtful, and then inquired of Eugène, with an anxious expression of countenance:

"Do *you* believe that papa is ill? If he is, it certainly is not the sickness which the doctors cure."

In the interview which M. Beauharnais held with his wife and his children, he spoke with some freedom to his children of the injustice of his imprisonment. This sealed his doom. Listeners, who were placed in an adjoining room to note down his words, reported the conversation, and magnified it into a conspiracy for the overthrow of the republic. M. Beauharnais was immediately placed in close confinement. Josephine herself was arrested and plunged into prison, and even the terrified children were rigidly examined by a brutal committee, who, by promises and threats, did what they could to extort from them some confession which would lead to the conviction of their parents.

Josephine, the morning of her arrest, received an anonymous letter, warning her of her danger. It was at an early hour, and her children were asleep in their beds. But how could she escape? Where could she go? Should she leave her children behind her—a mother abandon her children! Should she take them with her, and thus prevent the possibility of eluding arrest? Would not her attempt at flight be construed into a confession of guilt, and thus compromise the safety of her husband? While distracted with these thoughts, she heard a loud knocking and clamor at the outer door of the house. She understood too well the signifi-

cance of those sounds. With a great effort to retain a tranquil spirit, she passed into the room where her children were sleeping.

The tumult in the outer hall continually increasing, Josephine, fearing of awaking Hortense and Eugène, cast a last lingering look of love upon them, and, withdrawing from the chamber, closed the door and entered her parlor. There she found a band of armed men, headed by the brutal wretch who had so unfeelingly examined her children. The soldiers were hardened against every appeal of humanity, and performed their unfeeling office without any emotion, save that of hatred for one whom they deemed to be an aristocrat. They seized Josephine rudely, and took possession of all the property in the house in the name of the Republic. They dragged their victim to the convent of the Carmelites, and she was immured in that prison, where, but a few months before, more than eight thousand had been massacred by the mob of Paris.

When Eugène and Hortense awoke, they found themselves indeed alone in the wide world. They were informed by a servant of the arrest and the imprisonment of their mother. After a few tears, they tried to summon resolution to act worthily of their father and mother. Hortense, with that energy of character which she manifested through her whole life, advised that they should go to the Luxembourg, where their father was confined, and demand admission to share his imprisonment. Eugène, with that caution which characterized him when one of the leaders in the army of Napoleon, and when viceroy of Italy, apprehensive lest thus they might in some way compromise the safety of their father, recalled to mind an aged great-aunt, who was residing in much retirement in the vicinity of Versailles, and suggested the propriety of seeking a refuge with her. An humble female friend conducted the children to Versailles, where they were most kindly received.

When the gloom of the ensuing night darkened the city, M. Beauharnais in his cheerless cell, and Josephine in her prison still stained with the blood of massacre, wept over the desolation of their home and their hopes. They knew not the fate of their children, and their minds were oppressed

with the most gloomy forebodings. On the ensuing day, Josephine's heart was cheered with the tidings of their safety.

The convent of the Carmelites, in which Josephine was imprisoned, had acquired a fearful celebrity during the Reign of Terror. It was a vast and gloomy pile, so capacious in its halls, its chapel, its cells, and its subterranean dungeons, that at one time nearly ten thousand prisoners were immured within its frowning walls. In every part of the building the floors were deeply stained with the blood of the recent massacres. Josephine was placed in the chapel of the convent, where she found one hundred and sixty men and women as the sharers of her captivity.

The natural buoyancy of her disposition led her to take as cheerful a view as possible of the calamity in which the family was involved. Being confident that no serious charge could be brought against her husband, she clung to the hope that they both would soon be liberated, and that happy days were again to dawn upon her reunited household. She wrote cheering letters to her husband and to her children. Her smiling countenance and words of kindness animated with new courage the grief-stricken and the despairing who surrounded her. She immediately became a universal favorite with the inmates of the prison. Her instinctive tact enabled her to approach all acceptably, whatever their rank or character. She soon became prominent in influence among the prisoners, and reigned there, as every where else, over the hearts of willing subjects. Her composure, her cheerfulness, her clear and melodious voice, caused her to be selected to read, each day, to the ladies, the journal of the preceding day.

There was at this time, for some unknown reason, a little mitigation in the severity with which the prisoners were treated, and Josephine was very sanguine in the belief that the hour of their release was at hand. Emboldened by this hope, she wrote a very earnest appeal to the Committee of Public Safety, before whom the accusations against M. Beauharnais would be brought. The sincerity and frankness of the eloquent address so touched the feelings of the president of the committee, that he resolved to secure for Josephine and her husband the indulgence of an interview. The

greatest caution was necessary in doing this, for he periled his own life by the manifestation of any sympathy for the accused.

The only way in which he could accomplish his benevolent project was to have them both brought together for trial. Neither of them knew of this design. One morning Josephine, while dreaming of liberty and of her children, was startled by the unexpected summons to appear before the Revolutionary tribunal. She knew that justice had no voice which could be heard before that merciless and sanguinary court. She knew that the mockery of a trial was but the precursor of the sentence, which was immediately followed by the execution. From her high hopes this summons caused a fearful fall. Thoughts of her husband and her children rushed in upon her overflowing heart, and the tenderness of the woman for a few moments triumphed over the heroine. Soon, however, regaining in some degree her composure, she prepared herself, with as much calmness as possible, to meet her doom.

She was led from her prison to the hall where the blood-stained tribunal held its session, and, with many others, was placed in an ante-room, to await her turn for an examination of a few minutes, upon the issues of which life or death was suspended. While Josephine was sitting here, in the anguish of suspense, an opposite door was opened, and some armed soldiers led in a group of victims from another prison. As Josephine's eye vacantly wandered over their features, she was startled by the entrance of one whose wan and haggard features strikingly reminded her of her husband. She looked again, their eyes met, and husband and wife were instantly locked in each other's embrace. At this interview, the stoicism of M. Beauharnais was entirely subdued — the thoughts of the past, of his unworthiness, of the faithful and generous love of Josephine, rushed in a resistless flood upon his soul. He leaned his aching head upon the forgiving bosom of Josephine, and surrendered himself to love, and penitence, and tears.

This brief and painful interview was their last. They never met again. They were allowed but a few moments

together ere the officers came and dragged M. Beauharnais before the judges. His examination lasted but a few minutes, when he was remanded back to prison. Nothing was proved against him. No serious accusation even was laid to his charge. But he was a noble. He was descended from illustrious ancestors, and therefore, as an aristocrat, he was doomed to die. Josephine was also conducted into the presence of this sanguinary tribunal. She was the wife of a nobleman. She was the friend of Marie Antoinette. She had even received distinguished attentions at court. These crimes consigned her also to the guillotine. Josephine was conducted back to her prison, unconscious of the sentence which had been pronounced against her husband and herself. She even cherished the sanguine hope that they would soon be liberated, for she could not think it possible that they could be doomed to death without even the accusation of crime.

Each evening there was brought into the prison a list of the names of those who were to be led to the guillotine on the ensuing morning. A few days after the trial, on the evening of the 24th of July, 1794, M. Beauharnais found his name with the proscribed who were to be led to the scaffold with the light of the next day. Love for his wife and his children rendered life too precious to him to be surrendered without anguish. But sorrow had subdued his heart, and led him with prayerfulness to look to God for strength to meet the trial. The native dignity of his character also nerved him to meet his fate with fortitude.

He sat down calmly in his cell, and wrote a long, affectionate, and touching letter to his wife. He assured her of his most heartfelt appreciation of the purity and nobleness of her character, and of her priceless worth as a wife and a mother. He thanked her again and again for the generous spirit with which she forgave his offenses, when, weary and contrite, he returned from his guilty wanderings, and anew sought her love. He implored her to cherish in the hearts of his children the memory of their father, that, though dead, he might still live in their affections. While he was writing, the executioners came in to cut off his long hair, that the axe might do its work unimpeded. Picking up a small lock from

the floor, he wished to transmit it to his wife as his last legacy. The brutal executioners forbade him the privilege. He, however, succeeded in purchasing from them a few hairs, which he enclosed in his letter, and which she subsequently received.

In the early dawn of the morning, the cart of the condemned was at the prison door. The Parisians were beginning to be weary of the abundant flow of blood, and Robespierre had therefore caused the guillotine to be removed from the Place de la Révolution to an obscure spot in the Faubourg St. Antoine. A large number of victims were doomed to die that morning. The carts, as they rolled along the pavements, groaned with their burdens, and the persons in the streets looked on in sullen silence. M. Beauharnais, with firmness, ascended the scaffold. The slide of the guillotine fell, and the brief drama of his stormy life was ended.

—J. S. C. Abbott.

The Coronation of Napoleon and Josephine.

Before day-break, on the 2d of December, 1804, all Paris was alive and in motion; indeed, hundreds of persons had remained up the whole of the night Many ladies had the courage to get their hair dressed at two o'clock in the morning, and then sat quietly in their chairs, until the time arrived for arranging the other parts of their toilette. We were all very much hurried, for it was necessary to be at our posts before the procession moved from the Tuileries, for which nine o'clock was the appointed hour.

Who that saw Notre Dame on that memorable day can ever forget it? I have witnessed in that venerable pile the celebration of sumptuous and solemn festivals; but never did I see anything at all approximating to the splendor exhibited at Napoleon's coronation. The vaulted roof re-echoed the sacred chanting of the priests, who invoked the blessing of the Almighty on the ceremony about to be celebrated, while they awaited the arrival of the Vicar of Christ, whose throne was prepared near the altar. Along the ancient walls of tapestry were ranged, according to their ranks, the different bodies of

the State, the deputies from every city, in short, the representatives of all France, assembled to implore the benediction of Heaven on the sovereign of the people's choice. The waving plumes which adorned the hats of the senators, counsellors of State, and tribunes—the splendid uniforms of the military—the clergy, in all their ecclesiastical pomp—and the multitude of young and beautiful women, glittering in jewels, and arrayed in that style of grace and elegance which is to be seen only in Paris—all combined to present a picture which has, perhaps, rarely been equaled, and certainly never excelled.

The Pope arrived first, and, at the moment of his entering the cathedral, the anthem *Tu es Petrus* was commenced. His Holiness advanced from the door with an air at once majestic and humble. Ere long, the firing of cannon announced the departure of the procession from the palace. From an early hour in the morning, the weather had been exceedingly unfavorable. It was cold and rainy, and appearances seemed to indicate that the procession would be anything but agreeable to those who joined in it. But, as if by the especial favor of Providence, of which so many instances are observable in the career of Napoleon, the clouds suddenly dispersed, the sky brightened up, and the multitudes who lined the streets from the Tuileries to the cathedral, enjoyed the sight of the procession without being, as they anticipated, drenched by a December rain.

Napoleon, as he passed along, was greeted by heartfelt expressions of enthusiastic love and attachment. On his arrival at Notre Dame, he ascended the throne, which was erected in front of the grand altar. Josephine took her place beside him, surrounded by the assembled sovereigns of Europe. Napoleon appeared singularly calm. I watched him narrowly, with the view of discovering whether his heart beat more highly beneath the imperial trappings than under the uniform of the Guards; but I could observe no difference, and yet I was at the distance of only ten paces from him. The length of the ceremony, however, seemed to weary him, and I saw him several times check a yawn. Nevertheless, he did everything he was required to do, and did it with propriety. When the Pope anointed him with the triple unction on the head

and both hands, I fancied, from the direction of his eyes, that he was thinking of wiping off the oil, rather than of anything else; and I was so perfectly acquainted with the workings of his countenance that I have no hesitation in saying *that* was really the thought that crossed his mind at the moment.

During the ceremony of anointing, the Holy Father delivered that impressive prayer which concludes with these words:—"Diffuse, O Lord, by our hands, the treasures of thy grace and benediction on thy servant, Napoleon, whom, in spite of our personal unworthiness, we this day anoint Emperor, in thy name."—Napoleon listened to this prayer with an air of pious devotion. But just as the Pope was about to take the crown, called the crown of Charlemagne, from the altar, Napoleon seized it and placed it on his own head! At that moment he was really handsome, and his countenance was lighted up with an expression of which no words can convey an idea. He had removed the wreath of laurel which he wore on entering the church, and which encircles his brow in the fine picture of Gérard. The crown was, perhaps, in itself, less becoming to him; but the expression excited by the act of putting it on, rendered him perfectly handsome.

When the moment arrived for Josephine to take an active part in the grand drama, she descended from the throne, and advanced towards the altar, where the Emperor awaited her, followed by her retinue of court ladies, and having her train borne by the Princesses Caroline, Julie, Eliza, and Louise. One of the chief beauties of the Empress Josephine was not merely her fine figure, but the elegant turn of her neck, and the way in which she carried her head; indeed, her deportment, altogether, was conspicuous for dignity and grace. I have had the honor of being presented to many real princesses, but I never saw one who, to my eyes, presented so perfect a personification of elegance and majesty.

In Napoleon's countenance I could read the conviction of all I have just said. He looked with an air of complacency at the Empress, as she advanced towards him; and when she knelt down—when the tears, which she could not repress, fell upon her clasped hands, as they were raised to heaven, or rather to Napoleon—both then appeared to enjoy one of those

fleeting moments of pure felicity, which are unique in a lifetime, and serve to fill up a vacuum of years.

The Emperor performed, with peculiar grace, every action required of him during the ceremony; but his manner of crowning Josephine was most remarkable. After receiving the small crown surmounted by the cross, he had first to place it on his own head, and then to transfer it to that of the Empress; when the moment arrived for placing the crown on the head of the woman whom popular superstition regarded as his good genius, his manner was almost playful. He took great pains to arrange this little crown, which was placed over Josephine's tiara of diamonds; he put it on, then took it off, and, finally, put it on again, as if to promise her she should wear it gracefully and lightly.—DUCHESS OF ABRANTÉS.

MASSÉNA.

ANDRE MASSÉNA, or Manasseh, as was his real name, was a Hebrew. He was born at Nice on the 6th of May, 1758. Left an orphan at a very early age, his education was very much neglected. Some of his youthful days he spent in the merchant-marine service; but taking a dislike to a seafaring life, he abandoned it, and in 1775 enlisted in the Regiment Royal Italian as a common soldier. After a diligent discharge of his duties in that regiment, of which his uncle was captain, he only attained the rank of sergeant, which, when he was at the head of his profession, he declared was the step in his military career which had cost him the most to gain. Discouraged by this slow promotion, he retired to his native city, where he married a lady of means.

Events connected with the French Revolution recalled him to his former profession, and he was appointed by the votes of his comrades in arms to the rank of adjutant-major of the battalion raised in the Var, of which regiment he subsequently became colonel. In August, 1793, he was made general of brigade, and a few months later general of division. In the Italian campaigns of 1794 and 1795 he served under the generals Kellerman and Scherer, and it was chiefly owing to his skill as a tactician that the victory was gained on the defile of Saorgio in August, 1794, and on the Col de San Giacomo in 1795. Indeed, the great success of these campaigns has

generally been attributed to the ability of the plans which the influence of his talents caused to be adopted. When Bonaparte assumed the command in Italy he employed Masséna actively on all occasions of importance, and so justly appreciated the brilliancy of his military conceptions that he surnamed him "the favored child of victory."

After the peace of Campo Formio, October 17th, 1797, Masséna was sent to France to present to the Directory the ratification of the treaty by the Emperor of Austria. In February, 1798, he was appointed to the command of the army which, under General Berthier, was occupying Rome and the Papal States. His appointment was equally distasteful both to the French soldiers and the inhabitants of the subjected country, for they both became the victims of that insatiable avarice which on every occasion characterized him. The multiplied complaints to which his disposition gave rise at last obliged him to resign his command and to return to Paris. In 1799, however, he was invested with the important command of the armies of the Danube and of Switzerland. In the direction of this campaign he evinced a military talent of the highest order. The memorable battle of Zürich, fought on the 5th and 6th of June, in which he obtained considerable advantages over the Russians under Korsakow, saved France from the invasion of the allied powers, and led to the dissolution of the coalition which had been formed between the Russians and Austrians. When Bonaparte returned from Egypt, Masséna was ordered by him to defend Genoa, which was at that time invested by a large Austrian army, and closely blockaded by the English fleet under Lord Keith. From February to June, 1800, he held out against immensely superior forces; but on the 3d of the latter month, being unable to prevent the rising of the inhabitants, he was compelled to agree to an honorable capitulation.

In May, 1804, on the day that Napoleon became emperor, Masséna was among the select number then created marshals of France. In the following year he was again appointed to the command of the army in Italy, where he was opposed to the Austrian army under the Archduke Charles; he was at last enabled to drive them back into Germany, and to effect a

junction with the grand army of Napoleon. In 1807 he was appointed to the command of the right wing of the army opposed to the Russians in Poland, and his services during the campaign were rewarded by the title of Duke of Rivoli, in commemoration of the skill and valor which he had displayed in that celebrated battle, 1797; a large sum of money was also given him to support his new dignity. Although he had exposed his person in so many battles without receiving a wound, on returning to Paris he had the misfortune to lose his left eye while on a hunting party, a portion of shot having accidentally struck it. In 1809 he signalized himself greatly at the battle of Esslingen, or Aspern, in Germany, and by his firmness saved the French imperial army from utter destruction. His eminent services on this most critical occasion was rewarded by the rank and title of Prince of Essling. The same success attended the operations of Masséna at Engerdorf and at Wagram.

In 1810 Napoleon sent his trusted Marshal Masséna with a powerful force to conquer Portugal, and "to drive the English and their Sepoy general into the sea." But the genius and firmness of Wellington proved too much for the "favored child of victory." The lines of Torres Vedras were a barrier that the French marshal dared not assail, and he retired from Portugal in 1811, showing consummate military skill in the conduct of the retreat, and equal barbarity in his treatment of the unhappy country which was the scene of the war. In the latter end of 1813 he was sent to Toulon to take the command of the Eighth Military Division, from which place he formally declared his adhesion to the Bourbons, on the 6th of April, 1814, and was by them confirmed in his command.

On Napoleon's return from Elba, Masséna, after some hesitation, recognized his government, but kept aloof from all active participation in the events which took place during the Hundred Days. After Napoleon's second abdication he was appointed commander-in-chief of the National Guard of Paris. Being chosen a member of the council of war which was assembled for the trial of Marshal Ney, he joined the majority of members in pronouncing for the incompetency of the court. Some months after he was denounced in the Chamber

of Deputies on the charge of having been at the head of a conspiracy for the return of Napoleon. He was, however, satisfactorily acquitted, and he afterwards publicly repelled the accusations which had been brought against him in a "Mémoire Justificatif." Enfeebled by bodily infirmities, he expired at Ruel, his country seat, near Paris, on April 4th, 1817.

Masséna was gifted by nature with a powerful frame of body and indomitable resolution. A brave man, he was considered the most skillful tactician among Napoleon's generals, and on the field of battle he was remarkable for coolness and the precision of his orders. He had, moreover, the invaluable quality in a commander of not being dispirited by defeat. His faults were principally rapacity and avarice, and they frequently brought down upon him the displeasure and punishment of Napoleon.

The Siege of Genoa in 1800.

Some of you remember Genoa; you have seen that queenly city with its streets of palaces, rising tier above tier from the water, girdling with the long lines of its bright white houses the vast sweep of its harbor, the mouth of which is marked by a huge natural mole of rock, crowned by its magnificent light-house tower. You remember how its white houses rose out of a mass of fig and olive, and orange-trees, the glory of its old patrician luxury; you may have observed the mountains behind the town spotted at intervals by small circular low towers, one of which is distinctly conspicuous where the ridge of the hills rises to its summit, and hides from view all the country behind it. Those towers are the forts of the famous lines, which converge inland from the eastern and western extremities of the city, looking down, the western line on the valley of the Polcevera, the eastern on that of the Bisagno, till they meet on the summit of the mountains, where the hills cease to rise from the sea, and become more or less of a table-land running off towards the interior, at the distance of between two and three miles from the outside of the city. Thus a very large open space is enclosed within the lines, and Genoa is capable therefore of becoming a vast entrenched camp, holding not so much a garrison as an army.

In the autumn of 1799 the Austrians had driven the French out of Lombardy and Piedmont; their last victory of Fossano or Genola had won the fortress of Coni or Cuneo close under the Alps, and at the very extremity of the plain of the Po; the French clung to Italy only by their hold of the Riviera of Genoa, the narrow strip of coast between the Apennines and the sea, which extends from the frontiers of France almost to the mouth of the Arno. Hither the remains of the French force were collected, commanded by General Masséna, and the point of chief importance to his defence was the city of Genoa. Napoleon had just returned from Egypt, and was become First Consul; but he could not be expected to take the field till the following spring, and till then Masséna was hopeless of relief from without; everything was to depend on his own pertinacity. The strength of Masséna's army made it impossible to force it in such a position as Genoa; but its very numbers, added to the population of a great city, held out to the enemy a hope of reducing it by famine; and as Genoa derives most of its supplies by sea, Lord Keith, the British naval commander-in-chief in the Mediterranean, lent the assistance of his naval force to the Austrians, and by the vigilance of his cruisers, the whole coasting trade right and left along the Riviera was effectually cut off.

It is not at once that the inhabitants of a great city, accustomed to the daily sight of well-stored shops and an abundant market, begin to realize the idea of scarcity; or that the wealthy classes of society, who have never known any other state than one of abundance and luxury, begin seriously to conceive of famine. But the shops were emptied, and the store-houses began to be drawn upon; and no fresh supply or hope of supply appeared. Winter passed away, and spring returned, so early and so beautiful on that garden-like coast, sheltered as it is from the north winds by its belt of mountains, and open to the full rays of the southern sun. Spring returned, and clothed the hill-sides within the lines with its fresh verdure. But that verdure was no longer the mere delight of the careless eye of luxury, refreshing the citizens by its loveliness and softness when they rode or walked up thither from the city to enjoy the surpassing beauty of the

prospect. The green hill-sides were now visited for a very different object; ladies of the highest rank might be seen cutting up every plant which it was possible to turn to food, and bearing home the common weeds of our road-sides as a most precious treasure.

The French general pitied the distress of the people; but the lives and strength of his garrison seemed to him more important than the lives of the Genoese, and such provisions as remained were reserved in the first place for the French army. Scarcity became utter want, and want became famine. In the most gorgeous palaces of that gorgeous city, no less than in the humblest tenements of its humblest poor, death was busy; not the momentary death of battle or massacre, nor the speedy death of pestilence, but the lingering and most miserable death of famine. Infants died before their parents' eyes; husbands and wives lay down to expire together. A man whom I saw at Genoa in 1825 told me that his father and two of his brothers had been starved to death in this fatal siege. So it went on, till in the month of June, when Napoleon had already descended from the Alps into the plain of Lombardy, the misery became unendurable, and Masséna surrendered. But before he did so, twenty thousand innocent persons, old and young, women and children, had died by the most horrible of deaths which humanity can endure. Other horrors which occurred besides during this blockade I pass over; the agonizing death of twenty thousand innocent and helpless persons requires nothing to be added to it.

Now is it right that such a tragedy as this should take place, and that the laws of war should be supposed to justify the authors of it? Conceive having been a naval officer in Lord Keith's squadron at that time, and being employed in stopping the food which was being brought for the relief of such misery. For the thing was done deliberately; the helplessness of the Genoese was known, their distress was known; it was known that they could not force Masséna to surrender; it was known that they were dying daily by hundreds; yet week after week, and month after month, did the British ships of war keep their iron watch along all the coast: no vessel nor boat laden with any article of provision could escape their

vigilance. One cannot but be thankful that Nelson was spared from commanding at this horrible blockade of Genoa.

Now on which side the law of nations should throw the guilt of most atrocious murder, is of little comparative consequence, or whether it should attach it to both sides equally; but that the deliberate starving to death of twenty thousand helpless persons should be regarded as a crime in one or both of the parties concerned in it, seems to me self-evident. The simplest course would seem to be that all non-combatants should be allowed to go out of a blockaded town, and that the general who should refuse to let them pass, should be regarded in the same light as one who were to murder his prisoners, or who were to be in the habit of butchering women and children. For it is not true that war only looks to the speediest and most effectual way of attaining its object, so that as the letting the inhabitants go out would enable the garrison to maintain the town longer, the laws of war authorize the keeping them in and starving them. Poisoning wells might be a still quicker method of reducing a place; but do the laws of war therefore sanction it? I shall not be supposed for a moment to be placing the guilt of the individuals concerned in the two cases which I am going to compare, on an equal footing; it would be most unjust to do so, for in the one case they acted, as they supposed, according to a law which made what they did their duty. But take the cases themselves, and examine them in all their circumstances; the degree of suffering inflicted, the innocence and helplessness of the sufferers, the interests at stake, and the possibility of otherwise securing them; and if any man can defend the lawfulness in the abstract of the starvation of the inhabitants of Genoa, I will engage also to establish the lawfulness of the massacres of September (in Paris, 1793).—Dr. T. Arnold.

The Campaign of Wagram.

After the battle of Essling, 1809, the command of all the troops in the island of Lobau was given to Masséna, while arrangements were being made with incredible activity for the construction of a large bridge for the passage of the

Danube, and the concentration of all the troops south of the Danube in the island, from which they were to debouch. The works executed at this time by the engineer department, under the orders of Lieutenant-General Bertrand, one of the best engineers in France, were probably the most extraordinary that have ever been constructed in any campaign since the days of Vauban ; the bridge of Cæsar over the Rhine, and all the other structures of the Roman armies, must yield to them in the grandeur of their conception, and the rapidity and perfection of their execution. With the aid of a battalion of naval artisans of every trade, and a corps of twelve hundred sailors who had arrived from Antwerp under naval officers, and the immense resources contained in the arsenals of Vienna, Bertrand in twenty-two days constructed three bridges 1540 feet in length, from the right bank of the Danube to the island of Lobau, two being upon piles, and the third of boats.

Meanwhile, orders were dispatched to every corps in the army to concentrate at Ebersdorf: these orders were written and signed in advance, and had affixed to them the exact date when they were to be sent, as well as the precise hour of the day when the corps was to reach Ebersdorf, graduated according to the distance that the troops had to march. On the afternoon of the second of July, the Emperor removed his headquarters from Schönbrunn to Ebersdorf, and at the same moment troops had begun to arrive from all directions. Orders had been sent to Eugène to bring up the army of Italy, which consisted of four divisions, and to Marmont to advance with his two divisions from Dalmatia ; Bernadotte, with the Saxon troops—Vandamme, with the troops of the Confederation of the Rhine—and Wrede, with the Bavarians, had been directed to hasten down the valley of the Danube, and Macdonald to descend from the Alps of Carinthia and Carniola. From the 2d to the 4th of July, these various corps were arriving ; and as fast as they came up, they were marched into the island of Lobau ; 150,000 infantry, 750 cannon, and three hundred squadons of cavalry, constituted the army concentrated in that singular position. On the night of the 4th, four bridges, prepared beforehand, were thrown across the narrow

channel between the island and the left bank; one of these bridges, prepared in a ditch in the island, consisted of a single piece, constructed with such admirable precision and completeness, that within ten minutes after it had been launched from the ditch, the troops were crossing upon it. It was the invention of a naval engineer-officer, and was considered so extraordinary, that a model was taken from it by the artillery, and has been preserved in Paris. By five o'clock on the morning of the 5th, the whole army had passed.

The Archduke Charles at this time was in position with 140,000 men, with his centre at Wagram, which is about five miles from the river, his left at the village of Margraff-Neusidel, and his right in the direction of Aderklaa. The Archduke John was at Presburg, twenty-five miles distant, with 36,000 troops, and Napoleon determined to commence the attack before he could arrive. He accordingly marshalled his army in array of battle on the left bank of the river. In the first line Masséna, with four divisions—Molitor's, Boudet's, Legrand's, and Cara St. Cyr's—formed the left; Bernadotte's Saxons and Oudinot, were in the centre; and Davoust with three divisions—Friant's, Gudin's, and Morand's—constituted the right. The second line consisted of Eugène with his four divisions on the left, and Marmont with his two divisions on the right; and the foot-guards, in six regiments, in reserve; in the third line came the cavalry.

Napoleon's plan of attack contemplated the turning of the Austrian left wing at Neusidel, so as to throw Prince Charles off from communication with Prince John. His own right, under Davoust, was therefore thrown forward, and the whole army advanced over the great plain of Marchfield toward the Archduke, who occupied the elevated plateau between Wagram and Neusidel. About 4 P.M. the French army came in sight of the Austrian lines, which were stationed in a very advantageous position, which had long before been selected by the Austrian council as the field of battle. The French left and centre took up their positions for the next day, but the centre was the scene of a spirited engagement. The Emperor, perceiving the importance of the elevated ground on which the enemy were posted, ordered Oudinot to commence an attack

upon it at once, and directed a division of Eugène's corps to advance to his support. It was intended that the two columns should attack simultaneously; but Oudinot, being nearer, ascended first. No sooner had his division surmounted the crest of the plateau, than it encountered a tremendous fire of artillery, which compelled it to retire in confusion; the cavalry, however, advanced to cover it, and the soldiers speedily resumed their ranks. The other division then scaled the elevation, but a similar fate awaited it; it was charged, broken, and driven back upon the artillery, and lost one of its eagles.

Napoleon would not allow the effort to be renewed, but ordered that hostilities should cease, in order that the army might repose before the toils of the coming day. He established his bivouac in the midst of the old guard, who were advanced to the first line, and, sending for the different marshals, passed a great part of the night in conferring with them upon the events likely to occur on the morrow. Masséna's corps, on the extreme left, was still at Essling, considerably in the rear, and it was ordered to come into line with the other troops, so as to be ready to fall upon the enemy's centre as soon as Davoust had turned their left wing.

Masséna, on the 3d, while superintending some works on the island in company with the Emperor, had been severely bruised by a fall from his horse, which obliged him on the field of battle to appear in a calêche. The Emperor desired to relieve him from command; but he entreated that he might be permitted to take his post in the battle. The Emperor, however, foreseeing that on so busy a day the Marshal could not move in a carriage to every point where a horse could carry him, sent his own aide-de-camp, General Reille, who had formerly been the Marshal's aide, to attend him, in order that he might have a confidential officer near him. When Napoleon saw him the next day, in the midst of the contest, though suffering from pain, he exclaimed, "Who ought to fear death, when he sees how the brave are prepared to meet it?"

On the 6th of July, 1809, the French troops were ordered to arms at 4 A.M. The enemy began the attack: their design corresponded in some respects with that of Napoleon; that

is to say, their greatest accumulation of troops was on their right, and their object was to turn the French, and throw the army toward the direction from which Prince John was expected. To conceal their plan, however, the battle was opened with a very vigorous attack upon Davoust, which convinced the Emperor that they were about to exert all their force in preserving their communication with the Archduke John on their extreme left; and he ordered Davoust to drive them back without loss of time, while he advanced in person to his support with the whole guard, horse, foot, and artillery. He had scarcely arrived, when the movements of the Austrian army indicated that they were manœuvring in the opposite direction, toward their right, and were withdrawing from their first attack by their left.

While he halted to observe their operations, Reille arrived from Masséna with intelligence of the most fatal disasters in that part of the field; and Napoleon, now satisfied that the real attack was upon the left, gave orders to Davoust to attack with redoubled energy and to carry Neusidel; and he marched the whole guard, preceded by its artillery, laterally across the field of battle, to the extreme left. Masséna's corps was in a state of complete dissolution; and of the four divisions which composed it, not a single united body was to be seen. That marshal, in executing Napoleon's orders to advance the left and strike at the enemy's centre, had sent forward the division of Cara St. Cyr to attack the village. A regiment of light infantry at the head of this column charged with such impetuosity as to carry the village; but instead of remaining under the shelter of the town, they advanced to the edge of it, where a dreadful fire was opened upon it, and it was charged in its turn before it could recover its position. It was driven back in confusion, and drew after it the rest of the division, which consisted of allied troops. The disorder extended to the divisions of Legrand and Boudet, which were routed by the advancing masses of the Austrians, with the loss of their artillery; and the enemy having turned, or rather displaced the left wing, advanced so far that it became necessary to open the batteries on the island of Lobau upon them, to check their progress toward the bridge.

The enemy now surrounded the centre on two sides, so that it stood like a wedge in the midst of the Austrians, and received a fire from two sides. To this point Napoleon now rode, and surveyed the appalling scene upon the left. But his confidence in the effect of Davoust's advance, and in the ultimate success of the day, was unshaken, and his coolness remained undisturbed. He dismounted from his horse and got into the carriage of Masséna for a few minutes, and explained to him that the position of the centre was to be maintained until Davoust had turned their left, and that an advance after that would certainly win the field. To inspire calmness and courage during the trying moments that elapsed, he then mounted his snow-white charger, a gift from the Shah of Persia, and rode deliberately from one extremity of the line to the other, and returned at the same slow pace. Shots were flying about him in every direction, and his aides expected momentarily to see him fall from his horse.

An hour passed on; Napoleon frequently inquired whether the firing about Neusidel was in front or in rear of that village. At length it was seen that Davoust had prevailed, and that the enemy's left was turned and driven back; and Napoleon at once gave orders that the whole line of the army should form in columns of attack, and advance. Oudinot and Bernadotte, supported by Marmont and Eugène, were ordered to attack Wagram; Bessières, with the cavalry, was ordered to wheel round and charge the troops who had advanced so far on the left; orders were sent to Masséna, whose corps was now re-formed between Aspern and Essling, to commence the attack upon that wing in front; and Napoleon himself organized a powerful body against the enemy's centre—a movement upon which he counted as likely to be decisive of the day. Eighty pieces of artillery of the guard, under his aide-de-camp, General Lauriston, were formed into one compact battery, and placed in front; immediately after, on the left, came the division of the young guard, under General Reille, and on the right, Marshal Macdonald, with two divisions of Eugène's corps; these were followed by the cavalry of the guard, the Emperor retaining near his own person only the regiment of horse-grenadiers. This terrible column advanced in dauntless

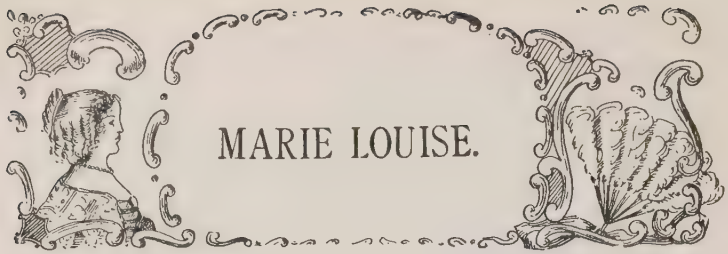
and irresistible array against the centre: the artillery, which consisted entirely of twelve and eight-pounders, served by picked men, made the most fearful ravages; Reille's troops moved upon Aderklaa; and Macdonald, marching in person at the head of his divisions, led them on in solid column, at a slow pace, up to the very lines of the enemy, amid a shower of balls and grape-shot, without their falling into the least disorder. Nothing could resist such intrepidity and such force. The enemy's centre was pierced and separated; about half-past two his right had retreated, and by four o'clock a general retreat of the whole line was ordered.

The victory of Napoleon was now unquestionable; but owing to a disaster by which the cavalry were deprived of their leader, the triumph was without the usual trophies. Napoleon's order had been, that as soon as the centre was penetrated, the cavalry under Bessières should charge the Austrian right wing in flank. That marshal had scarcely started to execute this direction, when he was struck from his horse by a cannon-shot, and carried insensible from the field. Orders were given to other officers to lead on the horse, but the charges were feeble and ineffective. At a later period, the cavalry of the guard, which followed Macdonald, was ordered to charge after the opening had been made in the Austrian line, by which it was thought that a fourth part of the army might have been surrounded and taken; but from mistake or otherwise, that order was not carried into effect, and that immense and splendid cavalry did not take a single man. The Emperor was greatly displeased with the cavalry, and said on the field of battle, "It never served me in this manner before; it will be the cause that this battle is without any result."—"We much regretted," says Savary, "the absence of the Grand Duke of Berg; he was the very man we wanted at so critical a moment."

The Austrians retired during the whole night toward Znaim, but without losing either cannon or prisoners. The French followed at a respectful distance; for the retreating army, which had not been broken, but preserved its integrity, was altogether too formidable to be rashly provoked. The Emperor slept on the field of battle in the midst of his

soldiers. Marmont and Masséna came up with the enemy at Znaim on the 11th, and a spirited engagement was beginning, when a flag proposing an armistice arrived from the Archduke. It was accepted by Napoleon on the 12th, after consideration, and ratified by the Emperor Francis, not without much hesitation, on the 18th. Napoleon re-established his headquarters at Schönbrunn, and proceeded to review the various corps in their several cantonments; that of Davoust was reviewed on the field of Austerlitz. Negotiations proceeded languidly; but, at length, on the 14th of October, 1809, the Treaty of Vienna was signed; and Napoleon, having ordered the ramparts of Vienna to be blown up on the 19th, set out for Paris, where he arrived on the 26th.

It is rarely that any man has it in his power to render such services to a sovereign and a nation as Masséna performed for France and Napoleon at Aspern and at Wagram; and the gratitude of the Emperor was proportionate. In 1810, Masséna was created Prince of Essling, and various other evidences of favor were showered upon him.—J. T. HEADLEY.



MARIE LOUISE.

EMPRESS MARIE LOUISE was one of those unfortunate princesses who have been tossed by the caprice of fate to a brilliant, exalted position, without regard to their merits, and then as indifferently dropped into obscurity. She was the eldest daughter of Francis I., Emperor of Austria, and of his second wife, Maria Theresa of Naples, and was born in 1791. Napoleon, Emperor of the French, had, in 1809, crushed the power of Austria on the field of Wagram, and this triumph won for France the peace of Presburg, which deprived Austria of a fourth of her domains, and for Napoleon, as his second wife, the hand of the young and beautiful Archduchess, Marie Louise. The marriage took place in 1810, when the French emperor was at the zenith of his power, but it proved not only the limit of good fortune, but the commencement of his decline. The Emperor Alexander of Russia was personally hurt by the Austrian marriage, for Napoleon had made terms for marriage with his sister, and he never forgave the insult.

In 1811, Marie Louise fulfilled the desire of her husband by presenting him with a son, who was called the King of Rome, to indicate that the Holy Roman Empire had now passed from Austria to France. In 1812, Napoleon set out on his expedition against Russia, which terminated so disastrously for him. Marie Louise remained in France, but was not really regent: Napoleon reigned and governed from the heart

of Russia. An auditor of the Council of State carried to him every week the reports and propositions of the ministers. It was not the empress, but the Archchancellor Cambacérès, who presided at the meetings of the ministers. Marie Louise had charge of nothing but the court presentations. On formal occasions her timidity was always noticeable, and her attempts to overcome it often gave her an air of awkwardness. In spite of all the homage of her attentive and obsequious courtiers, the young empress was sad. When the emperor was away she felt like a foreigner in France, and longed for her native land. Her first impression on seeing Saint Cloud without Napoleon had been very painful. "May heaven grant him a speedy return!" she wrote to her father, "For this separation I find most painful, and I have not courage enough to keep from complaining."

The new empress was often beset with gloomy presentiments, and it was in vain that her courtiers continually told her that Napoleon could not be beaten; she had already seen and felt the instability of human greatness in her native country, and she could not be persuaded that any man in the world was invincible or immortal. Her one great solace was her son, the little King of Rome. She tried to forget her gloomy thoughts in her affection for him. No bad news had yet come from the seat of war. Absolute confidence prevailed in the court and among the multitude, who regarded Napoleon as a supernatural being. But terrible events had been taking place in Russia. Moscow had been burned; the Emperor and his army had been forced to make that awful retreat, which forever will be a terrible page in history. On reaching Orcha, on November 19, 1812, Napoleon found that only one-eighth of the army which had crossed the Niemen had survived. In Paris, not a word had been said about the retreat; no one knew anything about the winter and its snows.

On the night of December 18th, at half-past eleven, Marie Louise had just retired in the Tuileries. The lady-in-waiting, who slept in the next room, was just preparing to lock all the doors, when suddenly the Emperor and Caulaincourt, his first equerry, entered enveloped in thick furs. They had left the army and hastened to Paris. The Empress, who was

suddenly awakened, sprang out of bed, and when she saw Napoleon, embraced him with delight. Etiquette moved on again with perfect regularity; Napoleon had never seemed more calm and confident. At the palace of the Tuileries one would have thought that the Russian campaign was nothing but a hideous dream that the day had dispelled. Napoleon was able to deceive himself. He had found all again,—his wife, his son, the throne, the courtiers. He needed counsellors; he listened only to flatterers. Marie Louise was very anxious for peace. She desired it for herself, for her husband, for her son, and for her two countries, France and Austria. But Napoleon's ambition was restless. War was declared between France and Prussia.

The coronation of the Empress Marie Louise and of the King of Rome, which in fact never took place, had been set for March 7, 1813. On this day Napoleon, before opening the campaign, visited with the empress the Invalides. On March 30th, Marie Louise was declared regent. She swore to discharge her duty as a good wife, a good mother, and a good French-woman, according to the laws and constitution of the empire, and to surrender her powers whenever the emperor should desire. To lighten the task which the regency imposed upon the empress, the emperor appointed the Baron de Méneval her private secretary. The functions of the regent were carefully defined in an order signed by Napoleon at Saint Cloud, just before his departure, April 18, 1813. Amongst other things, it was arranged that Marie Louise should hold, every month, and oftener if necessary, diplomatic receptions, without taking any part in the discussion of foreign affairs. The empress still believed in the friendship of her father and her husband; and, if she had been able to foresee how imminent was war between Austria and France, she would have felt even keener regret at Napoleon's departure. At this time Marie Louise had a sincere affection for her husband, and no suspicion of the worse than widowed fate reserved for her.

After the battle of Bautzen the empress spent a week with Napoleon at Mayence. When she returned to Saint Cloud, and was no longer in reach of her husband's cheer-

ing words, she became profoundly melancholy. Her only consolation was the sight of her son, a fine boy, in whom a mother's fondness saw strength and intelligence developing remarkably. Leipsic was lost. Napoleon, although defeated, could not make up his mind to abandon the airs of a conqueror. Marie Louise, anxious and tormented, looked forward to the future with gloom. The emperor returned to Paris for a short period. On the eve of again leaving he called together the officers of the twelve legions of the National Guard of Paris. He addressed them; and, in conclusion, fixing his eyes on the empress and on the little King of Rome, he exclaimed: "I entrust her to you, gentlemen; I entrust them both to the affection of my faithful city of Paris." Her leave-taking from the emperor, which took place at the Tuileries, January 25, 1814, at 7 A.M., was very touching. Napoleon, when he left, unconscious that he was embracing her for the last time, hugged tenderly his wife and kissed his darling son. Marie Louise would certainly have been amazed had she been told that her husband was to die on a distant island, the prisoner of Europe, forgotten by her. The disasters which now followed the emperor are well known. In May, 1814, Napoleon was forced by the allies to retire to the Island of Elba, virtually a prisoner. She did not accompany her fallen husband, on the plea of ill-health; and, having obtained, by treaty with the allied powers, the duchies of Parma and Placentia, she repaired thither with her chamberlain, Count Neipperg, for whom she had conceived a strong attachment, and whom she subsequently married. She died on December 18th, 1847.

Marie Louise was endowed with an amiable disposition and had considerable talents, which had been cultivated with some care. Her desertion of Napoleon was due to the exigencies of state, to weakness of character, rather than to coldness of heart. She felt that after his downfall he had no need of her, and she resigned herself to such station as her parents could secure for her. Her son, who became at the Austrian court the Duke of Reichstadt, experienced what his father called "the saddest of fates, the fate of Astyanax."

Napoleon's Second Marriage.

Though the divorce of Josephine was completed, it was by no means as yet determined whether the honor of furnishing a successor to the imperial throne should belong to the imperial family of Russia or Austria. Napoleon, without deciding, as yet, in favor of either the one or the other, sounded in secret the disposition of both courts. His views had, in the first instance, been directed towards the Russian alliance; and on the 24th of November, a week before he had even communicated his designs to Josephine, a letter in cipher had been dispatched to Caulaincourt, the French ambassador at St. Petersburg, enjoining him to open the project of a marriage with his sister to the Emperor Alexander in person; requiring him, at the same time, to make inquiries when the young grand-duchess might become a mother, as in the existing state of affairs six months might make a material difference. Alexander replied to the French ambassador that the proposal was extremely agreeable to himself personally, and coincided entirely with his political views; but that an imperial ukase, as well as the last will of his father, had left his sisters entirely at the disposal of his mother. At a subsequent interview the emperor expressed his regret that Napoleon had not sooner expressed his intentions, and declared in favor of his elder sister (since Duchess of Oldenburg), who, both from talent, character and age, would have been much more suitable than her younger sister, Anne Paulowna, who was now in question. In regard to her, he declared his intention of sounding his mother, without actually compromising the French emperor. But these delays were little suitable to the ardent temper of Napoleon. He demanded, as soon as he was informed of these conversations, a categorical answer in the space of ten days; but this period was consumed in fruitless discussions with the dowager-empress, who alleged the extreme youth of the grand-duchess, who was only sixteen, the difference of their religion, and other reasons still more insignificant. "A princess of Russia," said she, "is not to be wooed and won in a few days: two years hence it will be time enough to come to the conclusion of such an affair."

"To adjourn is to refuse," said Napoleon: "besides, I do not choose to have foreign priests in my palace, between my wife and myself." He instantly took his determination: he saw that a refusal was likely to ensue, and he resolved to prevent such a mortification by himself taking the initiative in breaking off the Russian negotiation. Before the expiry of the ten days even, fixed by Caulaincourt for the ultimatum of Russia, secret advances were made by Maret, minister of foreign affairs, to Prince Schwartzenberg, the Austrian ambassador at Paris: the proposals were eagerly accepted; as soon as this was known, the question of a Russian or Austrian alliance was publicly mooted and debated in the Council of State by the great officers of the Empire, and, after a warm discussion, decided in favor of the latter, on a division; Napoleon professed himself determined entirely by the majority; and five days before the answer of Russia arrived, requesting delay, the decision of the cabinet of the Tuileries had been irrevocably taken in favor of the Austrian alliance. So rapidly were the preliminaries adjusted, that the marriage contract was signed at Paris, on the model of that of Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette, on the 7th, and at Vienna on the 16th of February; and on the 11th of March the marriage was celebrated at Vienna with great pomp: Berthier demanding the hand of the Arch-duchess Marie Louise, and the Arch-duke Charles standing proxy for Napoleon.

On the day after the ceremony the new empress set out from Vienna, and was received at Braunau, the frontier town of Austria, by the Queen of Naples; and there she separated from her Austrian attendants, and continued her journey by slow stages, and surrounded with all the pomp of imperial splendor, and all the fatigue of etiquette, to the neighborhood of Paris. Notwithstanding all the political advantages of the alliance, her departure was the occasion of great regret at Vienna: a large portion of the people openly murmured against the sacrifice of a daughter of Austria to the State necessities of the time; they regarded it as worse than the cession of the Illyrian province, more disgraceful than the abandonment of Hofer to the vengeance of the conqueror; and even the continuance of the war appeared preferable to

the humiliating conditions by which it was thought peace had been obtained. In France, on the other hand, all the public authorities vied with each other in demonstrations of loyalty and enthusiasm : the choicest flowers awaited her at every stage ; crowds of respectful spectators lined the streets of all the towns through which she passed ; this great event was regarded as at once the final triumph, and closing the gulf of the Revolution, by winning for its victorious leader the daughter of the first family in Europe, and mingling the lustre of descent with the grandeur of Napoleon's throne. "She is not beautiful," said the emperor, on a subsequent visit to Josephine, when he saw her miniature, "but she is the daughter of the Cæsars." These sonorous words more than compensated every deficiency : the sinister presage, arising from the fate of Marie Antoinette, was forgotten, and the most intoxicating anticipations were formed of the consequences of this auspicious union.

According to the programme of the etiquette to be observed on the occasion, the emperor was to meet the empress at Compiègne, and immediately return to Paris, while she proceeded to St. Cloud, where she was to remain till the marriage was celebrated ; but the ardor of Napoleon broke through these formalities, and saved both parties the tedium of several days' expectation. After the example of Henry IV., when he went to Lyons to meet his bride, Marie de Medicis, on her journey from Italy, he had no sooner received intelligence of her approaching Compiègne, where he then was, than he went to meet her at the next post ; and when she came up, springing out of his carriage, he leaped into that of the empress, embraced her with more than youthful vehemence, and ordered the postillions to drive at the gallop to the palace of Compiègne. The empress was by no means displeased at the unexpected ardor, as well as young appearance of her husband ; and next day, it is affirmed, her attendants hardly knew their former mistress, so much had she improved in ease and affability from the establishment of her rank and the society of the emperor.

The marriage was celebrated with extraordinary pomp at St. Cloud, on the 1st of April : on the day following, the em-

peror and empress made their solemn entrance into Paris, amid the roar of artillery, the clang of bells and the acclamations of three hundred thousand spectators. They received the nuptial benediction at the Tuileries: four queens held the train of Marie Louise; all the splendor of riches, and all the brilliancy of arms were exhausted to give magnificence to the occasion. But, though the *Moniteur* was filled for several months with congratulations on the event, and all the flowers of rhetoric, and all the arts of adulation were exhausted in flattery, the people evinced no real enthusiasm after the spectacles were over; and in the multitude of gorgeous heralds, plumed pages and arm-emblazoned carriages, which were everywhere to be seen, the few remaining Republicans beheld the extinction of their last dreams of liberty and equality . . .

Born in the highest rank, descended from the noblest ancestry, called to the most exalted destinies, the daughter of the Cæsars, the wife of Napoleon, the mother of his son, Marie Louise appeared to unite in her person all the grandeur and felicity of which human nature is susceptible. But her mind had received no lofty impress; her character was unworthy of the greatness of her fortune. She had the blood of Maria Theresa in her veins, but not her spirit in her soul. Her fair hair, blue eyes and pleasing expression bespoke the Gothic blood, and the affability of her demeanor and sweetness of her manner at first produced a general prepossession in her favor. But she was adapted for the sunshine of prosperity only; the wind of adversity blew, and she sunk before its breath. Young, amiable, prepossessing, she won the emperor's affections by the naïveté and simplicity of her character; and he always said that she was innocence with all its sweetness,—Josephine, grace with all its charms. All the attractions of art, says he, were employed by the first empress with such skill, that they were never perceived; all the charms of innocence displayed by the second with such simplicity that their existence was never suspected. Both were benevolent, kind-hearted, affectionate; both, to the last hour of his life, retained the warm regard of the emperor; and both possessed qualities worthy of his affection. If her husband had lived and died on the imperial throne, few empresses

would have left a more blameless reputation; but she was unequal to the trials of the latter years of the empire. If her dubious situation—the daughter of one emperor, the wife of another, both leaders in the strife—might serve her excuse for not taking any decided part in favor of the national independence on the invasion of France, the misfortunes of her husband and son had claims upon her fidelity which should never have been overlooked. The wife of the emperor should never have permitted him to go into exile alone; the mother of the King of Rome should never have forgotten to what destinies her son had been born. What an object would she, after such sacrifices, returning from St. Helena after his death, have formed in history! Force may have prevented her from discharging that sacred duty; but force did not compel her to appear at the Congress of Verona, leaning on the arm of Wellington, nor oblige the widow of Napoleon to sink at last into the degraded wife of her own chamberlain.

—Sir A. Alison.

SCHILLER IN WEIMAR.

FRIEDRICH VON SCHILLER.

JOHANN CHRISTOPH FRIEDRICH VON SCHILLER was born at Marbach, in the German Duchy of Würtemberg, on the 10th of November, 1759, and died at Weimar, May 9, 1805. His father was major in the army, and overseer of the Ducal gardens near Stuttgart, the capital. The young Schiller was trained at a Latin school in Ludwigsburg, and from thirteen to twenty-one, he was a member of the Military Academy, where he studied medicine, and became surgeon of a regiment. His early taste for poetry led him to devote much of his time to literary studies, and, spite of the harsh discipline of the school, he devoured forbidden books—Rousseau, Goethe, etc., imbibing at once a passion for literature and an ardent devotion to the cause of intellectual freedom.

Into his brief life of forty-five years Schiller crowded more of intellectual and moral achievement than any other man of his age. Why is he yet regarded by his countrymen with a love and reverence amounting almost to a passion? His was no cosmopolitan, nor even metropolitan, career. Schiller never left Germany. He came into an age in which there was no daily newspaper, no railway, no steamship, no telegraph, no popular suffrage. He toiled all his life for what would now be deemed a miserable pittance, running up from the starvation pay of a surgeon of grenadiers at eight dollars a month, to what, in his later Weimar life, he termed the comparative affluence of sixteen hundred dollars a year.

His health, always frail, gave way before he was thirty, and he was ever after subject to recurrent attacks of painful maladies, aggravated by much night study. He was born in obscurity, in the house of a baker; and he was buried at midnight, without funeral rites, in a three-thaler coffin.

And yet so nobly had he done his work that no king on his throne, no autocrat of letters, ever left behind him an influence more wide and lasting. In spite of all discouragements and all obstacles, his sovereign genius conquered for his thought a place among the most cherished possessions of mankind. How did it happen that, from so narrow a centre of influence, Schiller exerted so wide a power, not only upon his contemporaries, but upon the world? It was the broad spirit of humanity that breathes in all his writings. It was that he was the unswerving apostle of freedom in an age of servility and form. It was that he gave utterance, in incomparable verse, to those universal instincts of right and of human sympathy which lift men above the lower animals. It was that he celebrated the honor of man and the virtue of woman, the perennial joys of affection, and the virtues of the domestic hearth. In all his writings we find a profound reverence for the good, a genuine passion for the true and the beautiful. More than any poet of his country, he attested the supremacy of the moral sentiment.

The early career of Schiller was shaped by the peculiar circumstances of his training. These were such at the half-military, half-medical school at Stuttgart, as to throw his whole nature into revolt against tyranny, and to make him an apostle of intellectual and political freedom. Ardent, earnest, enthusiastic, a devotee of learning from the hour when he began to read, his pathway to the culture which his soul craved was hedged up by the ignorant and bigoted martinets whom an inscrutable Providence permitted to rule over him. The inflexible rules of the medical school interdicted all reading foreign to that dismal science. Even in hours of recreation, this drum-head tyranny sternly forbade every book foreign to the lessons of the day. What did Schiller do? He devoured Plutarch and Shakespeare in secret,

obedient only to the divine behest which required him to satisfy the inappeasable cravings of his intellect. His was not a nature to be crushed and stunted by such gyves as these. Notwithstanding the stolen sweets which his beloved authors supplied him, such was his indomitable industry that in two years he carried off four prizes for his skillfully executed medical theses. But he was meditating, and now began to execute higher things. Shakespeare had kindled in him a strong passion for the drama, and the German plays he had read seemed so tame and passionless by the side of the immortal creations of the great master, that he resolved to produce a drama which should come home to the hearts of men. "The Robbers" may be styled a passionate protest against tyranny—against that inhuman doctrine so graphically denounced by Jefferson as "the theory that one class of men are born ready booted and spurred to ride, and another class ready saddled and bridled to be ridden." The drama was full of faults, extravagance of language, exaggeration of sentiment, of characters, and of dramatic situations, wanting in artistic form and in psychological truth; the work, in short, of the unregulated imagination of a youth of nineteen to twenty years. But "The Robbers" exhibited a creative intellect, a striking originality, a rhythmic faculty in the songs, promising the highest poetic gifts, and a power in some parts that seemed almost literally Titanic. These are merits of the first magnitude; and hence the play, notwithstanding its crudities, continues to be read and admired. Its revolutionary ardor set Germany in a flame. The experience which Schiller had himself had of human wrong, gave fire and strength to his muse in depicting it. He had sworn eternal enmity to every form of tyranny over the mind or the body of man. His first drama was an earnest how well he kept that vow; and the same sentiment of freedom, which became with him a religion, breathes in a less violent, but equally powerful form in his later dramas.

The small Duke of Würtemberg took the alarm. A pupil of His Serene Highness's medical school, conducted on military principles, had been so audacious as to have thoughts outside the regulation ruts, in which all well-conducted sub-

jects of His Serene Highness were bound to think. He forbade the young surgeon to publish anything thenceforward, except on medical subjects. After two weeks' imprisonment, imposed as the penalty of his disobedience, Schiller departed from Stuttgart in the night, and betook himself, without a thaler in his pocket, to Bauerbach. The attempt to clip this young eagle's wings ended in his taking flight, never to return. As to the small despot who drove him by intolerance from his dominions, his very name is long since forgotten, while the fame of the exiled poet has ascended the throne of the world's honor, and is regnant to-day over lands and seas,

"Whatever clime the sun's bright circle warms."

At the age of thirty-one, Schiller married Charlotte von Langefeld, a charming country girl of the village of Rudolstadt, who was well cultivated in literature and skilled in music and drawing. She had a superior education, and a refined, sincere and sympathetic nature. The wedding, which took place privately, in the little church near Jena, on February 22, 1790, was presided over by every muse. Schiller was just thirty-one, and was satisfied, tranquil and happy. He had a theory that matrimony, among its other benefits, insures the full and free development of the intellectual powers ; and that this theory was not far wrong in practice was to be evinced by the succession of masterly literary works which he produced after his marriage.

The women of Schiller's creative works, like those of Shakespeare, were noble conceptions, in whom sweetness is blended with strength; not those negative, bloodless creatures, compounds of weakness, prettiness and imbecility, which some modern novelists take so much pains to construct. Louisa, Thekla, Elizabeth of Mayence, Marfa, the Maid of Orleans, Beatrice, Amelia—these are worthy companions of our best hours;—and how deeply Schiller was beholden to his wife and to his friends of the gentler sex for the finer qualities which his imaginative works so skillfully portray, is apparent to all who read the memoirs of his time. His ardent and generous nature instinctively yielded homage to the high qualities of woman. He revered, admired and loved his wife,

who was in fact endowed with every quality to call forth an undying affection. The pure, unspotted, unselfish Lotte, the life-companion of the lonely and often melancholy scholar, gave herself to him with an ardent devotion.

Schiller was an indefatigable worker, laboring often fourteen hours a day, in the most sedentary of all pursuits, reading and writing. He spurred on his physical powers to labor at times when he should have sought repose. His constitution was frail, and the vigor and energy of men in rugged health were quite unknown to him. "Every sign of the zodiac," he wrote, "denotes some special suffering to me." Pain the most acute was his familiar companion, and more than once he looked death in the face. In his later years, he could breathe only with the right lung, and that was adherent to the chest. At the early age of forty-five, life's candle was burned out. During all these sufferings and anxieties, his angel-wife was his constant aid, his cheerer and consoler. In his many hours of gloom, for he was keenly sensitive, and had the proverbial irritability of the poetic temperament, it was her ineffable sweetness that soothed his troubled spirit and restored the sunshine to his day.

Do we ask how a man preyed upon by disease could leave behind so many works of such perfection? How could he ever compose such poems as the "Hymn to Joy," while his body was racked with pain? How pour out those clear, wholesome and cheerful strains of dramatic and lyric fire, in which there is not one morbid line? The answer is—his heart and intellect were sound; he cherished always that ineradicable belief in the best, which a pure and aspiring woman is more than all else fitted to inspire. In Schiller may be found embodied all the excellencies of the German character, without its prevalent defects. Thorough simplicity, earnestness, sincerity and enthusiasm are the marked traits in his character, and are reflected in his writings. He was remarkably free from mysticism, and he early outgrew the tendency to a bombastic or inflated style, which besets so many writers of ardent imagination. A life-long devotee of literature, it was to him the embodiment of philosophy, religion and art. In Schiller's correspondence with Goethe, we have the confidences and the

mutual intellectual help which two earnest scholars gave to each other during a long series of years. In our poet's drama, "The Maid of Orleans," he has created one of the noblest beings in tragedy. The heroic Joan of Arc is brought before us, full of a passionate faith and a lofty patriotism, a devout visionary hearing voices from heaven, and sacrificing herself on the altar of her country. The dramatic power which Schiller evinced in his historical plays, all of which deal with characters conspicuous in history, is attested by the fact that, after the lapse of a century, they are still represented upon the stage. In his historical works, clearness of style is united with skillful condensation to a degree rarely exemplified by German writers. In ballad literature, so justly prized among all nations where poetry has a home, Schiller especially excels. There is a pictorial force in the diction, a mingling of the lofty with the pathetic in the sentiment, and a ringing melody in the verse, which combine to render his ballads perennial favorites. Seldom has such an idealist had the art to embody his highest thought in so clear and luminous expression.

No great author has a personality more clearly defined or more widely familiar by the aid of art than Schiller's. Tall, blue-eyed, slender, high-browed, his pale and scholarly countenance instinct with spiritual fire, his lineaments have been preserved in the colossal bust of Danneker, and in the sculptured bronze of Thorwaldsen. They bring before us his gentle and gracious presence, in which a rare benignity ever shone.

Schiller's countrymen are largely indebted to his works and to the seeds they have sown deep in the hearts of men and women during three generations, for that measure of constitutional liberty which Germany now enjoys. Poet, historian, dramatist, philosopher and critic, he is as widely read on the banks of the Ohio, the Mississippi and the Sacramento, as on the banks of the Rhine, the Elbe or the Danube. Since his departure from the world, more than four millions of the race who speak the tongue of Schiller have migrated to America and mingled with the race which speaks the tongue of Shakespeare. The light of his genius shines with no fierce or transitory glare, but with a mild and immortal radiance. He was no comet,

shooting across the sky only to disappear; but a fixed star, to shine in the literary firmament forever. As a poet, he belongs to those

"Olympian bards who sung
Divine ideas below,
Which always find us young,
And always keep us so."

HYMN TO JOY.

[The origin of the following Hymn is said to be this:—Schiller, when at Leipsic, or its vicinity, saved a poor student of theology, impelled by destitution and the fear of starvation, from drowning himself in the river Pleisse. Schiller gave him what money he had; obtained his promise to relinquish the thought of suicide, at least while the money lasted; and a few days afterwards, amidst the convivialities of a marriage feast, related the circumstance so as to affect all present. A subscription was made, which enabled the student to complete his studies, and ultimately to enter into an official situation. Elated with the success of his humanity, it is to Humanity that Schiller consecrated this Ode.]

Spark from the fire that Gods have fed—
Joy—thou Elysian Child divine,
Fire-drunk, our airy footsteps tread,
O Holy One! thy holy shrine.
Strong custom rends us from each other—
Thy magic all together brings;
And man in man but hails a brother,
Wherever rest thy gentle wings.

Chorus—Embrace ye millions—let this kiss,
Brothers, embrace the earth below!
Yon starry worlds that shine on this,
One common Father know!

He who this lot from fate can grasp—
Of one true friend the friend to be—
He who one faithful maid can clasp,
Shall hold with us his jubilee;
Yes, each who but one single heart
In all the earth can claim his own!—
Let him who cannot, stand apart,
And weep beyond the pale, alone!

Chorus—Homage to holy Sympathy,
Ye dwellers in our mighty ring;

Up to yon star-pavilions—she
Leads to the Unknown King!

All being drinks the mother-dew
Of joy from Nature's holy bosom;
And Vice and Worth alike pursue
Her steps that strew the blossom.
Joy in each link—to *us* the treasure
Of Wine and Love;—beneath the sod,
The worm has instincts fraught with pleasure;
In Heaven the Cherub looks on God!

Chorus—Why bow ye down —why down—ye millions?
O World, thy Maker's throne to see,
Look upward—search the Star-pavilions;
There must His mansion be!

Joy is the mainspring in the whole
Of endless Nature's calm rotation;
Joy moves the dazzling wheels that roll
In the great Timepiece of Creation;
Joy breathes on buds, and flowers they are;
Joy beckons—suns come forth from heaven;
Joy rolls the spheres in realms afar,
Ne'er to thy glass, dim Wisdom, given!

Chorus—Joyous as Suns careering gay
Along their royal paths on high,
March, Brothers, march your dauntless way,
As Chiefs to Victory!

Joy, from Truth's pure and lambent fires,
Smiles out upon the ardent seeker;
Joy leads to Virtue Man's desires,
And cheers as Suffering's step grows weaker.
High from the sunny slopes of Faith,
The gales her waving banners buoy;
And through the shattered vaults of Death,
Lo, mid the choral Angels—Joy!

Chorus—Bear this life, millions, bravely bear—
Bear this life for the Better One!
See ye the Stars?—a life is there,
Where the reward is won.

Men like the Gods themselves may be,
Tho' Men may not the Gods requite;
Go soothe the pangs of Misery—
Go share the gladness with delight.—
Revenge and hatred both forgot,
Have nought but pardon for thy foe;
May sharp repentance grieve him not,
No curse one tear of ours bestow!

Chorus—Let all the world be peace and love—
Cancel thy debt-book with thy brother;
For God shall judge of *us* above,
As we shall judge each other!

Joy sparkles to us from the bowl—
Behold the juice whose golden color
To meekness melts the savage soul,
And gives Despair a Hero's valor.
Up, brothers!—Lo, we crown the cup!
Lo, the wine flashes to the brim!
Let the bright Fount spring heavenward!—Up!
To The Good Spirit—this glass!—To Him!

Chorus—Praised by the ever-whirling ring
Of Stars, and tuneful Seraphim—
To The Good Spirit—the Father-King
In Heaven!—This glass to Him!

Firm mind to bear what Fate bestows;
Comfort to tears in sinless eyes;
Faith kept alike with Friends and Foes;
Man's Oath eternal as the skies;
Manhood—the thrones of Kings to girth,
Tho' bought by limb or life, the prize;
Success to Merit's honest worth;
Perdition to the Brood of Lies!

Chorus—Draw closer in the holy ring,
Swear by the wine-cup's golden river—
Swear by the Stars, and by their King,
To keep our vow forever!
—*Translated by* Sir E. Bulwer Lytton.

THE DIVER.

[The original of the story on which Schiller has founded this ballad, matchless perhaps for the power and grandeur of its descriptions, is to be found in Kircher. The name of the Diver was Nicholas, surnamed the Fish. The King appears, according to Hoffmeister's probable conjecture, to have been either Frederic I. or Frederic II., of Sicily. Date from 1295 to 1377.]

"Oh, where is the knight or the squire so bold,
As to dive to the howling charybdis below?—
I cast in the whirlpool a goblet of gold,
And o'er it already the dark waters flow;
Whoever to me may the goblet bring,
Shall have for his guerdon that gift of his king."

He spoke, and the cup from the terrible steep,
That, rugged and hoary, hung over the verge
Of the endless and measureless world of the deep,
Swirl'd into the maëlstrom that madden'd the surge,
"And where is the diver so stout to go—
I ask ye again—to the deep below?"

And the knights and the squires that gather'd around,
Stood silent—and fix'd on the ocean their eyes;
They look'd on the dismal and savage Profound,
And the peril chill'd back every thought of the prize
And thrice spoke the monarch—"The cup to win,
Is there never a wight who will venture in?"

And all as before heard in silence the king—
Till a youth with an aspect unfearing but gentle,
'Mid the tremulous squires—stept out from the ring,
Unbuckling his girdle, and doffing his mantle;
And the murmuring crowd as they parted asunder,
On the stately boy cast their looks of wonder.

As he strode to the marge of the summit, and gave
One glance on the gulf of that merciless main;
Lo! the wave that forever devours the wave,
Casts roaringly up the charybdis again;
And, as with the swell of the far thunder-boom,
Rushes foamingly forth from the heart of the gloom.

And it bubbles and seethes, and it hisses and roars,
As when fire is with water commix'd and contending,
And the spray of its wrath to the welkin up-soars,
And flood upon flood hurries on, never ending.
And it never *will* rest, nor from travail be free,
Like a sea that is laboring the birth of a sea.

Yet, at length, comes a lull o'er the mighty commotion,
As the whirlpool sucks into black smoothness the swell
Of the white-foaming breakers—and cleaves thro' the ocean
A path that seems winding in darkness to hell.
Round and round whirl'd the waves—deep and deeper still driven,
Like a gorge thro' the mountainous main thunder-riven!

The youth gave his trust to his Maker! Before
That path through the riven abyss closed again—
Hark! a shriek from the crowd rang aloft from the shore,
And, behold! he is whirl'd in the grasp of the main!
And o'er him the breakers mysteriously roll'd,
And the giant-mouth closed on the swimmer so bold.

O'er the surface grim silence lay dark; but the crowd
Heard the wail from the deep murmur hollow and fell;
They hearken and shudder, lamenting aloud—
"Gallant youth—noble heart—fare-thee-well, fare-thee-well!"
More hollow and more wails the deep on the ear—
More dread and more dread grows suspense in its fear.

If thou shouldst in those waters thy diadem fling,
And cry, "Who may find it shall win it and wear;"
God wot, though the prize were the crown of a king—
A crown at such hazard were valued too dear.
For never shall lips of the living reveal
What the deeps that howl yonder in terror conceal.

Oh, many a bark, to that breast grappled fast,
Has gone down to the fearful and fathomless grave;
Again, crash'd together the keel and the mast,
To be seen, toss'd aloft in the glee of the wave.—
Like the growth of a storm ever louder and clearer,
Grows the roar of the gulf rising nearer and nearer.

And it bubbles and seethes, and it hisses and roars,
As when fire is with water commix'd and contending;
And the spray of its wrath to the welkin up-soars,
And flood upon flood hurries on, never ending;
And as with the swell of the far thunder-boom,
Rushes roaringly forth from the heart of the gloom.

And, lo! from the heart of that far-floating gloom,
What gleams on the darkness so swanlike and white?
Lo! an arm and a neck, glancing up from the tomb!—
They battle—the Man's with the Element's might.
It is he—it is he! in his left hand behold,
As a sign—as a joy!—shines the goblet of gold!

And he breathèd deep, and he breathèd long,
And he greeted the heavenly delight of the day.
They gaze on each other—they shout, as they throng—
"He lives—lo, the ocean has render'd its prey!
And safe from the whirlpool and free from the grave,
Comes back to the daylight the soul of the brave!"

And he comes, with the crowd in their clamor and glee,
And the goblet his daring has won from the water,
He lifts to the king as he sinks on his knee;—
And the king from her maidens has beckon'd his daughter—
She pours to the boy the bright wine which they bring,
And thus spake the Diver—"Long life to the king!

"Happy they whom the rose-hues of daylight rejoice,
The air and the sky that to mortals are given!
May the horror below never more find a voice—
Nor Man stretch too far the wide mercy of Heaven!
Never more— never more may he lift from the sight
The veil which is woven with Terror and Night!

"Quick-brightening like lightning—it tore me along,
Down, down, till the gush of a torrent, at play
In the rocks of its wilderness, caught me—and strong
As the wings of an eagle, it whirl'd me away.
Vain, vain was my struggle—the circle had won me,
Round and round in its dance, the wild element spun me.

"And I call'd on my God, and my God heard my prayer
In the strength of my need, in the gasp of my breath—
And show'd me a crag that rose up from the lair,
And I clung to it, nimbly—and baffled the death!
And, safe in the perils around me, behold
On the spikes of the coral the goblet of gold.

"Below, at the foot of that precipice drear,
Spread the gloomy, and purple, and pathless Obscure!
A silence of Horror that slept on the ear,
That the eye more appall'd might the Horror endure!
Salamander—snake—dragon—vast reptiles that dwell
In the deep—coil'd about the grim jaws of their hell.

"Dark crawl'd—glided dark the unspeakable swarms,
Clump'd together in masses, misshapen and vast—
Here clung and here bristled the fashionless forms—
Here the dark-moving bulk of the Hammer-fish pass'd—
And with teeth grinning white, and a menacing motion,
Went the terrible Shark—the Hyæna of Ocean.

"There I hung, and the awe gather'd icily o'er me,
So far from the earth, where man's help there was none!
The One Human Thing, with the Goblins before me—
Alone—in a loneness so ghastly—ALONE!
Fathom-deep from man's eye in the speechless profound,
With the death of the Main and the Monsters around.

"Methought, as I gazed through the darkness, that now
It saw—the dread hundred-limbed creature—its prey!
And darted—O God! from the far flaming-bough
Of the coral, I swept on the horrible way;
And it seized me, the wave with its wrath and its roar,
It seized me to save—King, the danger is o'er!"

On the youth gazed the monarch, and marvell'd; quoth he,
"Bold Diver, the goblet I promised is thine,
And this ring will I give, a fresh guerdon to thee,
Never jewels more precious shone up from the mine;
If thou'lt bring me fresh tidings, and venture again;
To say what lies hid in the *innermost* main."

Then outspeaks the daughter in tender emotion:
"Ah! father, my father, what more can there rest?
Enough of this sport with the pitiless ocean—
He has served thee as none would, thyself hast confest.
If nothing can slake thy wild thirst of desire,
Let thy knights put to shame the exploit of the squire!"

The king seized the goblet—he swung it on high,
And whirling, it fell in the roar of the tide:
"But bring back that goblet again to my eye,
And I'll hold thee the dearest that rides by my side;
And thine arms shall embrace, as thy bride, I decree,
The maiden whose pity now pleadeth for thee."

In his heart, as he listen'd, there leapt the wild joy—
And the hope and the love through his eyes spoke in fire,
On that bloom, on that blush, gazed delighted the boy;
The maiden—she faints at the feet of her sire!
Here the guerdon divine, there the danger beneath;
He resolves! To the strife with the life and the death!

They hear the loud surges sweep back in their swell,
Their coming the thunder-sound heralds along!
Fond eyes yet are tracking the spot where he fell:
They come, the wild waters, in tumult and throng,
Roaring up to the cliff—roaring back, as before,
But no wave ever brings the lost youth to the shore.

—*Translated by* SIR E. BULWER LYTTON.

DITHYRAMB.

Believe me, together
The bright Gods come ever,
Still as of old;
Scarce see I Bacchus, the giver of joy,
Than comes up fair Eros, the laugh-loving boy;
And Phœbus, the stately, behold!

They come near and nearer,
The Heavenly Ones all—
The Gods with their presence
Fill earth as their hall!

Say, how shall *I* welcome,
Human and earthborn,
Sons of the Sky?
Pour out to me—pour the full life that ye live!
What to you, O ye Gods! can the mortal-one give?

The Joys can dwell only
In Jupiter's palace—
Brimm'd bright with your nectar,
Oh, reach me the chalice!

"Hebe, the chalice
Fill full to the brim!
Steep his eyes—steep his eyes in the bath of the dew,
Let him dream, while the Styx is concealed from his view,
That the life of the Gods is for him!"

It murmurs, it sparkles
The Fount of Delight;
The bosom grows tranquil—
The eye becomes bright.

THE WORDS OF BELIEF.

Three Words will I name thee—around and about,
From the lip to the lip, full of meaning, they flee;
But they had not their birth in the being without,
And the heart, not the lip, must their oracle be!
And all worth in the man shall forever be o'er
When in those Three Words he believes no more.

Man is made FREE!—Man, by birthright is free,
Though the tyrant may deem him but born for his tool.
Whatever the shout of the rabble may be—
Whatever the ranting misuse of the fool—
Still fear not the Slave, when he breaks from his chain,
For the Man made a Freeman grows safe in his gain.

And VIRTUE is more than a shade or a sound,
And Man may her voice, in this being, obey;
And though ever he slip on the stony ground,
Yet ever again to the godlike way,
To the *science* of Good though the Wise may be blind
Yet the *practice* is plain to the childlike mind.

And a GOD there is!—over Space, over Time,
While the Human Will rocks, like a reed, to and fro,
Lives the Will of the Holy—A Purpose Sublime,
A thought woven over creation below;
Changing and shifting the All we inherit,
But changeless through all One Immutable Spirit!

Hold fast the Three Words of Belief—though about
From the lip to the lip, full of meaning, they flee;
Yet they take not their birth from the being without—
But a voice from within must their oracle be;
And never all worth in the Man can be o'er,
Till in those Three Words he believes no more.

—*Translated by* SIR E. BULWER LYTTON.

THE MAID OF ORLEANS.

PROLOGUE—SCENE IV.

Johanna (*alone*).

Farewell, ye mountains, ye beloved glades,
Ye lone and peaceful valleys, fare ye well!
Through you Johanna never more may stray!
For aye Johanna bids you now farewell.
Ye meads which I have water'd, and ye trees
Which I have planted, still in beauty bloom!
Farewell, ye grottoes, and ye crystal springs!
Sweet echo, vocal spirit of the vale,
Who sang'st responsive to my simple strain,
Johanna goes, and ne'er returns again.

Ye scenes where all my tranquil joys I knew,
Forever now I leave you far behind!
Poor foldless lambs, no shepherd now have you!
O'er the wide heath stray henceforth unconfin'd!
For I to danger's field, of crimson hue,
Am summon'd hence, another flock to find.
Such is to me the Spirit's high behest;
No earthly vain ambition fires my breast.

For who in glory did on Horeb's height
Descend to Moses in the bush of flame,
And bade him go and stand in Pharaoh's sight—
Who once to Israel's pious shepherd came,

And sent him forth, his champion in the fight,—
Who aye hath loved the lowly shepherd train,—
He, from these leafy boughs, thus spake to me:
"Go forth! Thou shalt on earth my witness be.

"Thou in rude armor must thy limbs invest,
A plate of steel upon thy bosom wear;
Vain earthly love may never stir thy breast,
Nor passion's sinful glow be kindled there.
Ne'er with the bride-wreath shall thy locks be dress'd,
Nor on thy bosom bloom an infant fair;
But war's triumphant glory shall be thine;
Thy martial fame all women's shall outshine.

"For when in fight the stoutest hearts despair,
When direful ruin threatens France, forlorn,
Then thou aloft my oriflamme shalt bear,
And swiftly as the reaper mows the corn,
Thou shalt lay low the haughty conqueror;
His fortune's wheel thou rapidly shalt turn,
To Gaul's heroic sons deliv'rance bring,
Relieve beleaguer'd Rheims, and crown thy king!"

The heavenly Spirit promised me a sign;
He sends the helmet; it hath come from him.
Its iron filleth me with strength divine,
I feel the courage of the cherubim;
As with the rushing of a mighty wind
It drives me forth to join the battle's din;
The clanging trumpets sound, the chargers rear,
And the loud war-cry thunders in mine ear.

ACT IV.—SCENE I.

A hall adorned as for a festival; the columns are hung with garlands; behind the scene flutes and hautboys.

Johanna. Hushed is the din of arms, war's storms subside,
Glad song and dance succeed the bloody fray,
Through all the streets joy echoes far and wide,
Altar and church are deck'd in rich array,
Triumphal arches rise in vernal pride,
Wreaths round the columns wind their flowery way,
Wide Rheims cannot contain the mighty throng,
Which to the joyous pageant rolls along.

One thought alone doth every heart possess,
One rapt'rous feeling o'er each breast preside.
And those to-day are link'd in happiness
Whom bloody hatred did erewhile divide.
All who themselves of Gallic race confess
The name of Frenchman own with conscious pride,
France sees the splendor of her ancient crown,
And to her Monarch's son bows humbly down.

Yet I, the author of this wide delight,
The joy, myself created, cannot share;
My heart is chang'd, in sad and dreary plight
It flies the festive pageant in despair;
Still to the British camp it taketh flight,
Against my will my gaze still wanders there,
And from the throng I steal, with grief oppress'd,
To hide the guilt which weighs upon my breast.

What! I permit a human form
To haunt my bosom's sacred cell?
And there, where heavenly radiance shone,
Doth earthly love presume to dwell?
The saviour of my country, I,
The warrior of God Most High,
Burn for my country's foeman? Dare I name
Heaven's holy light, nor feel o'erwhelm'd with shame?

[*The music behind the scene passes into a soft and moving melody.*

Woe is me! Those melting tones!
They distract my 'wilder'd brain!
Every note, his voice recalling,
Conjures up his form again!

Would that spears were whizzing round!
Would that battle's thunder roar'd!
'Midst the wild tumultuous sound
My former strength were then restored.

These sweet tones, these melting voices,
With seductive power are fraught!
They dissolve, in gentle longing,
Every feeling, every thought,
Waking tears of plaintive sadness!

[*After a pause, with more energy.*

Should I have kill'd him? Could I, when I gazed
Upon his face? Kill'd him? Oh, rather far
Would I have turn'd my weapon 'gainst myself!
And am I culpable because humane?
Is pity sinful?—Pity! Didst thou hear
The voice of pity and humanity,
When others fell the victims of thy sword?
Why was she silent when the gentle youth
From Wales, entreated thee to spare his life?
O, cunning heart! Thou liest before high Heaven;
It is not pity's voice impels thee now!
—Why was I doom'd to look into his eyes!
To mark his noble features! With that glance,
Thy crime, thy woe commenc'd. Unhappy one!
A sightless instrument thy God demands,
Blindly thou must accomplish his behest!
When thou didst see, God's shield abandon'd thee,
And the dire snares of Hell around thee press'd!

[*Flutes are again heard, and she subsides into a quiet melancholy.*

Harmless staff! Oh, that I ne'er
Had for the sword abandon'd thee!
Had voices never reached mine ear,
From thy branches, sacred tree!
High Queen of Heaven! Oh, would that thou
Hadst ne'er reveal'd thyself to me!
Take back—I dare not claim it now—
Take back thy crown, 'tis not for me!

I saw the heavens open wide,
I gazed upon that face of love!
Yet here on earth my hopes abide,
They do not dwell in heaven above!
Why, Holy One, on me impose
This dread vocation? Could I steel,
And to each soft emotion close
This heart, by nature form'd to feel?

Wouldst thou proclaim thy high command,
Make choice of those who, free from sin,

In thy eternal mansions stand ;
Send forth thy flaming cherubim !
Immortal ones, thy law they keep,
They do not feel, they do not weep !
Choose not a tender woman's aid,
Not the frail soul of shepherd maid !

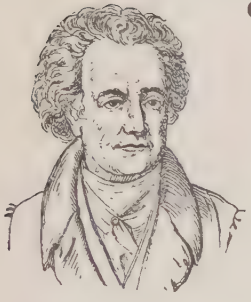
Was I concern'd with warlike things,
With battles or the strife of kings ?
In innocence I led my sheep
Adown the mountain's silent steep.
But Thou didst send me into life,
'Midst princely halls and scenes of strife,
To lose my spirit's tender bloom :
Alas, I did not seek my doom !

—*Translated by* A. SWANWICK.

A. BORCHMANN, PINX.

GOETHE AT SESENHEIM.

GOETHE.



ONLY three great poets, Homer, Dante and Shakespeare, before the time of Goethe, exerted an influence like his on the nations from which they were sprung. Goethe is a phenomenon such as rarely appears in the world of letters; a man rising almost at a single bound into high reputation all over Europe, by degrees fixing himself more firmly in the love and reverence of his countrymen, and finally ascending to the highest intellectual pinnacle amongst them. Certainly no one, since the days of Luther, occupies so large a space in the intellectual history of the German people.

Johann Wolfgang von Goethe was born at Frankfort, August 28, 1749. His father, a rich, pedantic, punctilious sort of man, bore the title of privy councillor, a title which he had procured for himself to compensate for his lack of old patrician blood. The mother was descended from a long line of mayors and judges. There was one sister, Cornelia, who up to the time of her death, at the age of twenty-seven, was Goethe's most intimate friend and companion. All the other children had died early. There remained only Johann Wolfgang and his sister, whose lot it was to be the subjects of their father's experiments in education, for which purpose only, the father seemed to live. These two children were brought up with a strictness which would astonish both parents and children of this present day. It was not marked with severity; but the father's unremitting vigilance diffused itself about the children like fine ether, from which there was no way of

escape. Goethe's father seemed to have none of the spiritual elements in him. The mere externals of life were an incessant source of anxiety to him; in everything pertaining to money, he was precise and even captious. At last he even compelled his son to ask for what he desired in a carefully composed letter.

In a little verse in Goethe's Autobiography, which he entitled *Dichtung und Wahrheit* ("Poetry and Truth"), he gives an explanation of his own nature, attributing to his father his stature and methodical habits; to his mother, the buoyancy of his spirits and his love of story-telling. As far as the understanding of Goethe's nature is concerned, the father may be put to one side; but the mother is inseparable from him, and forms part and parcel of his being. She understood him from beginning to end, inconsistencies and all. The great expectations fulfilled by the son, were only part of still greater expectations cherished by the mother.

At the age of sixteen Goethe went to Leipsic to study law, with his future clearly circumscribed and mapped out for him. He was to take his degree, return home and practice as a lawyer, marry into a patrician family, and perhaps, after rising through various municipal offices, at last arrive at the dignity of Mayor. From the *Dichtung und Wahrheit*, we learn that he did little more at Leipsic than continue the narrow life he had begun at Frankfort. He made no new acquaintances there who exercised any influence on his after-life. After a course of three years, during which he had lapsed into somewhat irregular habits, he was hurried home on account of a hemorrhage from which he could not recover in Leipsic.

In 1770, when he was just over twenty years of age, he was sent to continue his studies at Strasburg, and here he met with Herder, the man who, of all his contemporaries, exercised the most enduring influence on the life of Goethe. The fundamental idea in Herder's soul, and the basis of all his works, was the development of mankind. Himself a poet and theologian, he first taught Goethe to look at the Bible as a magnificent illustration of the truth, that poetry is the product of a national spirit, not the privilege of a cultured few. From this he was led on to other illustrations of national song,

in which Homer and Ossian were pointed out as holding the highest place. Through Herder he also learned to appreciate Goldsmith's idyllic story of the Vicar of Wakefield, and the plain and truthful picture there presented to him he afterwards looked upon with his own eyes in actual life in the person of Frederika, of Sesenheim, whose presence gives charm to the narrative in the *Dichtung und Wahrheit.*

Goethe was now twenty-one years of age. His mind was in a state of ferment; he needed a teacher. He could not help seeing that Herder knew more than he did, that he was in the possession of secrets which could help him. At last he had found some one whose first words were decisive, and to whom he could cheerfully submit himself. But Herder was accustomed to submission from those with whom he came in contact, and received Goethe's homage without special interest in his eager disciple. Yet it seemed sometimes as if Herder was aware of Goethe's real power, and, consciously or unconsciously, endeavored to prevent him from rising too high and surpassing his master. But all this only increased Goethe's devotion, and added to Herder's mastery over him.

From this acquaintanceship may be dated the beginning of the period of Goethe's real productiveness. Such attempts as he had made up to this time had been almost aimless. The theatre, introduced into Frankfort by the French garrisons which occupied that city, had given him an early training in the most polished literature of the time. By this training, if not by intuition, he had followed the *right direction;* now Herder appeared to show him the *right way*, which the young scholar forthwith enters with that glad, youthful enthusiasm, so attractive and so well maintained in after years.

Goethe had been sent to Strasburg to gain a doctor's degree. For the study of jurisprudence, he had submitted himself to Saltzman, and studied with such ardor as to enable him to graduate with honors. A "Dissertation" was required to put the coping-stone on the completed fabric of his studies. The dissertation was begun in good time; but its progress was much delayed by attention to other studies, among which medicine especially attracted him. Shakespeare, too, Ossian

and Homer, but most of all Frederika, of Sesenheim, made large demands on his time. At last the composition was finished, written in good Latin, which he could both speak and write with ease; but unfortunately, it was not sufficient to meet his father's full approval, who demanded a literary work, and wished his son to enter the ranks with a respectable volume. The Dean of the Faculty, however, did not wish to have the treatise published under the auspices of the University, on the plea that it contained expressions considered contrary to Christianity.

The Dissertation was therefore rejected, and certain theses were submitted from which he was allowed to choose a subject for disputation. In August, 1771, the disputation was held. Franz Lerse was Goethe's opponent and pressed him hard. This is the Lerse, the tall, blue-eyed theologian whom, along with Maria, Goethe immortalizes in *Goetz von Berlichingen.* In due course the ceremonies of graduation were gone through, and henceforth Goethe bore the title of Doctor, though he had only received that of Licentiate.

Goethe bade farewell to Strasburg, and on returning home he was enrolled a member of the bar and a citizen of Frankfort. The energy and even passion with which he worked as an advocate and exercised his juridical knowledge justly excited his father's admiration. The whole family was benefited by the opportunity of intercourse with distinguished men, who visited the house as his literary associates. Seldom has a young jurist begun life with such golden prospects. The father studied the briefs as private referee, and prepared them for the son, who analyzed them with astonishing rapidity. In his first law-suit, so excited did the opposing counsel become at Goethe's rejoinders, that the legal contention degenerated into a personal quarrel, which was ended only when both advocates had been rebuked by the Court. But Goethe was at this time practicing law simply to gratify his father, until he could find a better field for the application of his talents.

In the meantime he had been led to Darmstadt by Herder, and now became acquainted with Johann Heinrich Merck, a Kriegsrath (war-counsellor) and leader in Darmstadt society,

which he dominated by unsparing criticism. From the humble position of an apothecary's son, this gifted man, by his brilliant wit, bright intellect and sound judgment, had become the welcome guest and companion of princes. Having an extensive knowledge of men and things of all countries and times, and a special knowledge of the new literature now piercing the dark inertness of the old obscurities, through the writings of Hagedorn, Klopstock, Lessing and others, Merck succeeded in critically influencing not only Goethe, but many others admittedly superior to himself in productive powers.

Goethe's restless spirit did not permit him to continue long in the fetters of jurisprudence and law-lore. His pent-up soul was already longing for freer air and a higher flight. At Frankfort he had received certain theatrical impressions from the French actors; at Leipsic he had found Gottsched representing the French stage; at Strasburg, too, the French theatre was almost more attractive to him than anything else. This accounts for his early theatrical leanings, and the great pains he took in adapting the "*Mitschuldigen*" to the stage at Leipsic. By 1773 a change has come over him; he writes: "We allow ourselves to be led by the common stage routine and are guided by the wishes of actors, who desire only grand climaxes, opportunities for change of costume and the like." This accounts for his having written *Goetz von Berlichingen* without any plan or regard for the stage whatsoever. It is like a romance in dialogue; a dramatized chronicle, not an acting-play, but a drama for the closet. Goethe could no longer abide the idea of submitting an inspired work to the frivolous demands of the stage of his time; he could write only for the stage that exists in each man's imagination, and to this stage *Goetz von Berlichingen* was submitted.

By this, his first great poem, Goethe was at once raised to the highest intellectual rank in Germany. He had hit the mark; homage was paid to him even before his name was known, for the work was first published anonymously. Goetz, or Gottfried von Berlichingen, is a historical character whose representatives may still be traced. There is nothing tragic in his career. There are recorded only the adventures

of a turbulent knight, who, after a rough-and-tumble life in the world, dies a peaceful death. Goethe's poem, however, gives a tragical ending to the story, and yet he is not accused of falsifying history. The historical inaccuracy passes clean out of sight in presence of the powerful and truthful portrayals of German life, character and manhood in the age of the Reformation, the consecration and sacrifice of individual greatness.

Here was presented a man, great, not by privilege, but by nature, aided by no tradition, by no court influence, but solely by his own strong arm and invincible soul. The life of such a man is a symbol of the struggle of the whole eighteenth century; a struggle of right against might; of freedom against the trammels of tradition, a fight for the recognition of individual worth. Such, too, was the struggle of the sixteenth century. The Reformation was in religion what the Revolution was in politics, a battle for liberty of thought and action.

The young doctor who had only just entered upon his professional career was now induced to become for a time a law practitioner in the imperial chamber at Wetzlar, which was only a day's journey from Frankfort. Accordingly, in the spring of 1772, he goes to Wetzlar with Goetz in his portfolio and many wild thoughts in his head. Here, too, as elsewhere, and everywhere, he fell in love; this time with the beautiful daughter of the steward of the Teutsche Haus. The lady, however, was already engaged, and his passion was unrequited. A young student acquaintance of his, having entertained a similar unreciprocated passion for the wife of one of his friends, in his despair, committed suicide. This melancholy incident, coupled with Goethe's own experiences in Wetzlar, furnished the materials for his next great production, *The Sorrows of Young Werther*. This fiction created even a greater sensation than the drama of *Goetz*. People of all kinds and classes were carried away by it, and read it through their tears. It became the people's book, and, printed on wretched paper, was hawked in the streets. Distinguished men of letters pronounced it a philosophic romance; Napoleon made it his companion in Egypt; it penetrated even to

the Celestial Empire, where Charlotte and Werther were modeled in Chinese porcelain.

Goethe's name was now on every one's lips. Men of letters, from far and near, came to court his acquaintance. Klopstock and Wieland, Lessing and Herder, had performed their mission to the world; they had passed under review, and their general aims were understood. But here was an entirely fresh power, an intellectual giant in the literary world; no one could fathom the depth of his mind, or set limits to his imagination. Among others who visited Goethe at Frankfort was the heir-apparent of Weimar. The result of this interview was, that the poet was invited to the Weimar court, ostensibly to aid with his counsel and services in the management of certain literary institutions then under contemplation. Very soon the young author entered upon his official duties with the title of *Legationsrath*, which was soon superseded by that of Privy-Councillor.

The connection thus begun was fraught with consequences most important, not only to Weimar, but to the whole of Europe. Round this little court were gathered the brightest intellects of Germany. Goethe and Schiller had, under their superintendence, a classical theatre; Wieland, the founder of psychological romance in his own country, was tutor to the sons of the Duchess Amalia, while Herder, poet, theologian and historian, was a member of the consistory and court preacher. With such a quartette as this, the inconsiderable town of Weimar, with its seven thousand inhabitants, could rival or equal, in its intellectual wealth and literary renown, the proudest capital of the world.

Goethe's next great completed work, after *Werther*, is *Clavigo*, which has an origin of a somewhat romantic nature. The young people of Goethe's society, in Frankfort, had agreed among themselves to form couples by casting lots, and, thus mated, to represent married people. It so happened that the same young lady had twice fallen to Goethe's lot. She proved herself an agreeable companion; mutual confidence arose, and the thought occurred to both that their acting might become reality. The parents on both sides were consulted, no objections were raised, and the engagement was ratified, but for some unexplained cause was soon after broken off.

One evening Goethe had read before the society the "Memoir" of Beaumarchais against Clavigo. His fiancée urged him to dramatize it; and this he undertook to do in the course of a week. The play was produced in the time promised, but was not received with the uniform approbation anticipated. Goethe, himself, was pleased with it; Jacobi even declared it his masterpiece, and the multitude shed tears over it; but the critics generally gave it only a cold or lukewarm reception.

The next in order of Goethe's tragedies, *Stella*, produced in 1776, had a most successful run at the Berlin theatre; but the greatest, *Iphigenia in Tauris*, was not published in metrical form till after his return from Italy, 1779. He had gone to Italy to complete his art education and to acquire new elasticity of spirits in a purer atmosphere and under brighter skies. He may have failed with the brush and pencil, but he had at last overcome a tendency to leave incomplete any work he had undertaken. *Iphigenia* was now completed as he had at first intended, and was received as a tragedy after the Greek style. There is, however, very little of the Greek in it apart from names and the groundwork of the plot. The Iphigenia of Euripides is Greek, cruel, and ready to sacrifice to her goddess the first stranger that comes to her shore; the Iphigenia of Goethe is German, high-minded and humane, with an instinctive horror of human sacrifices, and a deep-seated reverence for truth.

Another fruit of the Italian tour, after the poet's return to Weimar, is the tragical poem of *Tasso*, the subject of which had a peculiar fascination for Goethe, who saw in the life and fate of the Italian poet a true picture of his own hitherto fitful and distracted career.

In the midst of abundance and elegance at Weimar, Goethe had at his command art enough to satisfy the aspirations of his higher nature, and business enough to connect him with earthly interests and affairs. Thus he came in contact with all classes of men, whose characters he studied, and whose views he learned to tolerate. Thus the current of the outward life continued to flow, gathering from its affluent streams the richest nutriment for the inward and spiritual life, which is henceforth clearly recorded in his writings. In reviewing

his works, as they pass in successive order from his hands, one can discern the operations of a mind ever working itself into clearer freedom, and by gradual advances extending its dominion over the world it seeks to conquer. Skeptical at first, it voices forth the world's despair in the passionate and irrepressible wail of *Werther;* next, imbued with the philosophy of Greece and Rome, and, as yet, recognizing no divinity, it gives clear utterance in *Wilhelm Meister* to the depth and variety of human life, and the brightness of human effort, and, finally, pervaded by faith and reverence, it pours forth its celestial melodies in *Meister's Wanderjahre*, in the *West-Oestliche Divan*, and in numerous heart-thrilling rhymes which, for beauty and significance, have rarely been equalled.

The real and universal popularity of Goethe may be said to have commenced with the publication of *Faust* in 1808. This is justly placed at the head of all his works, and will ever command a high position among the poetic inspirations of every age and of every nation. To this work the highest and maturest powers of his mind were dedicated. Here, as also in the *Elective Affinities* and the *Dichtung und Wahrheit*, he rises as a new genius, still in familiar form, identifying himself with the nineteenth century. The personality of Faust has no limitations. With no firm foothold on earth, finding no permanent resting-place, and equally indifferent to time and space, he speeds through life like a spirit doomed for a time to assume the form of man. As the other characters of Goethe require, as a complement, some invisible agent, so Faust requires Goethe himself as a complement, and may be regarded as the incarnate spirit of the poet, to whom no range is too extensive, no experience beyond reach.

While others looked upon *Faust* merely as a poem, and never dreamed of its being adapted to the stage, Goethe, himself, was confident that the scenic representation of the whole would be achieved in the future. The poem derives its power and pathos from incidents that come within common experience, yet, at the same time, it deals with the deepest problems that can engage the human mind. The inward struggles of Faust, like those of Hamlet, and the operation of good and evil forces challenge the interest of the reader at every

step, and just to that degree which he has experienced in his own mind and nature.

Goethe, himself, writing of *Faust* in his eightieth year, says: "The commendation which the poem has received, far and near, may be owing to this quality, that it permanently preserves the period of development of a human soul tormented by all that afflicts mankind, shaken by all that disturbs it, repelled by all that it finds repellent, and made happy by all that it desires." The fundamental idea underlying the various complicated elements of the work is expressed in the "Prologue in Heaven:"

> "A good man in the direful grasp of ill,
> His consciousness of right retaineth still."

There are abysses of human nature and perdition from which one instinctively draws back with a shudder; but the deep enigmatical character again and again attracts the reader. Goethe himself, speaking on this point, says: "What is important in such compositions is, that while the parts may be clear and significant, the whole is incommensurable, and, on that very account, like an unsolved problem, lures men to busy themselves with it again and again."

Among other numerous productions of all kinds, embracing subjects poetic and scientific, mention may be made of *Timur*, in which Goethe embodies his final conceptions of the greatness and the downfall of Napoleon. The *West-Oestliche Divan* is also worthy of further notice as introducing a new phase of metrical composition, in which the poet, abandoning the ancient forms, struck the lyric chord of Rückert, and followed Platen and Heine in a style which the lyric poetry of to-day has not surpassed. The *Italian Journey*, published in 1817, may be considered the last great finished work of Goethe. In 1825 the jubilee or fiftieth year of his residence at Weimar was celebrated with a grand public festival. In 1831 the *Second Part of Faust* appeared, more varied and obscure than the *First Part*, yet enlivened with many lyrical passages of refined melody as well as grotesque humor.

The last days of Goethe were spent amidst pleasant surroundings, which never failed to bring before his mind many

happy recollections. The successive arrivals of spring and summer brought sunshine and gladness to his soul, and every day that dawned was fraught with interest and concern to him. Up to the hour of his death he continued his intellectual activity. His last words were—"More light." He died at Weimar on the 22d of March, 1832. Every generation has something to learn from this great master whose ear caught the music of the universe, whose muse interpreted it and brought it home to the hearts of his fellow-men.

THE ERL-KING.

Who rides so late through the grisly night?
'Tis a father and child, and he grasps him tight;
He wraps him close in his mantle's fold,
And shelters the boy from the piercing cold.

"My son, why thus to my arm dost cling?"
"Father, dost thou not see the Erlie-King?
The King with his crown and his long black train!"
"My son, 'tis a streak of the misty rain!"

"Come hither, thou darling, come, go with me!
Fine games know I that I'll play with thee;
Flowers many and bright do my kingdom hold;
My mother has many a robe of gold."

"Oh, father, dear father, and dost thou not hear
What the Erlie-King whispers so low in mine ear?"
"Calm thee, calm thee, my boy; it is only the breeze,
As it rustles the withered leaves under the trees!"

"Wilt thou go, bonny boy! wilt thou go with me?
My daughters shall wait on thee daintily;
My daughters around thee in dance shall sweep,
And rock thee, and kiss thee, and sing thee to sleep!"

"Oh, father, dear father! and dost thou not mark
Erlie-King's daughters move by in the dark?"
"I see it, my child; but it is not they;
'Tis the old willow nodding its head so grey!"

"I love thee! thy beauty it charms me so;
And I'll take thee by force, if thou wilt not go!"
"Oh, father, dear father! he's grasping me—
My heart is as cold as cold can be!"

The father rides swiftly—with terror he gasps—
The sobbing child in his arms he clasps;
He reaches the castle with spurring and dread;
But, alas, in his arms the child lay dead.

—*Translated by* SIR T. MARTIN.

THE TREASURE-SEEKER.

Many weary days I suffered,
Sick of heart and poor of purse;
Riches are the greatest blessing—
Poverty the deepest curse!
Till at last to dig a treasure
Forth I went into the wood—
"Fiend! my soul is thine forever!"
And I signed the scroll with blood.

Then I drew the magic circle,
Kindled the mysterious fire,
Placed the herbs and bones in order,
Spoke the incantation dire,
And I sought the buried metal
With a spell of magic might—
Sought it as my master taught me;
Black and stormy was the night.

And I saw a light appearing
In the distance, like a star;
When the midnight hour was tolling,
Came it waxing from afar:
Came it flashing, swift and sudden,
As if fiery wine it were,
Flowing from an open chalice,
Which a beauteous boy did bear.

And he wore a lustrous chaplet,
And his eyes were full of thought,
As he stepped into the circle,
With the radiance that he brought.

And he bade me taste the goblet;
And I thought, "It cannot be
That this boy should be the bearer
Of the Demon's gifts to me!"

"Taste the draft of pure existence
Sparkling in this golden urn,
And no more with baleful magic
Shalt thou hitherward return.
Do not seek for treasures longer,
Let thy future spell-words be:
'Days of labor, nights of resting;'
So shall peace return to thee!"

IPHIGENIA IN TAURIS.

(ACT I.—SCENE III.)

Iphigenia (to Thoas). How blest is he who his progenitors
With pride remembers, to the listener tells
The story of their greatness, of their deeds,
And, silently rejoicing, sees himself
The latest link of this illustrious chain!
For seldom does the self-same stock produce
The monster and the demigod; a line
Of good or evil ushers in, at last
The glory or the terror of the world.
. . . . . .
Gracious protectress! thou hast clouds
To shelter innocence distressed,
And from the arms of iron fate
Gently to waft her o'er the sea,
O'er the wide earth's remotest realms,
Where'er it seemeth good to thee;
Wise art thou; thine all-seeing eye
The future and the past surveys;
Thy glance doth o'er thy children rest,
E'en as thy light, the life of night,
Keeps o'er the earth its silent watch.
O Goddess! keep my hands from blood!
Blessing it never brings, and peace;
And still in evil hours the form
Of the chance-murdered man appears

To fill the unwilling murderer's soul
With horrible and gloomy fears,
For fondly the Immortals view
Man's widely-scattered, simple race;
And the poor mortals' transient life
Gladly prolong that he may lift
Awhile to their eternal heavens
His sympathetic, joyous gaze.

ACT IV.—SCENE I.

Iphigenia. When the powers on high decree
For a feeble child of earth
Dire perplexity and woe,
And his spirit doom to pass
With tumult wild from joy to grief,
And back again from grief to joy,
In fearful alternation,
Why in mercy then provide
In the precincts of his home,
Or upon the distant shore,
That to him may never fail
Ready help in hours of need,
A tranquil, faithful friend.
Oh, bless, ye heavenly powers, one Pylades,
And whatsoever he may undertake.
His in fight the vigorous arm of youth,
And his the thoughtful eye of age in counsel;
For tranquil is his soul; he guardeth there
Of calm a sacred and exhaustless dower,
And from its depths, in rich supply, outpours
Comfort and counsel for the sore-distressed.
He tore me from my brother, upon whom,
With fond amaze, I gazed and gazed again;
I could not realize my happiness,
Nor loose him from my arms, and heeded not
The danger's near approach that threatens us.
To execute their project of escape,
They hasten to the sea, where, in a bay,
Their comrades in the vessel lie concealed,
Waiting a signal. Me they have supplied
With artful answers, should the monarch send
To urge the sacrifice. Alas! I see

I must consent to follow like a child.
I have not learned deception, nor the art
To gain with crafty wiles my purposes.
Detested falsehood! it doth not relieve
The breast like words of truth; it comforts not,
But is a torment in the forger's heart,
And, like an arrow which a god directs,
Flies back and wounds the archer. Through my heart
One fear doth chase another; perhaps with rage
Again, on the unconsecrated shore,
The Furies' grisly band my brother seize.
Perchance they are surprised! Methinks I hear
The tread of armèd men. A messenger
Is coming from the King with hasty steps.
How throbs my heart, how troubled is my soul,
Now that I gaze upon the face of one
Whom with a word untrue I must encounter!

FAUST.

PROLOGUE IN HEAVEN.

Raphael. The sun in chorus, as of old,
With brother spheres is sounding still,
And, on its thunderous orbit rolled,
Doth its appointed course fulfill.
The angels, as they gaze, grow strong,
Though fathom it they never may;
These works sublime, untouched by wrong,
Are bright as on the primal day.

Gabriel. And swift, beyond conceiving swift,
The earth is wheeling onward. Mark!
From dark to light its surface shift
From brightest light to deepest dark!
In foam the sea's broad billows leap,
And lash the rocks with giant force,
And rock and billows onward sweep
With sun and stars in endless course.

Michael. And battling storms are raging high
From shore to sea, from sea to shore,
And radiate currents as they fly,
That quicken earth through every pore.

There blasting lightnings scatter fear,
And thunders peal; but here they lay
Their terrors down, and, Lord, revere
The gentle going of Thy day.

All three. The angels, as they gaze, grow strong,
Yet fathom Thee they never may,
And all Thy works, untouched by wrong,
Are bright as on the primal day.

ACT III.—SCENE VII.

Forest and Cavern.

Faust (*alone*). Majestic spirit, thou hast given me all
For which I prayed. Thou not in vain didst turn
Thy countenance to me in fire and flame.
Thou glorious nature for my realm hast given,
With power to feel and to enjoy her. Thou
No mere cold glance of wonder hast vouchsafed,
But lett'st me peer deep down into her breast,
Even as into the bosom of a friend.
Before me thou in long procession lead'st
All things that live, and teachest me to know
My kindred in still grove, in air, and stream;
And when the storm sweeps roaring through the woods,
Upwrenching by the roots the giant pines,
Whose neighboring trunks and intertangled boughs
In crashing ruin tear each other down,
And shake with roar of thunder all the hills,
Then dost thou guide me to some sheltering cave,
There show'st me to myself, and mine own soul
Teems marvels forth I weened not of before;
And when the pure moon, with her mellowing light,
Mounts as I gaze, then from the rocky walls,
And out from the dark underwood, ascend
Forms silvery-clad of ages long ago,
And soften the austere delight of thought.
Oh, now I feel no perfect boon is e'er
Achieved by man. With this ecstatic power
Which hourly brings me nearer to the gods,
A yoke-mate thou hast given me, whom even now
I can no more dispense with, though his cold,

Insulting scorn degrades me to myself,
And turns thy gifts to nothing with a breath.
Within my breast he fans unceasingly
A raging fire for that bewitching form.
So to fruition from desire I reel,
And 'midst fruition languish for desire
. . . . . .

Mephist. Oh, rare! you rail and I must laugh.
The God who fashioned lad and wench
Knew what He meant too well by half,
His noble purpose not to clench,
By fashioning occasion due
For bringing them together, too.
. . . . . .

Faust. What were heaven's bliss itself in her embrace?
Though on her bosom I should glow,
Must I not feel her pangs, her ruin?
What am I but an outcast, without home,
Or human tie, or aim, or resting-place,
That like a torrent raved along in foam,
From rock to rock, with ravening fury wild,
On to the brink of the abyss? And she,
In unsuspecting innocence a child,
Hard by that torrent's banks, in tiny cot,
Upon her little patch of mountain lea,
With all her homely joys and cares, begot
And bounded in that little world!
And I the abhorred of God,—'twas not
Enough that down with me I whirled
The rifted rocks and shattered them! I must
Drag her,—her, and her peace into the dust!
Thou, Hell, must have this sacrifice perforce!
Help, devil, then, to abridge my torturing throes.
Let that which must be swiftly take its course,
Bring her doom down on me to crown my woes,
And o'er us both one whelming ruin close!

Mephist. Ho, up at boiling point again!
Get in, fool, and console her! When
Such silly pates no outlet can descry
They think the very crash of doom is nigh.

Give me the man that on will go,
Not to be swayed or shaken from his level!
And yet at other times you show
A tolerable spice, too, of the devil.
Go to! The devil that despairs I deem
Of all poor creatures poor in the extreme.

Margaret (*at her spinning-wheel alone*).

My peace is gone, My heart is sore,
'Tis gone forever And evermore.
Where he is not Is the grave to me;
The whole world's changed, Ah, bitterly!
I sit and I ponder One only thought;
My senses wander, My brain's distraught.
My peace is gone, My heart is sore;
'Tis gone forever And evermore.
From my window to greet him I gaze all day;
I stir out, if meet him I only may.
His noble form, His bearing high,
His mouth's sweet smile, His mastering eye;
And the magic flow Of his talk; the bliss
In the clasp of his hand; And oh, his kiss!
My peace is gone, My heart is sore;
'Tis gone forever And evermore.
For him doth my bosom Cry out and pine;
Oh, if I might clasp him And keep him mine!
And kiss him, kiss him, As fain would I;
I'd faint on his kisses—Yes, faint and die!

—*Translated by* A. SWANWICK.

JOHANN GUTENBERG.

IT is often difficult to prove priority of invention: this is shown strikingly by the mass of litigation respecting patents. So, too, the spirit of modern historical research does its best to strip various discoverers and innovators of past ages of their laurels, by showing that the way for improvements, for which they have received credit, had been prepared by the efforts of earlier pioneers. And yet it seems as though the general public still prefers to attribute any noteworthy discovery which has contributed to the advancement of mankind, *not* to the gradual evolution of the idea in the public mind, but to that individual who first brought it into prominence and within the range of practicability. And is not he who makes practical application of the results attained by his predecessors—which probably had remained unknown or unexploited by reason of imperfections—is not he justly to be given credit for having brought within a sphere of usefulness that which before had lain in the realm of vague desire? Thus the name of Watt will still be coupled with the invention of the steam-engine, Fulton's with that of the steamboat, Morse's with that of the telegraph, and Gutenberg's with the introduction of printing with movable types.

The origin of printing is steeped in obscurity. The investigation of it has called forth an enormous amount of literature, and the identity of the inventor of the art is still a matter of dispute. Fifteen towns or so have been named

as the birth-place of typography, and Gutenberg, Coster, Castaldi, Schœffer are among the many claimants for the honor of the invention. The cause of the Hollander, Laurens Janszoon Coster, has been pleaded with especial insistence by many, but one of his own countrymen, Van der Linde, adduced many proofs in his argument against him and in favor of Gutenberg. Van der Linde lays special stress on his point that it is not a question of the invention of printing (*i. e.*, impression), but of *typography*,—the art of printing with *movable* letters *cast* in metal; and that the merit is therefore due to him who constructed the first type-mold. The argument is, that letters, words and sentences had been impressed on various materials, in various ways, for centuries before this time, but that the practical art of printing (as we understand the word) dates from the work of the first type-founder, and has remained, in its fundamental principles, practically the same to this day. And of *this* art, Van der Linde and many other late authorities, after a careful sifting of the records, believe Gutenberg to have been the inventor. These critics, however, have also thrown much doubt on the old belief that printing with movable cast type was evolved naturally from block-printing (in which each page was engraved solidly on a block of wood), wooden movable type forming the intermediate stage. Typography, they say, is entirely different from xylography, and "was an invention pure and simple." However, we may give the story, as usually told, of Gutenberg's life and work, with the simple statement that various details have not been fully proved to the satisfaction of certain modern critics.

What is known of the personal history of Johann Gutenberg is soon told. He was born about 1400 at Mentz, as the son of Frielo Gensfleisch and Else Wyrich zum Gutenberg; he was called after his mother. This is practically all that we can say concerning the first thirty years of his life. After this period, we find the earliest notice concerning him in Strassburg. It has been noted that many important actions of his later life have become known chiefly through the records of the courts, before which he often appeared, either as complainant or defendant, one of the earliest cases in

which he was involved being a suit for breach of promise brought by one Anne Zur Isermen Thür.

While following the trade of a lapidary in Strassburg, Gutenberg, in his mechanical studies, was led to make experiments in the reproduction of books by a quicker and cheaper method than that of copying by hand. In the pursuit and exploitation of the "new art," which was carefully kept secret, he had his workmen—Andreas Dritzehn, Hielman and Riffe—as partners. Many believe that he began by block-printing, and produced several books in this manner, printing on one side of the page only. If this is so, returns were undoubtedly small, for not only had a market for such ware to be first created, but the engraving of a large book took as long, to all intents and purposes, as to copy it.

The imperfections of this method, we are told, led Gutenberg to the idea of movable type, which he at first cut out of wood. These letters, when set up, he tied together with twine, and subsequently with wire. A frame with wedges proved more effective, however, and his original manner of taking impressions on paper by means of friction was superseded by a press of his own designing. But these statements regarding wooden types and impression by friction are discredited by Van der Linde, De Vinne, and others.

In 1439 Dritzehn died, and his brothers brought suit to force the surviving partners to admit them as members of the firm. Gutenberg won the case in court; but in his anxiety while it was in progress, he had caused his implements to be entirely destroyed. He was overwhelmed with debt, while to the eye of popular prejudice his art could seem nothing short of witchcraft. He finally returned to Mentz, where he became associated with Johann Fust, who furnished money for the exploitation of his invention. Active work was begun (1449–'50) with the aid of Peter Schœffer.

New difficulties continued to arise. The ink softened the wooden type, and lead was tried as a substitute, but was found too soft to bear pressure. Peter Schœffer, however, discovered an amalgam,—antimony and lead,—which proved to have the requisite combination of strength and softness. Some say that the casting of type was attempted at the sug-

gestion of Schœffer, and that he perfected this process by cutting punches with which to stamp matrixes for the letters. But many investigators now believe that Gutenberg conceived the idea of casting type, and had used such type long before this time. Several facts make this extremely probable. The problem of ink was also a troublesome one, since writing ink spread and smeared the paper; but at last, after much experimenting, a mixture of linseed-oil and lamp-black was found to give satisfactory results. This was applied by dabbers of skin stuffed with wool.

Thus these early printers did the work of type-founders, ink-makers, wood-engravers, compositors, pressmen, and all the other trades now engaged in book-making. It was in the spring of 1450 that the printing of the now famous "Mazarin Bible" was begun, to be completed five years later. This first printed Bible is a splendid folio volume of 637 leaves with 42 lines to a page, all printed from separate metal types cut by hand. It is called the Mazarin Bible, because a handsomely bound vellum copy found in the library of Cardinal Mazarin was long supposed to be unique. Six other copies on vellum, and more than twenty on paper, are now known, of which two are in New York city.

Before the printing of this Bible was completed, Fust, dissatisfied with the slow returns for his loans, brought suit against Gutenberg for 2,020 florins. Gutenberg protested that all which Fust had contracted to advance had not been supplied; but Fust won the case, and as Gutenberg was unable to pay, all his printing materials and the copies of the Bible were seized by Fust, who, with Schœffer, organized a new firm.

The Psalter, published by them in 1457, was the first book bearing an imprint. Gutenberg began business once more on his own account; but financial success still held aloof from his industry. Therefore, in 1465, he availed himself of the invitation of Archbishop Adolphus (of Nassau) to enter his service as one of his gentlemen pensioners. In this capacity did the diligent inventor and workman quietly pass the rest of his days until his death, February 24, 1468.

Meanwhile, Fust and Schœffer had continued to print, issuing also some new books. But in 1462 Mentz was taken

and sacked by the Archbishop Adolphus of Nassau, and in the ensuing suspension of business these printers, thrown out of employment, fled to other countries, and the knowledge of the art, kept secret for thirty years, was spread abroad, and printed books were soon being issued in many places.

Gutenberg was patient and persevering under his many disappointments, and we may believe that he had a faint conception, at least, of the far-reaching change in the affairs of the world which his invention was destined to produce. Posterity has honored him by the erection of monuments to his memory in several cities of Germany.

Bookselling after the Invention of Printing.

The dispersion of Fust, Schœffer and Company's workmen at the siege of Mayence, in 1462, soon showed its effects throughout Europe, by supplying printers to various Continental cities. At this early time most printers sold their own books; and if we state the different periods at which printing was introduced into various countries, we shall show also when books of print began to be sold in each place. The first introduction of this invention into Italy was at Subiaco, in 1465; into Paris, in 1470; into England (Westminster), in 1477; into Spain (Barcelona), in 1475; into Abyssinia, in 1521; into Mexico, in 1544; into the East Indies (Goa), in 1550; into Peru (Lima), in 1585; into North America (Cambridge), in 1639; and Philadelphia, in 1685.*

One of the most active of the German printers and booksellers, between 1473 and 1513, was Ant. Kober, at Nuremberg, who had 24 presses and nearly 100 workmen in his employ, and kept open shops at Frankfort, Leipsic, Amsterdam and Venice, all conducted with the greatest regularity and order. He had on sale not only works of his own publication, but also works of other publishers. At Ulm and Basle there were likewise several booksellers carrying on an extensive trade. The many pilgrimages (Wallfahrten) to holy places in the interior of Germany, offered them good opportunities for disposing of their books, particularly of those having a relig-

* These dates are corrected by later investigations, from those given by Chambers.

ious tendency, which were printed on cheap linen paper, instead of the expensive parchment formerly in use.

Wherever we turn, we shall find that once introduced into a country, the press was kept in extraordinary activity, and books were spread in all directions. There were in England, from the time of Caxton to 1600, no fewer than three hundred and fifty printers. Ames and Herbert have recorded the titles of ten thousand different works printed there in the same interval ; the yearly average number of distinct works issued and sold in the hundred and thirty years was seventy-five. The number of copies of each was, however, in all probability small, for the early booksellers were cautious. Even Grafton only printed 500 copies of his complete edition of the Scriptures (that of 1504), and yet so great was the demand for the English Bible, that there are still extant copies of 326 editions of it which were printed between 1526 and 1600.

In Italy the works of the old classic Roman authors were rapidly printed, when means for doing so were introduced. In Switzerland, especially at Geneva and Basle, a great number of books, chiefly of a religious character, were printed and sold immediately after presses were set up. Indeed, the trading talent of the Swiss manifested itself in the beginning of the sixteenth century very prominently in relation to books, for they supplied booksellers even to Germany.

In the dawn of literary commerce, wholesale trade, in whatever article, was chiefly conducted at fairs, which took place once, twice, or thrice a year. To these great meetings manufacturers and agriculturists brought such produce as was of a perishable character, and which was purchased by retailers who either came from different parts of the country, or employed local agents to purchase on their account. Amongst other manufacturers, the printers brought their goods, which were bought by retailers and distributed by them throughout the country. At first the greatest quantity of booksellers' stalls was assembled at the Frankfort fairs, where multitudes of strangers and merchants met. Ant. Kober, of Nuremberg, Ch. Plantin, of Antwerp, and Stephanus (Étienne), of Paris, are recorded as booksellers visiting the Frankfort fair as early as the year 1473. From this period Frankfort gradually be-

came the great book-mart. In 1526 Christopher Froschauer, from Basle, wrote to his principal, Ulrich Zwingli, informing him of the rapid and profitable sale of his books at Frankfort, to persons who had sent for them from all parts. In 1549 Operin, of Basle, publisher of the classics, visited Frankfort and made a profitable speculation.

Saxony, with its enlightened universities (Wittenberg and Leipsic), had now become the seat and central point of free theological discussion and investigation, and the booksellers soon found it worth their while to visit also the Leipsic fair. Besides, the literary intercourse in that country was free and unfettered, whilst at Frankfort it had to contend, in later years, with several difficulties, arising from the peculiar situation of a smaller state, and the restrictions and vexations of an Imperial Board of Control (Kaiserliche Bücher Commission), established by the German emperor, through the influence of the Catholic clergy. Archbishop Berthold, of Mayence, had previously (in 1486) established a similar censorship in his dominions. The chief object of that board was to watch and visit the book-shops—which, in Frankfort, were all situated in one street, still called the Buchgasse—seizing forbidden books, claiming the seven privilege copies ordered by law to be presented to the universities, and, in fact, exercising the power of a most troublesome police. Against this the booksellers often remonstrated, but without success. At length the principal part of the book trade withdrew to Leipsic, where general fairs were held thrice every year, and where, next to Frankfort, the greatest number of books was sold.

The earliest accurate information obtained respecting the sale of books at Leipsic fair refers to 1545, when we find the printers Steiger and Boskopf, both of Nuremberg, repairing thither with their "wares." A few years later the fame of this market, as a place of sale for books, spread over the rest of the continent, and in 1556 it was visited by the Paris bookseller Clement, and, in 1560, by Pietro Valgrisi from Venice. From the accidental mention of these visits and names in the annals of the Leipsic fair, we may infer that booksellers from other parts of the world also frequented it habitually, although no record of their presence has been made. The different lan-

guages which they spoke had little effect upon the sale of their books, the greater part of which, wherever printed, was in Latin. In 1589 the number of *new* works brought to Leipsic was 362, of which 246, or 68 per cent., were in the Latin language. The literary tastes of that time may be guessed from the fact, that of the whole number of these literary novelties, 200 were on theological subjects, 48 on law and jurisprudence, and 45 on philosophy and philology.

The trade in books carried on in Leipsic increased so rapidly that it banished traffic in other articles from the fair. No fewer than fourteen printers and booksellers had, by 1616, taken up their residence in the city. The names of these individuals have become dear to the modern bibliomaniac, from the rarity of the works bearing their respective imprints. These "publishers" (for, by this period, the wholesale bookseller was distinguished from the retailer by that expression) brought to the Easter fair of 1616 no less than 153 new works, the productions of their own presses. Of other publishers, in various parts of Germany, eight resided at Frankfort-on-the-Main, seven belonged to Nuremberg, four to Jena, three to Ulm, and the same number to Hamburg; Wittenberg, Strasburg, Gotha, Cologne, Breslau, had each two, and Lübeck, Goslar, Heidelberg, Rostock, and Luneburg, one.

The Easter fair held at Leipsic was now exclusively devoted to books. The booksellers had already organized a system by which they were enabled to print a catalogue of every new work that was to be sold at the fair, so that purchasers had no difficulty in making their selections, and Leipsic Easter fair became the great book-mart for the whole Continent.

—CHAMBERS' JOURNAL.

WILLIAM CAXTON.

PRACTICALLY nothing is known of the private life of William Caxton, famous in history as England's first printer: his memory lives in his works. What we know regarding his public career has been gleaned principally from his own writings, the typographical peculiarities of his books, and a quatrain by Wynken de Worde (his chief workman in England, who succeeded his master at the latter's death).

The place of his birth he has told us himself: "I was born and lerned myn englissh in Kente in the weeld where I doubte not is spoken as brode and rude englissh as is in ony place of englond;" but the date is a matter of doubt, 1422–3 having, however, been accepted as a likely one. In 1438 we find him in London, apprenticed to Alderman Robert Large; when his master died, in 1441, Caxton took up his residence in the Low Countries. His apprenticeship ended about 1446, and it seems that he immediately left England for Bruges, went into business on his own account, and prospered. About 1462–63 he appears to have held the influential position, at Bruges, of Governor of the "Merchant Adventurers," the association of English merchants trading abroad.

He had many duties; but, busy as he was, he found time for the literary pursuits for which he had so strong a predilection. Notwithstanding his depreciatory remarks concerning his Kentish tongue, he appears to have been an accomplished

linguist, as is attested by his translations from French, Flemish and Latin. In 1469 he began to translate "Le Recueil des Histoires de Troye," a favorite romance of that time, which he finally completed in 1471, having meanwhile entered the service of the Duchess of Burgundy. The demand for his translation becoming difficult to supply, he "practised learnt, at his great charge and expense, to ordain the book in print, to the end that every man might have them at once." Thus did he invoke the aid of the new art of printing. The "Recuyell" (the first book printed in English), the "Chess Book," and other works that followed it, were probably printed by Colard Mansion (supposedly the first printer at Bruges), who gave Caxton instruction in the art, as well as material for the establishment of a press in England. The latter event took place in 1477, Caxton having in the preceding year left the city, in which he had lived about thirty-five years.

The last fifteen years of his life formed its most important period. It is only what he did during that time that has given him a place in history. His commercial experience proved of great value to him, for although he probably did his share in moulding popular taste, yet on the whole he adjusted the supply to the demand; in consequence, we are told, his press afforded him an honest living, which many continental printers failed to make, by means of an indiscriminate production of unsaleable books. By November, 1477, he had, on his press at Westminster, printed his first edition of the "Dictes and Sayings of the Philosophers," the first book issued by him with an indisputable imprint. More than two-thirds of the almost round hundred of publications believed to have come from Caxton's press, give no clue as to the year in which they were printed; nor did his productions, with one exception, have any title-pages. This latter fact is, like the continuance of the form of the written characters in the first types, one of the points of similarity between the early printed books and the old manuscripts. It is suggested that it was Caxton's conservatism that caused him to adhere to the practice after others had already adopted that device of the typographer, the title-page, just as as he was tardy also in the adop-

tion of evenly-spaced lines, and the printing of the "signature" close to the bottom line of the leaf, instead of *writing* it at the very bottom of the page, as the scribes had done. About 1481 he began to have his books illustrated with woodcuts, notably the "Mirrour of the World" (1481), "Golden Legend" (1484), "Canterbury Tales" (1484), "Æsop" (1484), "Speculum vitæ Christi," etc. He was a favorite at the courts of Edward IV. and Richard III., and doubtless was directed by his patrons in the choice of books for his press.

His life in London must have been one of restless activity, for during 1477–1490 he issued a large number of books, many of them translations by himself. The mere statement that the product of his press during this period amounted to over 18,000 folio pages, is sufficient proof of his earnest industry. And his perseverance remained unabated until the last: he completed a translation on the very day of his death, about the end of 1491.

Though our knowledge of Caxton is rather closely confined to his public life, yet his prologues and epilogues throw at least some light on his character: we learn of his political sympathies with the House of York; we feel his deep sense of religion and his admiration for chivalry. "We can claim for him," says William Blades, his biographer, "a character which attracted the love and respect of his associates; a character on which history has chronicled no stain; a character which, although surrounded, through a long period of civil war, by the worst forms of cruelty, hypocrisy, and injustice in Church and State, retained to the last its innate simplicity and truthfulness."

Dean Stanley, in his "Memorials of Westminster Abbey," has an interesting paragraph on the connection of Caxton with the Abbey, as suggesting the wider and more important relations of the art of printing to the Church:

"'William Caxton, who first introduced into Great Britain the art of printing, exercised that art A.D. 1477, or earlier, in the Abbey of Westminster.' So speaks the epitaph, designed originally for the walls of the Abbey, now erected by the Roxburghe Club, near the grave in St. Margaret's Church, which received his remains in 1491. His press was near the

house which he occupied in the Almonry, by the Chapel of St. Anne. The ecclesiastical origin of the first English printing-press is perpetuated in the name of the 'Chapel,' given by printers to a congress or meeting of their body; perhaps also by the use of the terms 'justification,' 'monking,' and 'friaring,' as applied to operations of printing. Victor Hugo, in a famous passage of his 'Notre Dame de Paris,' describes how 'the Book killed the Church.' The connection of Caxton with the Abbey gives to this thought another and a kindlier turn: 'The Church (or the Chapel) has given life to the Book.' In this sense, if in no other, Westminster Abbey has been the source of enlightenment to England beyond any other spot in the empire; and the growth of this new world within its walls opens the way to the next stage in its history."

Some of Caxton's Books.

One of Caxton's most splendid books, of which he seems to have printed three editions, was "*The Golden Legend.*" This is, indeed, an important work, printed in double columns, and containing between four and five hundred pages, which are largely illustrated with wood-cuts. It was not without great caution that Caxton proceeded with this heavy and expensive undertaking. We repeat, however, this portion of the preface, which is very characteristic of our honest old printer: "And forasmuch as this said work was great and over-chargeable to me to accomplish, I feared me in the beginning of the translation to have continued, by cause of the long time of the translation, and also in the imprinting of the same; and in manner half desperate to have left it, after that I had begun to translate it, and to have laid it apart, nor had it be at the instance and request of the puissant and virtuous earl, my Lord William, Earl of Arundel, which desired me to proceed and continue the said work, and promised me to take a reasonable quantity of them when they were achieved and accomplished, and sent to me a worshipful gentleman, a servant of his, named John Stanney, which solicited me in my lord's name that I should in no wise leave it, but accomplish it; promising that my said lord should during my life

give and grant to me a yearly fee; that is to wit, a buck in summer, and a doe in winter; with which fee I hold me well content. Then, at contemplation and reverence of my said lord, I have endeavored me to make an end and finish this said translation, and also have imprinted it in the most best wise that I have, could, or might, and present this said book to his good and noble lordship, as chief causer of the achieving of it, praying him to take it in gree of me William Caxton, his poor servant, and that it like him to remember my fee."

In the prologue to the "Golden Legend" Caxton recites several of the works which he had previously "translated out of French into English at the request of certain lords, ladies, and gentlemen." Those recited are the "Recueil of Troy," the "Book of the Chess," "Jason," the "Mirrour of the World," Ovid's "Metamorphoses," and "Godfrey of Boulogne." It is remarkable that no printed copy exists of Ovid's "Metamorphoses;" but in the library of Magdalen College, Cambridge, there is a manuscript containing five books of the "Metamorphoses," which purport to be translated by Caxton. It was evidently a part of his plan for the encouragement of liberal education to present a portion of the people with translations of the classics through the ready means that were open to him of re-translation from the French. Many translators in later times have availed themselves of such aids, without the honesty to indicate the immediate sources of their versions.

Caxton printed "*The Book of Tully of Old Age*," and "*Tullius, his Book of Friendship.*" He seems to have had great difficulty in obtaining a copy of an old translation of "Tullius de Senectute." The book "De Amicitia" was translated by John, Earl of Worcester, the celebrated adherent of the House of York, who was beheaded in 1470. Caxton, somewhat unnecessarily, limits the perusal of the treatise on Old Age. "This book is not requisite nor eke convenient for every rude and simple man, who understandeth not of science nor cunning, and for such as have not heard of the noble policy and prudence of the Romans; but for noble, wise, and great lords, gentlemen, and merchants, that have been and daily be occupied in matter touching the public weal;

and in especial unto them that been past their green age, and eke their middle age, called virility, and been approached unto *senectute*, called old and ancient age. Wherein they may see how to suffer and bear the same patiently; and what surety and virtue been in the same, and have also cause to be joyous and glad that they have escaped and passed the manifold perils and doubteous adventures that been in juvente and youth, as in this said book here following ye may more plainly see."

"*The Book of Eneydos*," compiled from Virgil, is not a translation of Virgil's great epic, but a sort of historical narrative formed upon the course of the poet's great story. The most remarkable passage of this book is that of Caxton's preface, in which he complains of the unsteadfastness of our language, and the difficulty that he found between plain, rude, and curious terms. In this translation he again limits his work to a particular class of persons; as if he felt, which was probably a prejudice of his time, that the inferior members of the laity ought not to touch anything that pertained to scholastic learning. He says, "Forasmuch as this present book is not for a rude uplandish man to labor therein, nor read it, but only for a clerk and a noble gentleman that feeleth and understandeth in faits of arms, in love, and in noble chivalry; therefore in mean between both, I have reduced and translated this said book into our English, not over rude nor curious, but in such terms as shall be understanden, by God's grace, according to my copy."

"*The book called Cathon*" (Cato's Morals) was destined by Caxton for a wider circulation: "In my judgment it is the best book for to be taught to young children in schools, and also to people of every age it is full convenient if it be well understanden." It is in the prologue to this book that Caxton informs us that he was a citizen of London, and puts up his prayer for the prosperity of the city.

Dr. Dibdin, in his "Typographical Antiquities," says of Caxton: "Exclusively of the labors attached to the working of his press as a new art, our typographer contrived, though well stricken in years, to translate not fewer than five thousand closely printed folio pages. As a translator, therefore,

he ranks among the most laborious, and, I would hope, not the least successful, of his tribe. The foregoing conclusion is the result of a careful enumeration of all the books translated as well as printed by him; which [the translated books], if published in the modern fashion, would extend to nearly twenty-five octavo volumes!"

The exact nature of his labors seems, as might well be imagined, to have been often determined by very accidental circumstances. One noble lord requests him to produce this book, and one worshipful gentleman urges him to translate that. He says himself of his Virgil, "After divers works made, translated, and achieved, having no work in hand, I sitting in my study whereat lay many divers pamphlets and books, happened that to my hand came a little book in French, which late was translated out of Latin by some noble clerk of France, which book is named Eneydos, made in Latin by that noble poet and great clerk Virgil."

Some books, indeed, he would be determined to print by their existing popularity. Such were his two editions of Chaucer's "Canterbury Tales," which we may be sure, from his sound criticism, he felt the necessity of promulgating to a much wider circle than had been reached by the transcribers. Caxton was especially the devoted printer of Chaucer. His truly honorable conduct in venturing upon a new edition of the "Canterbury Tales," when he found his first was incorrect, exhibits an example in the first printer and the first publisher, which the printers and publishers of all subsequent times ought to reverence and imitate. The early printers, English and foreign, were indeed a high and honorable race. They did not set themselves up to be the patrons of letters; they did not dispense their dole to scholars grudgingly and thanklessly; they worked with them; they encountered with them the risks of profit and of fame; they were scholars themselves; they felt the deep responsibility of their office; they carried on the highest of all commerce in an elevated temper; they were not mere hucksters and chafferers.

It was in no spirit of pride, it was in the spirit of duty, that Caxton raised a tablet of verses to Chaucer in Westminster Abbey. In his edition of Boetius, which he gives us to

understand was translated by Master Geoffrey Chaucer, he says, "And furthermore, I desire and require you, that of your charity ye would pray for the soul of the said worshipful man Geoffrey Chaucer, first translator of this said book into English, and embellisher in making the said language ornate and fair, which shall endure perpetually, and therefore he ought eternally to be remembered; of whom the body and corps lieth buried in the Abbey of Westminster, beside London, to fore the chapel of Saint Benet, by whose sepulture is written on a table, hanging on a pillar, his epitaph made by a poet-laureate." That epitaph was written by Stephanus Suriganius, poet-laureate of Milan. The monument of Chaucer, which still remains in the Abbey, around which the ashes of Spenser, and Beaumont, and Drayton, and Jonson, and Cowley, and Dryden have clustered, was erected by an Oxford student in 1555. There might have been worse things preserved, and yet to be looked upon in that Abbey, than honest old Caxton's epitaph upon him whom he calls "the worshipful father and first founder and embellisher of ornate eloquence in our English."

As the popularity of Chaucer demanded various impressions of his works from Caxton's press, so did he print an apparently cheap edition of Gower's "Confessio Amantis" in small type. Two of Lydgate's works were also printed by him. The more fugitive poetry which issued from his press has probably all perished. His "*Histories of King Arthur*," printed in 1485, lands us at once into all the legendary hero-worship of the middle ages. Caxton, in his preface to this translation by Sir Thomas Mallory, gives us a pretty full account of the Nine Worthies, "the best that ever were;" and then he goes on to expound his reasons for once doubting whether the Histories of Arthur were anything but fables, and how he was convinced that he was a real man. But surely in these chivalrous books Caxton had an honest purpose. He exhorts noble lords and ladies, with all other estates, to read this said book, "wherein they shall well find many joyous and pleasant histories, and noble and renowned acts of humanity, gentleness, and chivalries; for herein may be seen noble chivalry, courtesy, humanity, friendliness,

hardiness, love, friendship, cowardice, murder, hate, virtue, and sin. Do after the good, and leave the evil, and it shall bring you to good fame and renown."

"*The Life of Charles the Great*" succeeded the "Histories of King Arthur;" for, according to Caxton, Charlemagne was the second of the three worthies. It is in the preface to this book that Caxton says that his father and mother in his youth sent him to school, by which, by the sufferance of God, he gets his living.

We add a curious example of the enthusiastic temper of the old printer. It is contained in the proem, or prologue, to his translation of "Godfrey of Boulogne," printed in 1481: "Then I thus visiting this noble history, which is no fable nor feigned thing, but all that is therein true; considering also the great puissance of the Turk, great enemy of our Christian faith, destroyer of Christian blood, and usurper of certain empires and many Christian royaumes and countries, and now late this said year hath assailed the city and castle in the Isle of Rhodes, where valiantly he hath been resisted; but yet notwithstanding, he hath approached more near, and hath taken the city of Idronte in Puille [Otranto in Apulia], by which he hath gotten an entrance to enter into the royaume of Naples; and from thence, without he be resisted, unto Rome and Italy, to whose resistance I beseech Almighty God to provide, if it be his will. Then me seemeth it necessary and expedient for all Christian princes to make peace, amity, and alliance each with other, and provide, by their wisdoms, the resistance against him, for the defence of our faith and mother, holy church, and also for the recuperation of the Holy Land and holy city of Jerusalem, in which our blessed Saviour Jesus Christ redeemed us with his precious blood; and to do as this noble Prince Godfrey of Boulogne did, with other noble and high princes in his company. Thus, for the exhortation of all Christian princes, lords, barons, knights, gentlemen, merchants, and all the common people of this noble royaume, Wales, and Ireland, I have emprised to translate this book of the conquest of Jerusalem, out of French into our maternal tongue; to the intent to encourage them by the reading and hearing of the marvellous histories herein

comprised, and of the holy miracles shewed, that every man in his part endeavor them unto the resistance aforesaid ; and recuperation of the said Holy Land. And forasmuch as I know no Christian king better proved in arms, and for whom God hath shewed more grace, and in all his emprises glorious vanquisher, happy and eurous [fortunate] than is our natural, lawful, and sovereign lord and most Christian king, Edward, by the grace of God, King of England and of France, and Lord of Ireland, under the shadow of whose noble protection, I have achieved this simple translation ; that he, of his most noble grace, would address, stir, or command some noble captain of his subjects, to emprise this war against the said Turk and heathen people, to which I can think that every man will put hand to, in their proper persons, and in their moveable goods."

To this zealous address, in which we see so much of the old chivalrous spirit that Caxton so constantly rejoices in, may be fitly contrasted his sober and truly beautiful exposition of the uses of knowledge, contained in his prologue to the "Mirrour of the World:" "Let us pray the Maker and Creator of of all creatures, God Almighty, that, at the beginning of this book, it list him, of his most bounteous grace, to depart with us of the same that we may learn ; and that learned, to retain; and that retained, to teach ; that we may have so perfect science and knowledge of God, that we may get thereby the health of our souls, and to be partners of his glory, permanent, and without end, in heaven. Amen."—C. KNIGHT.